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THE FORMS OF
PROSE LITERATURE

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PROSE LITERATURE

BY

J. H. GARDINER

INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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TO

ADAMS SHERMAN HILL

FIFTH BOYLSTON PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC AND ORATORY.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

SOME two or three years ago, the Messrs. Scribner, finding that teachers who used my "English Composition" generally wished a supplementary book, kindly invited me to prepare one. In attempting to do so, I asked my friend and colleague for many years, Mr. J. H. Gardiner, to assist me. For various reasons I found myself unable to give the work such care as it demanded. Mr. Gardiner meanwhile was able to persist in his share of it. As a result the work has really become his. All I have done has been to watch its progress with friendly interest and attention, occasionally making suggestions.

As this book, however, is the direct outcome of practical teaching at Harvard College, where Mr. Gardiner's duties and mine have often been inextricably mingled, I feel sure that his work fully represents the aims which for years we have had in common, and the spirit in which for years we have worked together. And he has given the matters in hand so much more minute attention than I, that as his writing has progressed I have felt with increasing force the uncommon value of what he has added to the philosophy of our subject. In commending his book, then, to all who are interested in my "English Composition," I have the pleasure

of feeling that I introduce to them a work which combines with whatever merit one of my own might have had a temper more deliberate than impatience of detail has often made mine.

BARRETT WENDELL.

NEW CASTLE, N. H., 25 July, 1899.

P R E F A C E

BESIDES my large obligations to Professor Wendell — and his generously phrased prefatory note hardly indicates how large they are — I must acknowledge others almost as large to another colleague, Professor James, through his “Principles of Psychology ;” to that and other works of his I owe whatever is sound in the psychology of this Introduction. And besides the innumerable unconscious obligations which any active teacher owes to the many text-books on his subject, I must make special mention of the aid I have had from the introduction to the “Specimens of Exposition” by Professor Lamont of Brown University. I wish also to express my thanks to Miss Jewett, to Mr. Choate, to Mr. La Farge, to Mr. Henry James, to Professor James, and to Professor Gates for their personal permission to use the passages from their writings which appear herewith. And I am under especial obligations to the publishers of these and of the other copyrighted works from which I have borrowed for their kindness in allowing me to print these selections.

Finally I must point out that my Introduction pre-supposes a knowledge of Professor Wendell's "English Composition." The study of that book should come before this study of the wider and less definite problems involved in these larger forms of composition.

GARDINER, MAINE, July 27, 1899.

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THE FORMS OF PROSE LITERATURE

INTRODUCTION

WHEN a student of English composition passes from the study of words and sentences and paragraphs to the larger forms of writing, he generally finds these larger forms divided categorically under the titles Exposition, Argument, Narrative, Description, and, perhaps, Criticism; and for each of these kinds of writing he gets specific directions. If he then compares these divisions with a practical classification such as the catalogue of a library, or a publisher's list, he finds no notice of these divisions — of exposition, for example, or narrative, as such, — but only such classes as Science, Economics, History, Fiction, Adventure. Moreover, under each of these heads he will find that in a given book, whether of History or of Science or of Adventure, there may be examples of two or three or even more of the kinds of writing which in the rhetoric are so sharply separated. At first sight, then, he might think that the divisions of rhetoric have little practical value. To some extent he would be right; for these divisions of rhetoric are artificial and largely arbitrary. Men who are writing books, whether to set forth the

truths of the world about them, or to entertain the public and win a name for themselves by a vivid representation of life, do not stop to think whether they are writing exposition or argument or narrative or description: they go ahead with their purpose or their inspiration, striving only to set it forth clearly and vividly. Now since it is to be supposed that you study English composition for the sake of this power of interesting other people in your own thoughts and feelings, these actual works of literature are the models and examples to keep in mind. The divisions of rhetoric have an important use, as I shall show later; but this use is not important enough to obscure the actual achievements of men of letters.

2. Now in looking for models if you take only those works which are the best of their kind, you will find that in spite of all their diversities you can apply to these models that vague but most convenient term *literature*. You will be taking the word, of course, in a broad sense, to include much more than poetry and the better class of novels: you would be including in it, to use examples from the fifth volume of Craik's "Selections of English Prose," not only the works of Sir Walter Scott, and Jane Austen, and Charles Lamb, but those also of Sidney Smith, Henry Hallam, Lord Brougham, George Grote, John Stuart Mill, Edward Freeman, and John Richard Green. With such a range, there is no need to feel hampered by confining your choice of models to those which will come under this term *literature*. Indeed the term

leaves you such a wide choice that you may stop to wonder just what you mean by it, and how it can be useful in any practical discussion of learning to write.

A little thought will show you, however, that when you use this term *literature* in this way you imply a certain quality of distinction, a certain elevation of purpose and a certain lasting importance, by virtue of which they rise above the commonplace and ephemeral writing of the work-a-day world. Further analysis will show, I think, that the essential elements in this *literature* are two in number; and, moreover, that they are the essential elements not only of literature but of all the fine arts. These elements are: first, an organic unity of conception; and second, the pervasive personality of the artist. There can be no work of art which has not both this unity of conception, which gives the balance and poise to the statue, the composition to the picture, the perfect proportion to the building, and this pervasive personality of the artist, which makes his statue, or his picture, or his building, an individual and living creation. In the same way no book or piece of writing deserves the approving stamp of this term *literature* unless it is thus moulded into a living and organic unity, and is thus colored by the character and feeling of the man who wrote it.

All this sounds pretty abstract and dogmatic, perhaps; when you apply it to an example, it will be clear enough. The first element, this power of unifying thought, for example, is what covers in Sir

Walter Scott such a multitude of minor literary sins; as Stevenson has pointed out in his "Gossip on Romance,"¹ this power, amounting in Sir Walter to genius, of seeing or feeling his story as a whole in spite of separate groups of characters saved what in the hands of a lesser man would have been formless and chaotic. And, in the case of the second element, such a passage² as the account of the physical configuration of Greece in Grote's "History of Greece," would sink to the indistinguishable levels of a school geography if it were not infused with the impalpable distinction of Grote's powerful and cultivated mind. The equipment of a good writer consists of these two faculties, one the feeling for the organic unity of his subject, the other the subtle sense of style which unconsciously suffuses his writing with his personality.

Still I seem a good way from my purpose of finding principles of any practical use to a beginner, for the standards set by genius seem pretty remote from writing in school or college. As a matter of fact, however, these two faculties of the skilled writer are merely a development of two of the most primitive and fundamental instincts of mankind. In the old example used in books of psychology the child sees a candle, and shows its delight in inarticulate gurglings; or it puts its finger in the flame, and cries: already it is expressing its feelings about its experience. Here is the embryo of the faculty by which such a great man as Thackeray colored all his works

¹ Memories and Portraits.

² p. 211.

by his own lively and sympathetic temperament. When, a little later, the child gets old enough to say "Candle burns," then it has begun to express its thought about experience: here is the embryo of the faculty by which Darwin brought order out of the chaos of the old natural history. In the one case the baby is satisfying its irrepressible instinct to show its pleasure or its pain; in the other case it is satisfying the equally irrepressible instinct to generalize and rationalize its experience, to find the common term of likeness which binds together many separate events. Between these embryonic expressions and Shakspeare's "Blow, blow, thou Winter wind," on the one hand, or Mill's "Political Economy," on the other, there is no break: in spite of their distance apart they differ only in degree of development. In so far as man is a gregarious animal dependent on sensations and moved by his emotions, he will strive to tell other men of the vividness and poignancy of these emotions; and inasmuch as he is man, and not only animal, he will strive to get the illogical welter of existence into a form in which it is intelligible to his thought. These two instincts in their highest development are the two necessary faculties of a writer.

Moreover, these faculties are all the time at work in your mind whether you notice them or not, for your experience is always being crystallized into episodes, and each of those episodes has its own special emotional coloring. When I look into my memory I do not find there my experiences as they actually ran

in the stream of consciousness. If I did, my memory of the present moment would include the rattle of horses' hoofs on the pavement, the glare of the sun, the wind blowing the elm branches, the passing of a furniture wagon outside my windows, all pervaded by the roar and bumping of electric cars, and mingled in with scraps of thought of what I did yesterday, of the man who is going to lunch with me, besides this theory at which I am working and my memory of the examples in Professor James's "Psychology" or those which I have used in my classes in the past. In short, it would be an unmanageable, unmeaning welter of impressions, important and trivial, perfectly unlike anything I shall remember of this particular moment to-morrow. Then, if I remember it at all, it will only be a memory of a fleeting moment in a morning of work ; and according as the memory is recalled to me by association with the noise or the glare of the sun or with some likeness in the train of thought, that memory will take on different aspects in my mind. Whatever its extent, however, and whatever its aspect, whether the memory be of a single moment or of half an hour or of the whole morning, it will surely be crystallized into a single episode to me, whether I can name it in a single word or not.

Very much the same thing happens in the case of what I know about the Constitution of the United States, or the theory of evolution, or the Elizabethan drama : no matter how imperfect it may be as absolute knowledge, yet it stands in my mind as a single complete subject ; and this subject, whenever I choose to

think of it, will have the same kind of unity as the episode which my memory will make of this morning or of this whole day. Independent of my power of expressing it, it will stand by itself in my mind, as a single and complete thing. This faculty of unconscious crystallization, which is the basis of all thought, a man of letters consciously exercises when he composes; the inexpressible fitness of proportion which is its result makes the pleasure one takes in it analogous to that which one finds in a neat mathematical demonstration. This perfect proportion of form, which the pedantry of a post-classical criticism perhaps stiffens into such rigid formulæ as those of the three unities in the drama, appears in one way in the intangible unity of sentiment in "Henry Esmond" or in "Hamlet," and in another way in the completeness of Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth," or the masterful summing up of the "Origin of Species." In both cases it is the result of the same faculty — the faculty which crystallizes the raw material of experience.

In the second place, since this crystallization is the work of an individual mind, which cannot help having feelings, it follows that the result must be personal. Nobody else can think my thoughts, still less have my feelings about my experience. In many cases the expression of the thought by many men will fall into the same words; this normally happens when the subject is highly abstract and still more often from laziness or incompetence in writing: but where the power of expression is adequate each man's phrasing of his thoughts and feelings will be different from

every other man's. Mr. La Farge in his "Considerations on Painting"¹ tells of going out with two other men to sketch for half an hour; they sat down together, chose the same subject, — a simple landscape with a hill and some clouds rolling over it, — and as they painted, they talked back and forth continually, "asking each other all the time, how to do this and how to do that." Yet when they came to compare their pictures they found all three different in every way. Just so it should be in writing: the words in which you set forth your thought should reveal the individuality of your mind just as clearly as the pane of glass lets me see the individual men, women, and boys going by across the street. Here again this second necessity of actual writing, that it shall be individual, that it shall be suffused with the personal feeling of the writer, is the result of one of the most commonplace and persistent traits of human nature.

3. The difference between the parts which these two faculties of the mind play in good writing goes so deep to the foundations of literature that it will be no waste of time to look at them from another point of view, by means of the following descriptions of a coral island: the first is from Darwin's "Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs," the other from Stevenson's "Ebb Tide." The first, from the description of Keeling Atoll, runs:² —

¹ New York, 1895, p. 71.

² Darwin, "Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs," New York, 1889, p. 24.

“On the south east side Lieutenant Sullivan, to whose kindness I am indebted for many interesting observations, found the conglomerate projecting on the reef nearly fifty yards in front of the beach : we may infer from what we see in all other parts of the atoll that the conglomerate was not originally so much exposed, but formed the base of an islet, the front and upper part of which has since been swept away. The degree to which the conglomerate, round nearly the whole atoll, has been scooped, broken up, and the fragments cast on the beach, is certainly very surprising even on the view that it is the office of occasional gales to pile up fragments, and of the daily tides to wear them away. On the western side also of the atoll, where I have described the bed of sand and fragments, with trees growing out of it, in front of an old beach, it struck both Lieutenant Sullivan and myself, from the manner in which the trees were being washed down, that the surf had lately recommenced an attack on this line of coast. Appearances indicating a slight encroachment of the water on the land are plainer within the lagoon : I noticed in several places, both on its windward and leeward shores, old cocoanut trees falling with their roots undermined, and rotten stumps of others on the beach, where the inhabitants assured us that cocoanuts could not grow. . . . In the calm waters of the lagoon, directly connected with a great, and therefore stable, ocean, it seems very improbable that a change in the currents sufficiently great to eat into the land on all sides should have taken place within a limited period.”

Stevenson's description is : —

“The islet — the undiscovered, the scarce believed in — now lay before them and close aboard ; and Herrick

thought that never in his dreams had he beheld anything more strange and delicate. The beach was excellently white, the continuous barriers of trees inimitably green, the land perhaps ten feet high and the trees thirty more. Every here and there, as the schooner coasted northward, the wood was intermitted; and he could see clear over the inconsiderable strip of land (as a man looks over a wall) to the lagoon within; and clear over that, again, to where the far side of the atoll prolonged its pencilling against the morning sky. He tortured himself to find analogies. The isle was like the rim of a great vessel sunken in the waters; it was like the embankment of an annular railway grown upon with wood. So slender it seemed amid the outrageous breakers, so frail and pretty, he would scarce have wondered to see it sink and disappear without a sound, and the waves close smoothly over its descent."

Here is a very manifest difference of spirit and of purpose, and a difference which was due to no lack of sensitiveness in Darwin; for in the introduction to his book he writes:—

"Every one must be struck with astonishment when he first beholds one of these rings of coral rock, often many leagues in diameter, here and there surrounded by a low verdant island, with a dazzling white shore, bathed on the outside by the foaming breakers of the ocean, and on the inside surrounding a calm expanse of water which from reflection has a bright and pale green color."

Nevertheless, his description is quite different from Stevenson's, both in spirit and in the choice of

details. When you compare them, you find that both descriptions give you concrete facts; but they give you a different set of concrete facts. Darwin chooses his facts in order to make you understand how the coral island was formed; Stevenson chooses his facts in order to give you the feeling of its beauty. Darwin is satisfying his instinct to arrange and classify the universe; Stevenson is satisfying his instinct to set forth his strong emotions.

This difference which, as I have shown, appears at the very beginnings of mental life, makes the broad line of division between the two kinds of literature, — the literature of thought and the literature of feeling. As I have already shown, all literature must be to some extent governed by both these faculties: pure thought without the color of feeling is abstract and dead; pure feeling without the controlling and formative power of thought would be incoherent and chaotic. The preponderance of one or the other, however, determines what kind of literature the product shall be. As all art is the product of the irrepressible instinct of man to tell other people what he feels or thinks about his universe, to make his fellows share his interest, his awe, his delight in his surroundings, or in his insight into the hidden laws of nature; so literature, in so far as it is anything more than a chronicle of heterogeneous facts, must be controlled and ordered by thought and colored by feeling. According to your temperament or your nature, the thought or the feeling will give the character to your work. The difference between Thackeray and George Eliot is

a case in point: both had a clear insight into human types and idiosyncracies; both felt the irony of fate in the mingling of tragedy and comedy in daily life, both found the natural expression of their convictions in story-telling: nevertheless, they fall into different classes. Thackeray in his stories puts before you men and women as they actually lived, and — for all his interpolated preaching — he does not stop to explain them; he leaves them to you as they lived, and you may explain for yourself their fates and their fortunes, or, if you are careless, you may look no deeper than the bare story. George Eliot, on the other hand, uses her people as puppets to prove the inextricable interdependence of human fate, the blind rage of Nemesis, or — in the modern phrase — the reaction of the organism on its environment, or the laws of cause and effect. Her attitude towards the life she represents is that of the man of science; she is stirred not so much by her feeling of the poignancy of the life about her as by the irrepressible desire to interpret it. These two tempers, which result from the dominance of one or the other of the great faculties of the human mind, run in various intermingled combinations all through literature. What you write you may write either because you cannot help trying to explain your world as it exists about you, or because you cannot help telling about your delights or your sufferings; and according as in you one or the other of these instincts dominates what you write will fall on the one or the other side of the great undivided field of literature.

4. To come back now, after this long excursion, to the point from which I started, you will remember that a rough analysis of the meaning of this term *literature*, shows two essentials: that the work shall bear evidence first, of a fusing unity of 'conception, and, second, of the pervasive personality of the writer; and I have shown that these two elements are the natural products respectively of the two faculties of the mind, thought and feeling. Any untechnical classification of literature, then, will fall back on the relative preponderance of one or other of these elements in any given work. And so in practice: what you write ought to show, naturally and spontaneously, the interest which moves you, whether it be to explain your thought or to show your feelings. The whole material of your experience which you are trying to put on paper is made up of thought and feeling: the product should be such a natural mingling of the two as will most aptly and simply carry out your purpose.

After simplifying the matter so much, it may seem a blind and wanton complication to turn back, as I must now do, from two categories to five. The complication, however, is only apparent. The learning of every art is really simplified by beginning with certain artificial motions: if you are learning even to box or to fence, you begin with stiff and simple movements and strokes which you can hardly recognize in the swift and flexible precision of the accomplished art. Just so when you are learning to write, you will get on much faster if you begin with problems in which your materials and your results are highly

simplified. These simple problems you will find in the old categories of the rhetoric,—Exposition, Argument, Criticism, Narrative, Description. In each of these, as I shall go on to show, the respective importance of the elements of thought and of feeling can be specifically and clearly settled; and by thus attacking each problem in its simplest form you can see much more easily and clearly how to go to work.

5. Taking in the first place, then, Exposition: its value and its interest lie in its capacity to put the facts before you so perspicuously that you can immediately and completely see their bearing on each other. It satisfies the instinct which I have spoken of, which distinguishes man from the animals,—the instinct for classifying and understanding things. A typical case is Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth": he came over to this country, as he tells us in his introduction, three times; and since each time he was studying constitutions and school systems, distribution of population and habits of life, all as he happened to run across them, his facts must have come to him in an entirely accidental and illogical order. To explain these facts and to reduce the jumble to order and simplicity he had to take them out of the order in which they came to him and throw them into an artificial order. By this rearrangement he made the multitude of complicated facts, which are the life of this great commonwealth, intelligible; so that after reading his book you know with some exactness what you mean when you use the term *the*

American Commonwealth. He has so laid out this complicated subject before your mind that henceforth your thought of it will be easier and you can have an adequate grasp of the whole subject.

In all this, so far as the mere explanation goes, it is obvious that feeling has small part; as explanation a formula or a diagram is as perfect as explanation can be. The formula or the diagram, however, bears no relation to models drawn from anything that can be called literature, because it does not, like them, give you also some of the feeling of an individual man about his experience. Mr. Bryce's book, on the other hand, and Tyndall's "Heat as a Mode of Motion," and Darwin's "Origin of Species," all have the personal quality; there is in them, both in the structure of the explanation and in the rhythm and structure of the style, the inseparable personal feeling which lifts the explanation out of the barren levels of the abstract into the humanities of literature. For our purposes, then, exposition or explanation is the kind of writing which clearly sets forth some one's individual understanding of a part of his experience. It must first of all satisfy your desire to have the subject simplified, and made easy to understand as a whole; but if it is to fall within the field which I have chosen here, it must also have some personal color.

6. Turning now to Argument, the next conventional division, it is clear that much of what has been said about Exposition is also true here, for no clear

line can be drawn between the two kinds of writing. Darwin, for example, speaks of his "Origin of Species" as an extended and difficult argument; we think of it nowadays as an exposition. The example is pregnant; for the difference in point of view points out the real difference between the two kinds of writing: Exposition is explanation when there is only one understanding of the facts or one possible policy; Argument is explanation when the truth or the right policy is still in debate, and intelligent men can differ. Accordingly, in many cases the best argument is a simple and clear exposition; and in all arguments there is some explanation. Arguments, however, differ very largely in themselves: between such arguments as the exposition of free trade in Mill's "Political Economy" and a stump speech against free trade there is another difference which again separates Argument from Exposition. When you are simply explaining a subject you assume that you have the truth and that your reader will accept it; when you are arguing you must either displace some view already planted in your reader's mind, or else, finding him passive and neutral, you must rouse him to accept your view. In the latter case, as Professor James would put it¹: Your task is to make the option between the two hypotheses before your reader forced, living, and momentous. An exceedingly good explanation may leave its reader quite unmoved; a good argument never does. Even if it does not convert him, it should at least make him uncomfortable.

¹ p. 284.

Now when we say that Argument must move its reader we begin to pass from the realm of pure thought, in which exposition takes its rise, to that of feeling; for feeling is a necessary preliminary to action. Unless you can make your view cling to your reader's practical or æsthetic interests, you will not convince him. How large a part feelings play in argument you can see if you have ever heard the speech of a demagogue to an excited crowd; it is simply a crass appeal to their lower passions, aided by all the devices of oratory, often perhaps also by a moving presence. A better example is Henry Ward Beecher's Liverpool speech, in which he won a hearing from a hostile mob by an appeal to their sense of fair play. Such cases show how far argument may get from the simple appeal to the understanding, how little it may be confined to the element of thought. The ideal argument, however, like the ideal exposition must have both elements; besides offering a reasonable and logical theory or policy, it must stir the feeling of the people who read it or hear it, and attach itself to their strongest interests and prejudices. The prime quality, therefore, of argument is persuasiveness; and in so far as the principles of argumentative writing differ from those of expository writing, the difference lies in this larger infusion of feeling.

7. In discussing the next of these regular divisions, Criticism, I shall limit it to the expression of opinions on works of art; in other words, I shall look on Criticism as the expression of cultivated taste.

Here we can assume that we pass at once from the realm of universal truths where all men must sooner or later think alike, to the realm of individual taste where personal feeling controls. Whether I prefer Raphael or Rembrandt or Titian or Millet is a matter of my personal make-up; *de gustibus non est disputandum* is as true in art as cookery. Here, then, we come to a kind of writing in which the material is drawn wholly from the feelings. Since the method, however, is explanation we are still dealing with a kind of writing in which thought holds a large share. Accordingly, as in the case of Argument, much of what applies to Exposition will be found to apply also to Criticism.

In so far as Criticism separates itself from Exposition it does so, as I have just said, because the material with which it deals is dependent on personal feeling. The so-called scientific criticism undertakes, it is true, to explain a work of art by defining the conditions under which it was produced. But even the scientific critic does not try to explain a work of art unless it seems to him to be a work of art: and how much this preliminary definition depends on feelings you can understand in a minute by looking at some of the abundant discussion of either Dickens or Walt Whitman. At the other extreme of criticism, which is apt to be called appreciative or impressionistic, generalizing thought gives away almost entirely to feeling: the critic may concern himself with almost nothing but his own feelings of delight and inspiration in the work before him. Whatever the kind of

criticism you write, however, dealing, as you will, with works of art, — with books or pictures, sculpture, music, or architecture, — your final effort will be to get at some kind of judgment of it and to explain the reasonableness and the basis of this judgment.

8. So far we have considered kinds of writing in which thought generally plays a larger part than feeling. In Exposition feeling is only incidental; in Argument the appeal to the feelings is to make the explanation vital and convincing; in Criticism, though the material is drawn from the feelings, the treatment of it is explanatory. In the two remaining kinds of writing, Narrative and Description, the element of thought, the satisfaction of the instinct to understand the world, becomes subordinate to the element of feeling: if a story or a description does not interest you it is a failure. Of course both Narrative and Description enter largely into many explanations, but since their purpose is then so different I shall include them in the discussion of explanatory writing. Here I am speaking only of such stories and descriptions as are written to amuse a reader and stir his feelings. At this point where we pass from the side of literature in which the dominant element changes from thought to feeling, I must stop for a minute to point out the complete difference in the methods by which these different classes accomplish their ends.

Narrative and description, as I have said, try to stir a reader's feelings with little regard to thought.

Now your feelings are stirred not by bare aspects or qualities of things but by the concrete and individual things themselves. If I name the quality *brightness* you are unmoved; but the bright wake of the summer moon or the transparent brightness of a winter day are things which you have known in the past with delight, and the mention of them can recall that delight to you. Accordingly, I should use *brightness* if I were explaining to you the laws of light; but some specific case of brightness if I were writing a story or a description. In the former case I put before you only a bare abstraction from many things: in the latter I try to give you the actual sensations of some real, individual thing. In the descriptions I have quoted¹ of coral islands Darwin gave you instead of the immediate sensations such colorless facts concerning Keeling Atoll as make clear how it was formed: Stevenson, on the other hand, cared only for the vividness of the sensations as the schooner ran up to the island. The two methods are complementary: when you begin to break up realities into the abstractions by which alone you can rationalize your universe, you take away their power over the feelings. What you gain in generalization, you lose in vividness: what you gain in vividness, you lose in generalization. Accordingly, when you are explaining you break up real things into their abstract qualities; when you are trying to stir your reader's feelings you give him the concrete sensations.

¹ p. 9-10.

9. To come back now to Narrative, or story-telling as I shall consider it here, this doctrine means that you must write always in the most concrete terms. Your object is to set forth a succession of events which will in some degree have the effect of actual experience; the only way to do it is to keep your reader's mind full of a succession of real things. The art of story-telling lies in a natural simplification of life by suppressing everything which does not help to portray the episode you have chosen, or to give it more vivid color.

Your method here, I have said, is simplification: not, as in the case of explanation or argument, by picking out certain bare qualities of a great many things and suppressing all their other qualities; but simplification by suppressing the whole of many things, in order that the whole of a few things may stand out round and living. In the last chapter of "Henry Esmond," for example, there is no description of the weather or the stars or the country lying peacefully under the night sky; the night is dropped out of sight almost entirely. So in the scene between the Prince and Henry, there is no attempt to generalize the Stuart character as Green would have done by picking out some one aspect or two from many actions of the Prince; Thackeray sets before you vitally and roundly and as completely as so few words can, a few of those actions which will make his story richer and more exciting. Narrative, then, I may repeat, differs from exposition as completely in method as in purpose. In Exposition

you single out an aspect or a quality which many things have in common, caring nothing for the individuality or the completeness of each of those many things; in Narrative you are trying to put some one thing before your reader with the roundness and vividness and uniqueness of every real experience. Whether your story is as simple as those of the book of Genesis, or as complex as those of Mr. James or Mr. Meredith, it must carry the effect of the concreteness, and, as it were, the solidity of life. The element of thought may share in the general construction of the story, to give it form and purpose; but this necessity satisfied, you should give yourself to engrossing your reader's feelings.

10. In the last category of writing, Description, you come to a kind of writing which it is often impossible to distinguish from Narrative: in general its purpose is to set forth the impressions which material things make on you, and to make other people share the sensations and feelings which those impressions arouse in you. Here you are not concerned with the happening of things; much less with the explaining of them. The thrill of pleasure in you when you come over the top of a hill to a great view of green valley and wooded ridges and flashes of water, or your pleasure in a throng of richly dressed people, has nothing to do with understanding either the country or the character and occupation of the people. Your delight springs only from the sensations of colors and exquisite

lines; and in these there is no element of ratiocination. Generally, indeed, in the presence of a great view, all you can do is to hold up your hands and admire in silence; your delight is a thing which words often cannot explain, and can only imperfectly represent. This natural silence in the presence of the beautiful object shows how far we have come from the kind of writing which explains: a formula and some figures will explain the mechanical power of Niagara Falls; no words you can put together can express their majesty. Here, then, you are coming to the other limit of words. Just as on the other side of Exposition you pass into regions of thought where formulæ and figures are more useful than words, so on this side of literature you pass into the realms of pure music. Shelley's "Skylark" by the motion of the verse, by the modulation and the stronger vibration of the rhythm, expresses feelings which prose must leave untouched; and Shakspere's songs have a richness and depth of expression which is out of all proportion to the bare meanings of the separate words.

In Description, then, even more than in Narrative, you are trying to set forth the real sensations of life so vividly and graphically that they will give your reader the same warm and poignant impression that the reality stirred in you. Here you have passed almost entirely away from the necessity of ordering things, of making them intelligible; the only way in which the element of thought enters into Description is to keep what you write from

being chaotic and incoherent. Except for that, your whole attention is fixed on attaining the vividness and warmth of actual experience.

11. Looking back, now, over the ground we have traversed, it is easy to see that all kinds of prose writing, which will fall within the broad and elastic definition I made of literature, can be analyzed into various combinations of these two elements, thought and feeling; and that some such analysis is a good way to begin a piece of writing. When you are explaining the conservation of energy or the character of Napoleon or the game of golf, are you dealing with a matter in which there is only one explanation; or must you win over your audience to take your view of the matter? In the latter case you must pay deliberate attention to their feelings. Or, if you are writing the story of the battle of Waterloo, are you doing it to make the history of Europe clearer, or to prove some theory of military science, or as Thackeray does in "Vanity Fair," to add to the vividness and the irony of a tale? As your purpose varies from the first of these three to the last you must diminish your sole attention on the element of thought and increase it on the element of feeling. From this point of view literature has been compared to the prismatic colors of the spectrum: at the one end, as there are vibrations beyond the violet too rapid to make color, so in literature there are beyond the realms of exposition stretches of thought too abstract to be expressed except by formulæ; and as

at the other end of the spectrum beyond the red there are vibrations too slow to make color, so in literature beyond the powers of description and of lyrical poetry there are ranges of feeling which can be declared only by music. Between these extremes, just as mingling the primary colors will give you any of the real colors of nature, so, in writing, the combination of thought and feeling in various degrees will give you the natural expression of all the manifold imaginations of the heart and mind of man.

What I have to do now, after all this preparation, is to resolve the various kinds of writing, each in its simplest form, into its two constituent elements: and then to show how you can best go at each kind of writing, and suggest certain broad principles which can be gathered from the example of the men who have actually been successful in writing.

12. THE LITERATURE OF THOUGHT. *Exposition.*—Exposition or Explanation, as I have said, is that kind of writing in which you try to set forth your understanding of some part of your experience. In order to get some practical tests and principles for it, I will begin with analyzing briefly a few examples of this act of understanding. To understand Tyndall's explanation (page 255) that the energy spent in the growth of a leaf, or in the eruption of a volcano, is all part of the same energy which is derived in the beginning from the heat of the sun, you assume that such very different things can all be bundled together and grasped as one thing: after the explanation you

can somehow think of them all in a single act of thought. These many or few things which are thus bundled up together may be immediate and simple sensations ; generally, however, like most of the substance of consciousness, they will be chiefly memories, thoughts, and feelings. But whether it be an understanding of such simple motions and sensations as make up the art of swimming or the rarefied and remote abstractions which are the material of Mill's "Political Economy," in every case in this act of understanding which explanation tries to produce there is this reduction of the complex to some single common term. In each case the understanding is a kind of flash of apprehension which brings all the scattered facts and instances together in a single moment of consciousness ; instead of their lying scattered and unrelated, they at once assume a new attitude towards each other which makes them take on a new meaning. One might liken this way in which a lot of miscellaneous facts take on new meaning when you understand the general principles behind them, to the way in which if you put a magnet under a paper of iron filings, the filings will immediately fall into a pattern of concentric circles : so when you understand your facts, you have an almost physical sense of simplification and a consequent saving of time and attention.

Further than this, when you read or hear an explanation that makes you understand your subject in this vivid and satisfactory way, the natural impulse is to exclaim : "Now I see what it all means." If you

have been reading Mr. Bryce's book, for example, you say: "Now I see how the Federal courts and the State courts get on together;" or, if you have been reading Green's "Short History," "Now I see how Elizabeth brought England out of its great dangers to the glorious conquest of the Armada;" and so on. The natural figure of speech which you use is this figure of *seeing*. It is a noticeable fact, moreover, that the words which have to do with explanation spring from just this same sense of a clear and lucid view of the subject. *Exposition* is a setting forth, as one arranges cards in a game of solitaire; *explanation* is a making plain or smoothing out; *perspicuous* springs from the figure of "seeing through." These etymological facts have deep suggestiveness for anybody who is going to make explanations. Darwin in his modest autobiography described the way in which, after long years of pondering and puzzling over the facts which he had gathered so laboriously from his voyage in the "Beagle," from correspondents in the tropics, from cattle-breeders and rose growers, and from his own experiments, suddenly there flashed on him one day when he was out driving¹ the conception of the principle of natural selection; and at once the principle threw them all into their predestined order. This is the way in which understanding simplifies and arranges a heterogeneous and disorderly mass of facts. If an explanation makes

¹ "I can remember the very spot in the road, whilst in my carriage, when to my joy the solution occurred to me." — "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin." New York, 1888. Vol. I., p 69.

the people who read it see the subject thereafter thus clearly and luminously, it is a good explanation; if it merely details a lot of facts, no matter in how interesting a way, without bringing them into common bearing on each other, it is no explanation at all.

From this fact, that understanding a subject makes you involuntarily feel that somehow you see it all more clearly, follows the further fact that the most typical and the most natural way of explaining is by a map or diagram. If, for example, you are trying to explain to some one how much has been accomplished in exploring the region of the North Pole, hours of the clearest and most interesting talk will not do as much as a map of the Arctic Circle with Nansen's route skirting across the blank field of white. So in the case of a tabular view of hours or a time-table: instead of burdening your memory with a host of figures, a single glance at a diagram will tell you all you need know. So again in the case of Grote's description of the general geography of Greece which immediately precedes the extract on page 211: it is evidently intended to be read with the classical atlas open; without an atlas the description is unreadable. Indeed, certain kinds of explanation can hardly be made without the aid of some sort of graphic figures; such are all questions of relative proportion, of comparative growth — where numbers are expressionless beside curves or blocks of color; of relative position — where a map or diagram is almost essential; or of construction. In such cases figures and diagrams are a natural mode of explanation for the very reason

that by such means the act of understanding performs itself, as it were, by the eye and the flash of apprehension runs automatically through the mind. A good example of this explanation through the eye is the diagram from Darwin (page 183), to aid in the explanation of what he calls "rather a perplexing subject." He is showing "how this principle of benefit being derived from divergence of character, combined with the principles of natural selection, tends to act;" and to do this he had to get into the mind of his reader something like a panoramic scheme of a very large body of varieties and species and genera: for the moment, however, all that he cared about was their common tendency to divergence. If he had named each of these classes, even with the minimum of description, before we came to the end, we should have forgotten what it was all about. If, on the other hand, he could cut each of them down to this single aspect of divergence, he could give us the present bearing of these facts with an immense saving of attention. For this purpose he naturally used a diagram; and the bare lines of his diagram are effective in a way that a detailed explanation never could have been; for by a single act of the mind, you see the lines and with them the facts they stand for, all together as a single fact. Explanation by diagram, then, wherever it is possible, is not only the simplest and the most effective way of explaining a subject, but it is the type which all explanations ought to follow. Though, as in this very case of the "Origin of Species," a diagram will explain only

small parts of the subject, the other devices of explanation, as I shall hope to show presently, — constant summaries, transitions carefully marked, and connectives, — all serve the same purpose of giving you this feeling that somehow you see the subject altogether and as a single thing.

13. Now in an explanation which gives you this feeling of a clear view of the whole subject, what are the essential features? In the first place, such an explanation will have unity. Just as a glance at a map or a diagram tells you what its limits are, so a good explanation will leave the subject rounded and complete in your mind. Green's explanation of Elizabeth as "at once the daughter of Henry and of Anne Boleyn" is as satisfying in its completeness as is the rigid definiteness of a portrait by Holbein. A rambling and desultory explanation would be like a map in which one side of the boundaries were complete, and the other side left ragged.

In the second place, a good explanation will be intelligibly arranged. To follow up the analogy, when you look at a map or a diagram you see, not blotches of black and white or of colors lying at random on the paper before you, but larger blotches which mean counties or states and round black marks which mean cities or villages; or on a meteorological map masses of different shading which mean different amounts of rainfall. Each division is signified by its own mark in a way which is at once apparent to the eye. So it is with a good explanation; its arrangement will be

immediately clear and intelligible. Not only will it make you understand the extent and the limit of the subject, but as Grote in his account of the natural features of Greece discusses the rivers, the lakes, the obstacles to land travel, the deeply cut shore line, each carefully in its own paragraph, so every good explanation will show this same perspicuous and careful separation and arrangement of the different parts of the subject.

Besides having unity and clear arrangement, any explanation which gives you this sense of immediate and luminous understanding will be couched in fixed terms. Just as on the map or diagram, each kind of line means the same thing all over the map, so a good explanation must have its terms defined — and the figure of speech, you will notice, is significant; the words will mean certain fixed things, which will always be the same. Professor James could not have explained so clearly and so succinctly why he holds that religious faith may be logical if he had not declared¹ so carefully and explicitly in the beginning just what he should mean by certain words.

And finally, besides having unity, intelligible arrangement, and definiteness of terms, a good explanation will explain real things, — not merely empty abstractions and general terms. To follow out the figure, just as a good map is filled in with all sorts of facts which concern human life, — rivers, hills, roads, towns, — so a profitable explanation will arrange and make intelligible specific and ultimate facts. Macaulay

¹ See pp. 283–284.

has set the standard for us here : even if his views in history or in criticism are sometimes discredited to-day, his method of setting them forth in rigidly concrete terms has set a permanent standard. Explanation is always at its best when it sets forth general principles by means of the specific cases.

It is safe to say, then, that a good explanation should be like a good map or diagram, in that it will have, obviously and unquestionably, *unity, clear arrangement, definiteness of terms, and concreteness.*

So far, then, it is clear that this analogy of a map or a diagram is serviceable in stating the theoretical necessities of an exposition. In practice, it is always a useful analogy to keep in mind : when you are at the actual work of writing out your explanation try to feel that you are so laying out your subject as to give an easy and comprehensive view of the whole. In this discussion, to which I now turn, of the principles and practical devices of explanation, I shall urge you to bear always in mind the ease of thought and the sensation of clarity, of a comfortable grasp on your knowledge, that you yourself have when you first understand a difficult subject,— a sensation which is often so physical that you might liken it to the actual clearing of space on your desk when you put the papers and books in order. Bear in mind this almost palpable simplification of the furnishing of your own mind ; and remember that if your explanation is to be worth while it must produce this same comforting clarification in your reader's mind.

14. I will turn now to a more direct search for principles and devices; and I shall try to keep this search as practical as possible by constant reference to successful explanations.

As I have already said, the essence of the act of understanding lies in the reducing of multiplicity to unity. The essential underlying unity may be something which for a long time baffles us, as in the case of Darwin's search for his theory; and until many great thinkers had spent years of study in preparing the way, it was not possible for Tyndall to explain the innumerable phenomena of heat and light, which seemed to our ancestors so diverse and incomprehensible, by bringing them all under the single principle of motion. Nevertheless, an explanation which does not thus reduce multiplicity to unity is no explanation. A catalogue of plants, no matter how minute in description, contains no germ of explanation of the whole unless it sets forth some system of classification by which the plants are grouped under genera, the genera under families, the families under orders, the orders under classes, all dependent on characters more and more widespread. Such a bare list as Gray's "Manual of Botany" is in a sense an exposition, in that it contains the material for reducing the chaos of different plants to unity; without this marshalling of the infinity of species into ranks it would confuse rather than explain. Even in an explanation of a game, as of tennis or of baseball, unless you have some underlying conception of how the game is best played, or of what is the key to win-

ning, your exposition will be desultory and unsatisfying. The first thing, therefore, to be sure of when you undertake to explain anything is that you have some such unifying understanding of the whole matter. In practice this unity is dependent on two things; in the first place it must be a unity wrought by a definite point of view, in the second place a unity wrought by a definite purpose.

The definite point of view is fixed naturally by your own individuality, and by your experience of your subject. I shall speak later of the effect which a personal attitude towards the subject has of giving the individual vital coloring which raises the explanation above the level of hack work. Now I wish to point out how naturally this definite point of view simplifies the task of explanation. In the case of Green's discussion¹ of Elizabeth's character, his omissions and suppressions are by no means the only ones which could have been made: a Spaniard of her own times, as Green himself points out, held that "this woman is possessed of a hundred thousand devils," and his explanation of her would have said little of her taste for literature, her caution, and her underlying sympathy with the feelings of her people. The point of view being different, the simplification of the very complex character of this woman would have been different. The point of view differs, moreover, in relation to the audience to whom the explanation is addressed. If Mr. Bryce's explanation of the American Commonwealth, for example, had been

¹ p. 241.

written for Frenchmen, it would not have assumed that as a matter of course voters divide into two large parties ; it would have had to explain the traditional habits of thought that make this division so inevitable in England and America. To begin with, then, see your explanation from a definite angle, and be sure that the people who are to read it see it from the same angle ; by that very simplification you will go a long way towards attaining unity of your subject.

Besides this unity which you get by a definite point of view, however, you must also limit your subject explicitly. In many cases this limitation will take care of itself ; an explanation of cricket, for instance, or of molluscs, or of the telephone, has perfectly definite and fixed boundaries ; the mere naming of the subject prescribes the unity. But abstract subjects, such as *justice* or *history* or *evolution* or the American commonwealth, have in their mere naming no limit ; not only may you discuss them in infinite variations of minuteness, but the subject itself may be narrowly or broadly defined. Accordingly, in every subject, simple or complex, never begin an explanation without knowing and saying just what you are going to explain.

The most convenient and surest device for attaining unity is the use of a key sentence, as it is called by Professor Lamont in his "Specimens of Exposition ;"¹ there he recommends students to "begin composition by an effort to put the gist of the whole

¹ "Specimens of Exposition." New York, 1896, p. xi.

explanation into a single sentence ;” and he gives as examples of such key sentences : “ A steam engine may be defined as an apparatus for doing work by means of heat applied to water ;” or in Adam Smith’s exposition of the division of labor : “ The greatest improvement in the productive power of labor, and the greater skill, dexterity, and judgment with which it has been applied, seem to have been the effects of the division of labor.” As a matter of fact, the substance of any good exposition can be reduced to such a single sentence ; it will often be, as Professor Lamont points out, merely a definition which appears somewhere in the body of the explanation. The key to Green’s exposition of Elizabeth’s character is found in the sentence : “ She was at once the daughter of Henry and of Anne Boleyn ;” of Grote’s exposition of the physical geography of Greece : “ The configuration of the Grecian territory, so like, in many respects, to that of Switzerland, produced two effects of great moment upon the character and history of the people.” The first act in writing any exposition, therefore, should be to sum up the essence of your explanation in a single compact statement ; such a summary you will find in the common principle which underlies all your facts and brings them together into the single larger fact you are trying to explain. If you begin your work by being clear in your own mind of your point of view, you will find it easier to define your subject. In practice never fail to put this definition down in writing.

15. If your reader is to feel that this unity is an actual fact, however, your explanation must have some clear and logical arrangement. What this arrangement should be you can see in many examples. Darwin's "Origin of Species" begins with a short introduction, in which he explains carefully the arrangement of his argument, beginning with —

"From these considerations I shall devote the first chapter of this Abstract to Variation under Domestication; we shall thus see that a large amount of hereditary modification is at least possible. . . . I will then pass on to the variability of species in nature. . . . In the next chapter the Struggle for Existence amongst all organic beings throughout the world, which inevitably follows from the high geometrical ratio of their increase, will be considered . . .";

and so on, stating beforehand in the most explicit way the reason for the order of the chapters in the book. And Mr. Bryce in the introductory chapter of "The American Commonwealth" says: —

"There are three main things that one wishes to know about a national commonwealth, viz., its framework and constitutional machinery, the methods by which it is worked, the forces which move it and direct its course. It is natural to begin with the first of these. Accordingly I begin with the government; and as the powers of government are two-fold, being vested partly in the National or Federal authorities and partly in the States, I begin with the National government, whose structure presents less difficulty to European minds, because it

resembles the national government in each of their own countries. Part I. therefore contains an account of the several Federal authorities, the President, Congress, the Courts of Law. It describes the relations of the National or central power to the several States. It discusses the nature of the constitution as a fundamental supreme law, and shows how this stable and rigid instrument has been in a few points expressly, in many others tacitly and half-unconsciously, modified."

It is this division of the subject, clear and logical and sensible, that makes Mr. Bryce's work so good an example of the art of exposition. In general, it is safe to say that this power of finding logical and consistent divisions and arrangement in explanation is a pretty good test of your mental power. If you can think your subject out into its clear and logical divisions, you have grasped that subject effectively; if you cannot, your hold on your subject is weak. In that case strengthen it until in your own mind its natural divisions are palpable and unchanging.

When you can see your subject thus clearly and firmly, your next step is to make a plan for your whole explanation. This is something which, in general, it is wise to work out beforehand. People differ so much in their habits of thought and their methods of working that it is dangerous to lay down any one rule as necessary for success; every one, however, will find it profitable to try the experiment recommended by Professor Wendell in his "English Composition" of laying out

the principal heads of the subject on slips of paper or cards which can be sorted and shifted until the right order of treatment emerges. The mere exercise of writing out these heads of the subject and sorting them and pondering over them will accomplish a clarification of the material, very much as the automatic workings of the stomach bring about the digestion of one's breakfast.

The making of regular plans is an even more valuable practice; it is the kind of exercise that makes the study of English composition something more than practice in phrase-making, and that gives the mastery over large and obstinate masses of facts which is the chief aim of education. To get its full value, however, you must take it strenuously. Almost any one with even a superficial acquaintance with a subject can lay out a scheme of headings under which it would be possible to talk about the subject in an interesting and perhaps an intelligible way; for example, in the case of Tyndall's explanation of the source of energy in plants and animals it would be easy to set down such a series of headings as this: —

1. Separation of atoms into plants.
2. Combustion.
3. Dependence of animals on plants.
4. Energy of the sun.
5. Thought in relation to energy.

But such bare headings would not go very far towards producing an efficient explanation. If, however, you begin such a plan by a statement: "The

sun is the source of all energy in nature” and go on with such a plan as that on page 254–5, then you have certainly given your mind some valuable exercise; and you have also more tangible results in that your explanation is already more than half accomplished. A plan which consists of mere names is almost valueless, whether to help you to understand your subject more thoroughly or to write your explanation. The invariable rule for making a plan, then, whether it be in pure exposition or in argument, is always to write it in complete statements or propositions. These statements with their connectives, when put together in running form, should contain a summary of the whole exposition. Remember that when you undertake to explain anything you undertake to make your readers see how all the facts bear on one another; and a plan that is to serve you at all must declare the chief of these relations clearly and completely.

When your plan is made, however, be sure to fix it clearly in the mind of your reader. I have already shown you how explicitly Bryce and Darwin declare not only their order of procedure but also the reasons for their arrangement. You may hear it objected that any such explicit declaration of plan is clumsy and founded on theory; if any such doubts find a lodging in your mind, turn to the passage from Grote’s “History of Greece” in Craik’s “English Prose”¹ which is quoted as an instance of admirable historical style. It begins:—

¹ Volume V, p. 360.

"The configuration of the Grecian territory, so like in many respects to that of Switzerland, produced two effects of great moment upon the history and character of the people. In the first place it materially strengthened their powers of defence . . . but in the next place, while it tended to protect each section of Greece from being conquered, it also kept them from being politically united. . . ."

So far from its being a blemish on good writing to declare in so many words the actual plan on which you propose to work, you will find that the best writers do this in the frankest way. Any bareness which *a priori* you might expect, is overcome by the gain of ease and clarity. We may fall back here on the analogy of architecture where it is a prime doctrine that the lines of structure must be thrown into relief, and that no ornament is beautiful which does not accentuate the construction.

There are few cases, then, in which you will not find it wise to lay out explicitly the steps you are going to follow in your explanation. In cases where the matter to be explained is of a formal character, as in "The American Commonwealth," it is even convenient to put numerals at the beginning of each division; in other cases you get the same result by proper emphasis on your transitions from one point to another. Moreover you do not need such clumsy machinery as "We now pass on to the next division of the subject," or "Having considered the general outlines of our subject, we will now turn our attention to some special details." Such cumbrous periphrases

are useful perhaps when you are talking, and in an explanation so difficult that your audience need time to assimilate what you have said and to catch up with you ; but in print they spread themselves immoderately over the lines. It is better to use such kinds of phrases as you find in Grote : for example, " Besides the scarcity of wood for fuel, there is another inconvenience to which the low grounds of Greece are exposed ; " or " But the disposition and properties of the Grecian territory, though not maintaining permanent rivers, are favorable to the multiplication of lakes and marshes." And almost anywhere in Macaulay's essays you will find examples of this same explicit statement of transition which, without any clumsiness, keeps surely and firmly before your mind the steps of the explanation. To come back to the analogy of a map or diagram, plan these transitions so that they will set your whole subject before your reader's mind at a glance, as it were, by making him understand how the different parts of the subject bear on each other.

To reinforce this use of strongly marked transitions and connectives to keep all the different parts of your subject in view, you will find that skilful writers continually use summaries. In such a work as Cardinal Newman's " Idea of a University," which is so notable for the syllogistic closeness of its reasoning, you find continually such passages as these : —

" To-day I have confined myself to saying that that training of the intellect which is best for the individual himself best enables him to discharge his duty to society."

Or, a couple of pages further on : —

“First I employed myself in establishing the principle that knowledge is its own reward, and I showed that when considered in this way it is called ‘liberal’ knowledge and is within the scope of academic institutions. Next I examined what is meant by knowledge when it is pursued for its own sake. . . . Further I showed that such a philosophical contemplation of the field of knowledge as a whole . . . such, I said, was the knowledge which deserved to be studied for its own sake. . . . One portion of the subject still remains, — this intellectual culture, which is so exalted in itself, not only has a bearing upon social and active duties, but upon religion also.”

That is only one example of the many summaries which you will find all through this elaborate explanation of his. Another very different book which is noteworthy for its painstaking and exact summarizing is the “Origin of Species;” I reprint the summary of the chapter on natural selection¹; and throughout the book Darwin, after explaining any long and elaborate series of facts, sums up their results before he passes on to a new discussion.

Why such summaries are essential in an explanation of any complexity, you can see by reverting to the analogy between exposition and a map or diagram, on which I have dwelt so much. In an explanation you are trying to set your whole subject before your reader in such a way that he can see it, as it were, by a single act of thought. Now language, on the other

¹ p. 195.

hand, which is the tool you must use, is continually moving forward, and moving, as it were, in single file: you cannot halt the words, and with them the ideas they contain, in order to make your reader look at them abreast. Accordingly, what you say on one page is always in danger of slipping away from your reader's mind when he gets four or five pages on. But if every now and then you gather together your results in a short summary, you put what is essential in them freshly before your reader. These essential results you can thus keep in his mind while he is going on with the next part of the explanation. Mr. Bryce, for example, after examining in a full page the relation of the national government to the private citizen, sums up the result in the words: —

“The safe rule for the private citizen may be thus expressed: ‘Ascertain whether the Federal law is constitutional (*i. e.* such as Congress has power to pass). If it is, conform your conduct to it at all hazards. If it is not, disregard it, and obey the law of your State.’”

In this brief rule he has gathered up all that is essential in the cases which he has been discussing; and by putting it in such easily remembered form he could be sure that it would stay in the foreground of his reader's memory alongside of what was to come after. In an exposition of any complexity, the value of such summaries cannot be overestimated. The safe rule is always to expect an inattentive reader, who will need to have his memory jogged.

When you can combine these devices, of explicit transitions and of summaries, you get your best effects. A connective is at its best when it sums up what you have accomplished and shows what you are going to do next. Macaulay was a great master of this summarizing connective; here is one example, from his "Essay on Sir William Temple": —

"But though we are far indeed from considering Temple as a perfect statesman, though we place him below many other statesmen, we cannot deny that when compared with his contemporaries he makes a highly respectable appearance."

So Grote, in the passage which I print¹ from the "History of Greece" begins almost every paragraph with such connectives. Green's exposition of the character of Elizabeth, again, is a famous example of this closeness of exposition: in the first paragraph he emphasizes the contrasts of her character; the next he begins:—

"It was no wonder that the statesmen whom she outwitted held Elizabeth to the last to be little more than a frivolous woman, or that Philip wondered how a wanton could hold in check the policy of the Escorial. But the Elizabeth whom they saw was very far from all of Elizabeth."

And the paragraph, after showing her "the coolest and hardest of politicians," leads on to the next, which opens:—

¹ p. 211.

“Of political wisdom, indeed, in its larger or more generous sense, Elizabeth had little or none; but her political tact was unerring;”

and so on, through a succession of paragraphs, each one closely welded by definite reference to what has gone before. In each one of them Green never lets you forget the results he has just worked out; he always, as it were, laps the thought of one paragraph over the beginning of the next. Accordingly you cannot help seeing them in their mutual bearings.

So far I have pointed out that if an explanation is to give your reader a luminous view of the subject as a whole, the closer analogy it can have to explanation by means of diagram or map the better it will serve its purpose. For this reason, I have urged, an exposition should be written from as personal a point of view as a description, and that besides this natural simplification it should also define the subject in a single categorical statement. And I have also pointed out that your explanation, even if it has definite limits, will not approach the effectiveness of the diagram until it is also clearly and explicitly planned, and unless you make sure by strongly marked transitions and constant summaries that your reader sees your plan as clearly as you do. If you practise all these devices your explanation will not lack clearness because your own understanding is muddy or superficial.

16. Even after such precautions, however, there are still two dangers into which you may fall. These

dangers are, in the first place, the ambiguity which results if your general terms are not rigidly defined; and, in the second place, an inordinate and unnecessary abstraction.

For examples of the first of these dangers, the vague and ambiguous use of general terms, you do not have to go far. Almost any exposure of a fallacy of thought will serve the purpose. In the middle ages alchemists labored to make gold potable; for, they argued, since it is a precious metal, it would be equally precious as a medicine. And it is only the other day that Professor James pointed out¹ the fallacy of basing an argument against immortality on the fact that thought is a function of the brain: as he showed, the word *function* does not mean *productive function* only. Contrast with these cases Darwin's care in the use of his phrase *natural selection*: —

“It has been said that I speak of ‘natural selection,’” he says,² “as an active power or deity, but who is he who objects to an author speaking of the attraction of gravity as ruling the movements of planets? Every one knows what is meant by such metaphorical expressions and they are always necessary for brevity; so, again, it is difficult to avoid personifying Nature. But I mean by Nature the aggregate product and action of many laws, and by laws the sequence of events as ascertained by us.”

In almost all these “metaphorical expressions” which are “necessary for brevity” it will be noticed

¹ “Human Immortality.” Boston, 1898.

² “Origin of Species.” London, 1875, p. 63.

that the underlying figures of speech are derived from some concrete physical source; the *elective affinity* of the chemist, *natural selection* itself, *constitution*, *development*, *elimination*, are cases which explain themselves by their obvious derivation. They are only a few examples of the way in which some one in pondering over some new body of facts has become conscious of an inward relation between them; and trying to explain that new relation, he sets forth his inarticulate feeling of the new truth by some natural figure of speech; as Lord Bacon did when he wrote in the "Præmium" to his "Magna Instauration" of "those original passions or desires of matter which constitute the primary elements of nature; such as Dense and Rare, Hot and Cold, Solid and Fluid, Heavy and Light, and several others."¹ This figurative origin of words of generalization is so obvious and so common that any one can supply examples of it; a good one would be the way in which the old Roman who first used the Latin original of our word *expression* likened the laborious way in which his abstract ideas came to words to the squeezing of water out of a cloth. My purpose in emphasizing so familiar a fact here is to point out that though you use the figure of speech for a definite purpose, you are always in danger of carrying over some of the other implications of the figure. It is always much easier to use your convenient term like *natural selection* or *organism* or *function* without defining it,

¹ Translated. The Works of Francis Bacon, Spedding and Ellis, vol. iv. p. 29.

and with a vague, comfortable feeling that it explains everything, than to stop and discuss for your reader just exactly how much of its meaning you are using for your present purpose. You cannot get along without these general terms; but it is a safe rule always to define them and limit them as specifically as did Darwin.

On the other hand, one should not neglect the fact that such figures of speech, almost more than any other device, make reasoning and explanation possible; they are the only means by which scientific men can record the advance of knowledge. Moreover, this falling back on figures of speech which imply a physical sensation again suggests the analogy between explanation by words and by diagram. The elaborate simile at the end of the second extract which I print from the "Origin of Species," shows the closeness of this analogy, page 198:—

"The affinities of all the beings of the same class have sometimes been represented by a large tree. . . . As buds give rise by growth to fresh buds, and these, if vigorous, branch out and overtop on all sides many a feebler branch; so by generation I believe it has been with the great Tree of Life, which fills with its dead and broken branches the crust of the earth, and covers the surface with its ever-branching and beautiful ramifications."

Here is exactly the same thought set out in words which had been set out in the abstract by the diagram which I have already discussed, page 29. In each case the purpose was the same, and the process of explanation differed only in unessentials; for

whether by the diagram or by the simile Darwin had recourse to that curious immediate, almost physical sense of relation which accompanies every thorough understanding of a subject.

Generally, as I have said, the metaphor which sums up a long course of thought will be reduced to a single word or phrase which explains itself. But when the word has been so long used that the sense of its original figurative meaning has been blurred or rubbed out, as in such cases as *classical*, *poetry*, *democratic*, *relation*, and most of the commonest general words, then the only safe way is carefully to give your own definition. Most people do their thinking in these vague and inexact terms, which express at best not much more than hazy intentions of ideas. Matthew Arnold was the great exemplar of the definition of terms; he, writing criticism, of necessity used many terms like *the grand style*, *culture*, *high seriousness*. Such terms as these, which, as perhaps he did not always perceive, are in the last analysis terms of commendation — statements that you like or do not like a thing — are for purposes of explanation dangerous since they will be understood by different people in different ways and will be taken as applying to various objects. But see the care with which he uses such a phrase; he speaks of *the grand style* thus¹: —

“ *The grand style arises in poetry when a noble nature, poetically gifted, treats with simplicity or with severity a*

¹ Quoted in A. S. Hill's "Principles of Rhetoric," p. 320.

serious subject. I think this definition will be found to cover all instances of the grand style in poetry which present themselves. I think it will be found to exclude all poetry which is not in the grand style. And I think it contains no terms which are obscure, which themselves need defining."

Though it may be questioned whether such terms as *noble*, *simplicity*, *severity*, always mean the same thing to all minds, it is safe to say that if ever such a term as *grand style* can be fixed by definition, it is so fixed here. At any rate, Arnold's tests have become noted; and they are of very practical service in writing explanations. If you are using a treacherous general term, ask yourself whether it covers all the specific facts for which you use it, whether it excludes all other facts, and whether in itself it contains terms which can be misunderstood by any rational reader.

In practice use general terms in exposition when they will sum up a long process of thought in a single phrase, and will make your reader see the subject swiftly and immediately; but in using them remember always that they are treacherous; that they carry so many ulterior implications both of thought and feeling, that you yourself may be led astray in using them; and, moreover, that they put you at the mercy of careless readers.

17. The other danger in explanation, of being more abstract than is necessary, and so letting your explanation slip by your readers' minds, is apt to arise

in two ways: in the first place, in the case of the great thinkers whose intellectual powers work, as it were, by leaps and flights; in the other extreme, from people who are too lazy to think their subject out in specific detail. Of the former class metaphysics is full of examples, such as Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason;" such men do not concern us here. The other class, the people who out of mere laziness write in general abstract terms, are common enough; for it is much easier to write on an abstract subject in the hackneyed general terms which lie ready at every one's service than to make your own generalizations fresh from the facts of your own experience of life. It is only the man who can think clearly who is not afraid to think hard, and to test his thought by the actual facts of experience. It is a great deal easier, for example, to devise an ideal scheme of education in general than it is to sit down and work out a series of courses which will be practicable for the five days of five hours each in grammar and high schools. Moreover, it is to be remembered that the object of all explanation is to satisfy the irrepressible instinct of man to understand his universe; and this universe is made up, not of hazy abstractions, but of hard and concrete facts. The men who have added to this understanding of the world have been the men who have made it possible to see more of the meaning of the real things of the world: men like Newton, who showed that the sun and the moon and the stars obey the same law as the falling stone; men like Franklin

and his successors in electricity, who have brought together the thunderbolt and the crackling when you rub a cat's back; men like Tyndall, who have made it a matter of common knowledge that the physical sensations which we call *heat* and *light* are bound up in a common origin and controlled by common laws. Indeed, it is not one of the least achievements of the nineteenth century that it has recognized that the real advances in thought are made not so much by the men of agile logical power as by the men who have stuck patiently to the obstinate facts of the concrete world. Accordingly, in all your explanations, whether your subject be baseball or the nebular hypothesis or a town government or the latest research in history, bear in mind that the ultimate value of your explanation will be its power to help people to order and simplify their real experience. Your explanation of baseball will seem merely perfunctory unless it makes people who read it see the essential character of the game, the special skill of a good player, and what there is in it to make such crowds of people willing to spend time and money to see it: and your treatise in history will be vain and unprofitable unless by patient labor in absorbing facts you throw new light on the course of actual, concrete events. As Professor Lamont points out, "abstractions produce little or no effect until translated into concrete terms. If the writer himself does not translate them, the reader must; and this task makes hard reading." In general, the more abstract your explanation the fewer people will take the

trouble to read it. Why should you, when you undertake to make an explanation, throw on your reader the labor of applying your principles to realities?

Moreover, unless you give examples of the facts on which you base your explanation, you have no assurance that your reader may not apply your meaning to an entirely different set of facts. Your real object, especially if your explanation have any argumentative purpose, is to make him look at the facts which you are explaining in the same way that you do. Green's "Short History of England" is throughout a notable example of this use of specific facts in explanation, a method of which Macaulay was the first famous exemplar. So Mr. Bryce¹ illustrates the conflict between national and state authority by telling of a sheriff in California who, in obedience to the state law, cut off the queue of a Chinese prisoner, Ho Ah Kow, and who later suffered judgment in a suit brought before the Federal court. And Mill in his "Political Economy" makes up instances of supposititious velvet manufacturers or bricklayers by whom he can test and make concrete the abstract proposition which he is working out. In all these cases not only do the writers make their exposition easier to read, but they make it more thorough and more lucid.

Both these dangers, then, the danger of ambiguity in the use of general terms, and the danger of undue abstraction, lie chiefly in the tendency of lazy thinkers to deal in somebody else's general terms rather than

¹ "American Commonwealth," New York, 1893, vol. i. p. 331.

in their own immediate perceptions and knowledge of facts. They point to a precept which lies behind all explanation : never undertake to explain a subject which you have not thought out thoroughly for yourself.

18. Closely akin to the use of specific examples, and even more nearly to the analogy which I have followed throughout this discussion, is the use in explanation of diagrams and figures. In any explanation of a machine or of the situation of places or in any comparison of growths, a figure will accomplish what pages of description will not do. Tyndall in his lecture on geysers made his explanation both simple and effective by having on the platform the apparatus of which he prints a picture (see page 207) in the report of his lectures. Wherever explanation can be done by means of an appeal to the eye it is sure to be more efficient because it puts many facts simultaneously before the mind of the reader. In practice, therefore, make free use of diagrams and figures ; in what are called scientific descriptions, which are explanations of machines or of natural structure or of methods of construction, or in any of the manifold other discussions in which your reader is to grasp the shapes of things, one figure is worth many pages of exposition. So in geological or geographical discussions, in descriptions of wars or battles, in theories of the movement of population, in the multitude of discussions which deal with the explanation of things in space and time, figures and diagrams are

at once an economy and an aid to the understanding: often they are the only effective means of giving your reader a comprehensive view of the whole subject.

It is very easy, on the other hand, to run the method into the ground and to break the pages of an exposition with fantastic and useless figures. Such are the figures in manuals of literature, when they attempt to go beyond chronology; or the exercise called, with fitting barbarism, "diagramming" of sentences, which has been used in schools to heighten the miseries of English grammar; or the attempt to use diagrams or figures in books of abstract reasoning in more than a metaphorical way. Such errors probably rest on the idea that there is some virtue in the diagram apart from its service in the explanation, and that therefore ingenuity in the devising of such diagrams is valuable for its own sake. As a matter of fact, it is to be doubted whether diagrams are useful in any explanations except those which are concerned with questions of proportion or of actual relations in time or space; even then they should be used only for an obvious gain in brevity or in lucidity. The rule here is the same that applies to the use of figures of speech: use diagrams and figures only when they will save space and clumsy circumlocution; then use them freely.

19. Finally in expository writing as in all other you cannot neglect the appeal to your readers' feelings. I shall speak more at length on this subject when I come to that kind of expository writing which

is also argumentative or critical ; but I may point out now that no one but an intellectual fop will take pride in the smallness of his audience, and that the stronger the good sense of a writer the more respect he has for a non-professional audience. With the average reader, the interest of an explanation lies in the fact that it puts what is already familiar to him in a new light ; and the more familiar these things are and the more vividly they are put before his mind the more will the explanation please him. Elizabeth, for example, in Green's exposition, flirting with the Duke d'Alençon or breaking out in rage against Cecil and Burleigh ; the Chinaman whom Mr. Bryce tells of ; the explosion of the mock-geyser which Tyndall describes, shooting its cork up to the ceiling ; the calculations of Mill's velvet manufacturer ; — these are things with which we can have sympathy, things which impinge on like experiences which we ourselves have had. Accordingly when they are written down in a book they at once group themselves with like experiences in our own memory ; thus they take on the warmth and intimacy which infuses every one's own mental life. Henceforth the new facts become the children of your experience in nearly the same way that distinguishes the sensations you have felt and the ideas you have thought. In all explanations which are to leave any permanent mark on your reader's thought, then, the feelings which are inseparable from concrete things have an essential share. You cannot afford to neglect the interest of your reader : and for the average reader you can be sure

of arousing it only by grafting your explanation into the things he has himself known.

Nor is the power of pure style to be neglected by any one who is writing an explanation. It is common enough, especially in this country, to think that science and even philosophy have no relation to literature; in looking for examples of exposition I have been struck by the fact that those which were clear and at the same time cultivated in style were mostly to be found among the writings of Englishmen. No one who reads the lectures of Tyndall or Huxley or chapters by Green or Mr. Bryce, can help feeling the value of the finish and amenity of their style. Apart from all such questions of cultivation, however, if you wish to infuse into your explanation the color of your own thought, you must pay attention to your style. A naturally modulated rhythm is the only way in which without obtrusiveness you can put your own feelings into your writing: your interest in what you write ought to give life and variety to the way in which you write. Often even an unskilful writer will, by the force of his feeling for the subject, so color and enrich his explanation as to cover up his unskilfulness with the pen. Darwin's "Memoirs" illustrate this principle: he complains more than once of his unfitness for writing, and of the drudgery which it caused him; but when you turn to the "Origin of Species" you find none of the awkwardness of which he complains. Though it is in no sense an ornamental style, it is highly expressive; for it sets forth not only the bare facts and the conclusions but also the great-minded-

ness of Darwin himself: the force of his earnestness could not help showing itself in the modulation and vigor of the style, as in the summary of his chapter on "Natural Selection." Just as when a man is strongly moved his voice will betray his feeling, so when he is writing on a matter which strongly appeals to him the way the words follow upon each other in the style will show something of the spirit which is animating him. Tyndall in his exposition of the "Energies of Plants and Animals" (page 267) gives a good example of this kindling of the style; he rises to the inspiration of the great conceptions in an almost poetic fervor, which without transforming the style from its clear exposition does give it the glow that makes the passage so notable.

Even in lesser cases, however, if a man have not something to put into his explanation which seems to him thoroughly worth the saying, and he have not moreover some touch of imagination to show him his subject in the larger way, he cannot expect to make his explanation good reading. Accordingly if you are to reach the mind of the reading public by your explanation of the Hegelian system or of the doctrine of state rights or of the game of football, you must somehow raise your own interest in the subject to a point at which it will make your words vibrate and your style kindle. A public which will yawn over the most learned discussion of its own rights and duties when they are droned forth by a plodding pedant will buy many editions of a work which is infused with the interest and intelligence of a man like Mr.

Bryce. Students have to go to an impersonal and undigested thesis, if it contains facts which they need. The general public asks more than this : they rightly demand a human view of the facts, illuminated and colored by the warmth of feelings akin to their own.

This insistence on the necessity of writing in such a style as shall color the explanation with the personal feeling of the man who writes it, is only another way of saying what I laid down in the introduction of this discourse, — that no writing can have any relation to literature which is not an expression of human experience. Now the facts of the conservation of energy or of evolution or of the brutal misgovernment of Ireland all existed before they were singled out from the mass of unexplored phenomena in which they have always existed. But until the separate facts came to some man's vision at such an angle that he saw these underlying laws, until this world-old but hidden relation flashed into his mind, these greater facts, which when formulated we call laws of nature, were not human experiences and therefore could not be made the material of literature. Nor could they pass into literature until they came to the mind of a man who had the gift not only to put them into words, but to put these words together with a vibration of rhythm that would stir the feelings and imaginations of other men. That any doctrine or theory does thus become literature adds nothing to its value for science or for the advance of human knowledge into the dark outlying regions of unexplored fact. But it does mean that it now adds also to man's delight in his universe ;

and —what is more important— that therefore it has a new power of acting on and affecting the course of human progress. If you are contented with reaching your little circle of specialists, condense what you have to say into formulæ and the most abstract generalizations; thereby you may gain a reputation for great wisdom among a few men. If you want to attain influence over the minds of men as a whole, and perhaps to hand your writings down to posterity, kindle your interest in your subject until it shall set every line that you write glowing with enthusiasm and personal feeling.

20. *Argument*.— I have pointed out in the introduction how impossible it is to draw any certain line between the kinds of writing that are called Exposition and Argument; and that whatever principles can be found for writing a good explanation apply also to the writing of a good argument. Accordingly, in what I now have to say of the writing of arguments I shall treat them as a special kind of explanation.

The word *argumentative* has an unfortunate connotation, since a great deal of what is called argument is simply contentiousness, with no real expectation of changing any one's opinion. Such are most of the partisan speeches in legislative bodies: speeches for or against a tariff or any other party measure are in most cases merely attempts to put the other side in a hole; to establish such a dilemma as will make the majority or the minority, as the case may be, appear inconsistent or absurd, or to show them up as the

foes of honest labor. In such kind of argument the height of success is to make it indecent for the majority to proceed; if the majority is really solid, such success is rare. So the common run of stump speeches, which pass by the name of argument, are argumentative only in so far as they are efforts to rouse the voters from indifference. In short, many modes of speech are contentious which are not argument. When you look for the reason why they do not rise to such dignity, you will find that it is because they are not expository. For the essential part of every argument which is worthy of the name is that it offers to the reader an explanation of the facts, a theory or a policy, better, more rational, more thorough, or more for his personal advantage — than that which he or somebody else has maintained. In the three arguments which serve as examples in this treatise, Professor James explains that since theories of the universe are always based in part on desire, it is not irrational to believe what your own nature makes you want to believe; Mr. Collins explains that the relations between Dean Swift and Esther Johnson can be best understood by supposing them the closest of friends, and not man and wife; and Mr. Choate explains that the system of taxation provided by the Constitution depends on considering an income tax a direct tax. In each case other explanations have been vehemently supported, and in each case both sides have held to the opinion that their own explanation would explain more of the undoubted facts in the case, and explain them in a more

satisfying way, than any other. In the same way Darwin wrote at the end of his "Origin of Species" that "this whole volume is one long argument," for he was giving what was to his readers an entirely new explanation of the phenomena which they had supposed all their lives could be understood only in one way.

The difference, as I have already said, between the nature of expository and of argumentative writing, so far as there is any, is illustrated by this last example. We nowadays, reading Darwin's statement that he is writing an argument, feel a little surprise; his explanation is so much part of the necessary framework of our thought about the universe that we think of it as the only explanation that there is; we do not conceive of it as having to push any other explanation out of the way. Argument is an explanation in a case in which men's minds are not yet unanimous; exposition is an explanation where differences of opinion are merged into knowledge. Obviously, therefore, in many cases it is impossible to say whether exposition or argument is called for; often, indeed, whether a given piece of writing is argument or exposition. In the Income Tax Cases, for example, the explanation offered by Mr. Choate was argument; but the same explanation phrased just as argumentatively, becomes in the mouth of the Chief-Justice exposition of what the law is. From this difference between exposition and argument — that the one is the explanation which results from complete knowledge, and the other from a state of facts which are

not yet completely settled — follows the chief difference in form between the two kinds of writing. In exposition, since your only purpose is to make the explanation thoroughly lucid, you lay out all the facts each in its own place and in its own proportional importance: in argument, on the other hand, since you are trying to put into your reader's mind one explanation instead of another, you lay special stress on some part of the facts, which your explanation alone will rationalize and harmonize.

Besides this disturbance of an ideal symmetry there is another element of argument closely allied to it, which is generally called persuasion. The latter is found almost entirely in those arguments which are intended to move people to action; so far as it is a matter of rhetoric it is merely the addition to the exposition, with stress on particular points, of a definite appeal to the emotions. When this appeal to the emotions becomes a large part of the argument, as in the harangue of a demagogue, then, as was shown in the introduction, you have got a good way from the purely intellectual end of literature, and well within that side of it which has to do with the feelings. In these two elements, the stress on some particular aspect or bearing of the subject, and the addition of a special appeal to the reader's feelings, lies the difference in form between expository and argumentative writing.

21. Since in essence, therefore, an argument is really an explanation, in writing an argument your

first thought should be for its expository side. Where the question is purely speculative — a trivial option, as Professor James puts it — and is without result on the action of your readers, it may be your last thought too. If your argument is to carry weight, of course your feelings must be alive, as in the case of pure explanation; but here as there it is your business to keep them strictly below the surface, where they will merely add impetus and earnestness to your speech, without stirring your temper. In intellectual controversies nothing is more impertinent than the intrusion of a personal dispute; a show of temper means that you have lost sight of those larger proportions of things which make for wisdom. In all such cases, therefore, and in most cases also where action is to be influenced, the more nearly that your argument approaches to the form as well as the attitude of an explanation, the more fairminded will it seem, and the more convincing. Let your burning conviction that your explanation is the only final truth serve rather to make your words kindle and glow than to whet your eagerness to prove your adversary a fool or a knave.

If in writing an explanation it is necessary to work from a fixed point of view, in writing an argument it is doubly so. Furthermore, unless you can sum the difference of opinion between you and the other side into two propositions differing only by the word *not*, your arguments will never meet. Indeed, the process of analysis of the question will often be the main part of your argument. In the Income Tax Cases, for

example, five pages of the decision of the court are spent in showing that the issue was not affected by the decisions in certain prior cases. In the same case, the Attorney-General after arguing that certain propositions put forward by the plaintiffs had nothing to do with the case, goes on:—

“If I am right in these observations, the constitutional contention of the plaintiffs simmers down to two points. One is that an income tax is a direct tax and must be imposed according to the rule of apportionment.”

The first he discusses very briefly, and then he goes on again:—

“This brings me to the only remaining point—to *the* constitutional objection which notwithstanding all that has been so earnestly and forcibly said on the direct tax part of this controversy is, I am satisfied, the plaintiff’s main reliance.”

This process of “simmering down” the matter at issue until only the essential fact in dispute be left is of the essence of any profitable arguing. With that essential point once clearly in mind, you can fairly know the point of view from which your exposition is to be made, and the part of it which you must throw into high relief.

In this way an argument may be considered as an explanation in which the point of view is of vital importance. In many arguments, if you can persuade the reader to see the subject from your point of view, you have carried your point. If Professor James, for

example, in his argument on "The Will to Believe," can persuade you that in your search for the truth of the universe you should think more of the *terminus ad quem*, your overpowering desire to know the truth, than of your *terminus a quo*, the stern and anxious scrutiny of your premises, he carries your assent to his proposition that it is right for your desires to take part in your beliefs. I shall show presently, too, how the various opinions of the judges in the Income Tax Case are caused by differences in point of view. And in general it may be said that all the important differences of opinion between men — such as liberalism and conservatism, freedom of will and fatalism, individualism and socialism — are fixed in the beginning by different attitudes towards the world. In such matters an argument has little chance of working conviction: what success it can have depends on its power to change its reader's point of view.

Nor does this narrowing down of the purpose to a single issue or the insistence on the point of view alter the essentially explanatory nature of argumentative writing. In Mr. Choate's argument, for example, his real endeavor is to bring the court to see that the only way to understand the system of taxation in the Constitution is to put an income tax among the direct taxes. The case as a whole was pretty complicated: in the first place the unmistakable trend of the decisions in earlier related cases had been against this contention, and through all these cases there had been many dicta (the observations of judges on points not strictly concerned in the decision) which

bore directly and flatly against Mr. Choate's contention. Because of these adverse dicta, and of the undoubted trend of the earlier cases in their direction, two judges found it in the end impossible to agree with the decision of the majority; and they were the most troublesome facts which Mr. Choate had to explain, since the rule *stare decisis* is one of the fundamental principles of the common law. He had therefore to present a theory of the taxing powers of the Federal government which should not upset these taxes which the court had already declared to be indirect, and at the same time should make it impossible to conceive the present tax as anything but a direct tax.

The key to his explanation is the preservation of the rights of private property, a cornerstone of all civilized government, and the right for which the War of the Revolution was chiefly fought. Accordingly after stating this right he harps on it again and again, until for the moment it seems the one great principle of the Constitution, — (see page 320). Throughout, the strength of his argument, indeed its whole substance, is that it presents an explanation of the rights of Congress to lay taxes which will stand with the manifest intention of the Constitution to protect the richer States against the poorer. And the decision of the majority of the Court, which adopted his view, practically set aside the trend of the decisions in the earlier cases and overruled the dicta, on the ground that that trend and those dicta could not be extended without upsetting the plain intentions of

the framers. The success of Mr. Choate's argument, then, lay in the fact that it thus offered a single principle which would explain, logically and consistently, all the facts.

As I shall presently show, the means of reaching and stirring your readers' feelings, and the function of pure style, are of more importance, relatively, in argument than in explanation, and must be treated at more length. But certainly there is none of the doctrine of explanation which does not apply to argument, except that of laying out all parts of the subject in their due proportions. That doctrine is to some extent superseded by the necessity of emphasizing the crucial points of your explanation. Even this is an exception to be taken cautiously, however, for any appearance of special pleading is fatal to the convincing power of an argument. Your first conception of your argument, then, should be to offer the truest explanation of the subject or the best policy for all concerned. If you can get the confidence of your audience by making them believe that you thoroughly understand your subject, and that you are laying down for their consideration a fair and undistorted view of it, you will have gone a long way towards moulding their convictions.

22. I have said that the differences in form between writing which is purely expository in purpose and that which is argumentative lie in the emphasis on crucial points and in the new element which is called persuasion. The former is closely connected with

the appeal to your reader's thought, the latter with the appeal to his feeling; I will therefore discuss them separately.

Much of the unsymmetrical emphasis which distinguishes argumentative writing from expository is accomplished by the natural simmering down of the matter under debate to narrow and distinct issues of fact or theory. Mr. Choate could not throw greater emphasis on the central point of his theory than he does in the following words : —

“I therefore present the case as to direct taxes upon somewhat narrower grounds distinctly stated in the brief, grounds consistent with every case that has yet been decided by this Court, grounds maintained by the uniform course of the Federal Government in its legislative capacity for over half a century after the adoption of the Constitution. If your Honors should conclude that it is not possible to condemn this entire tax law as unconstitutional because entirely a direct tax, my purpose is to present, then, the only safe and practicable alternative upon which your Honors can place, as I believe, any decision, and which is based upon the clear distinction which we find in the Constitution itself, between direct taxes upon the one hand and duties, imposts, and excises upon the other.”

So in Mr. Collins' argument against the truth of the legend of Swift's marriage: he reduces the testimony to its different kinds, and shows that each is conclusive against the theory of marriage; and Professor James declares his thesis with equal explicitness (page 293). The finger posts that are necessary in a clear explanation are thus in an argument made

more salient and more vivid at the points in the explanation where the two sides part company. If the matter is familiar, the part of the case which is not in dispute is then left to the intelligence of the reader; or it may be briefly run over in some introductory paragraph. The very withdrawing of it to the background serves to heighten the attention paid to the rest of the case.

This emphasis on the crucial points is only another name for proof and refutation: they are the presentation of the crucial facts in the case, the facts that decide which of the opposing theories can explain the whole matter. In the case of Dean Swift's marriage, Mr. Collins relies for his proof on the absence of any documentary testimony, and on the opinions of all the parties who were most closely connected with the Dean and with Stella; he asks: —

“How, then, stands the case? Even thus. Against the marriage we have the fact that there is no documentary evidence of its having been solemnized; that so far from there being any evidence of it deducible from the conduct of Swift and Stella, Orrery himself admits that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to prove that they had ever been alone together during their whole lives. We have the fact that Esther Johnson, at a time when there could have been no possible motive for falsehood, emphatically asserted that she was unmarried; the fact that Swift led every one to believe that he was unmarried; the fact that Esther Johnson's bosom friend and inseparable companion was satisfied that there had been no marriage; the fact that two of Swift's housekeepers, two of Stella's executors, and Dr.

Lyon, were satisfied that there had been no marriage. It is easy to say that all that has been advanced merely proves that the marriage was a secret, and that the secret was well kept. But that is no answer. The question must be argued on evidence; and it is incumbent on those who insist, in the teeth of such evidence as has been adduced, that a marriage was solemnized, to produce evidence as satisfactory. This they have failed to do."

Or to put it in the other way: If the other side cannot find a more satisfying and rational explanation of these unquestioned facts, or if they cannot show some facts which knock my theory to pieces, they have no case.

What is called direct proof, then, is the putting forward, with fitting emphasis, of some of the facts which can be harmonized with all the other facts only by your explanation. It is possible, of course, only in such cases as can be brought down to an issue of physical fact; questions of opinion or of policy can lead at the best only to an overwhelming probability: of them I will speak presently. In the murder case Professor Baker in his "Principles of Argumentation" cites¹ from Herndon's "Lincoln" there is a good case of direct proof. Lincoln defending a man accused of murder showed first that the theory of the prosecution turned on the fact that one witness saw the prisoner strike the blow; then when this witness declared that he saw the deed by moonlight Lincoln introduced a new fact in the case by showing from a calendar that there was no moon that night.

¹ p. 73.

He thus shattered the explanation of the prosecution by showing that it could not explain all the facts. This proof he emphasized by showing that the evidence of this particular witness was the only weighty evidence against the prisoner, dwelling on it until the jury saw that it was the one fact on which the case must turn; then he suddenly threw in the new fact — that there was no moon — in such a way that they could not miss the conclusion. Such a case is an excellent example of the method of direct proof, or of refutation — to put it from the other side. Whether you call it proof or refutation, it amounts to finding a fact which is a final test of the explanations which are offered.

When you are arguing on questions of fact, therefore, the first task is to know your facts thoroughly and intimately. Just as a successful jury lawyer must prepare his case so thoroughly that he can draw from the witnesses testimony and admissions to fortify his own theory and demolish his opponent's, so you must mull over the facts before you and hunt out new ones until you find something that only your view will explain. In such arguments the sagacity to seize the crucial fact is the essential to success.¹

Often even in cases of physical fact, however, there can be no direct proof. In the question of Swift's marriage, for example, or of the authorship of the "Junius" letters, there are not now extant enough facts to bring the matter to direct proof: the best that you can do is to reason that most of the facts

¹ See James, "Psychology," vol. ii. p. 330.

point in one way, and that many more of them can be explained by your theory than by the other. You can only pile up on the one hand all the facts that your theory will explain, and on the other all that the other theory cannot; and then sum them up to show that your theory is more satisfactory.

In the other two classes of argument, cases of theory, or cases of policy, as I have pointed out above, there can be no direct proof or refutation; all that you can do is to make the balance of probability as heavy as may be. The doctrine of evolution in biology, for example, as has been so often pointed out, both by believers and by unbelievers, has had and can have no direct proof. The reason why everybody accepts it to-day is that it gives an intelligible and satisfying explanation of a multitude of facts which would otherwise be irrational: we accept the theory because it does so much to simplify the universe. In the case of the dependent theories, the theory of natural selection by accidental variations, and the theory of inherited adaptations, which attempt to explain the evolution of species and genera, there is still no common agreement: one set of scientific men thrust forward one great body of facts which cry aloud for explanation and harmonizing; and another show you other facts which lie just as much on the surface and cry for explanation with just as much urgency. In these two bodies of facts, each of which is an aspect perhaps of an underlying truth as yet too large for the eye of science, each appealing to some recondite difference in temperament of sci-

entific men, there lies a fruitful subject of argument. Each side throws at the heads of the other its hardest facts, and as far as it can dodges those that are thrown back. In such cases the skill lies in massing the facts that make for you, and lightening the weight of those that make against you.

All such debates, too, are quite consistent with a sincere desire to find and advance the truth. In the long run the piling up of irrelevant facts and indefensible theories does advance man in his restless, predestinated search for the absolute truth; for every generation or two there comes a man who can look over the barriers built up by the parties, and set new limits to what is useful and what is futile in the unending discussion. In the mean time, if you are going to take a hand in such arguments bear in mind that what you can actually accomplish is only this piling up of facts and this drawing to the light of the general truths which they contain; speak therefore modestly and without acrimony, since the real judge of your theories is time, and he is to be neither bullied nor hastened.

In arguments on questions of policy the same doctrine holds true. Here again you can make no direct proof; the best that you can do is to show that your policy is the best for the interests of the people whom you try to persuade. The arguments in the Income Tax Case are full of light on this point. I have already shown that Mr. Choate rested his argument on the fact that one of the prime objects of the Constitution was to protect private property. Mr. Olney, the

Attorney-General, on the other hand, argued that since "taxation is an uncommonly practical affair," it must be left to the discretion of Congress; and he contended that the Court should not "substitute its discretion for that of Congress in respect of the subjects of taxation, and all the distinctions and discriminations by which taxation is sought to be equitably adjusted to the resources and capacities of the different classes of society." Mr. Carter, on the same side with Mr. Olney, emphasized the object of Congress to redress "in some degree the flagrant inequality by which the great mass of the people were made to furnish nearly all the revenue, and leave the very wealthy classes to furnish very little of it in comparison with their means." And a little later he argued: —

"It is said to be class legislation, and to make a distinction between the rich and the poor. It certainly does. It certainly is class legislation in that sense. That was its very object and purpose. This is a distinction which should always be looked to in the business of taxation. Unfortunately, heretofore it has been observed in the wrong direction, as I have already pointed out, and the poorer class prodigiously overburdened."

And, finally, Mr. Justice White, in his dissenting opinion, brings the statement of his understanding of the law to a close by two pages of solemn and weighty warning of the dangers that result when a court of final appeal disregards established precedents. Now all these considerations have serious force, Mr. Justice White's especially; and they all made for a deci-

sion against Mr. Choate. To the majority of the Court, however, they seemed less serious than the clear intention of the framers of the Constitution to protect the richer States against unfair taxation by the poorer States. The opinion of the majority of the Court declares that —

“the acceptance of the rule of apportionment was one of the compromises which made the adoption of the Constitution possible, and secured the creation of that dual form of government, so elastic and so strong, which has thus far survived in unabated vigor. If by calling a tax indirect when it is essentially direct, the rule of protection could be frittered away, one of the great landmarks defining the boundary between the nation and the States of which it is composed, would have disappeared; and with it one of the bulwarks of private rights and private property.”

In the final result, therefore, the decision, as in all cases which decide policy and in which there is an even balance, turned on the inevitable differences of temperament which produce the political parties of all civilized nations. On the one side are the conservatives, who hold that the security of what each man has inherited or has earned for himself is the strongest safeguard for the advances of civilization and the best security for progress; and on the other the liberals or progressives who, seeing that advance is made only by change, are always concerned lest vested rights should become shackles to progress. In this particular case the law was so doubtful that each side put forward facts and con-

siderations of almost even weight, and explanations of almost equal plausibility and power of reconciling them. In the choice between these opposing theories of the meaning of the law and of the Constitution the judges were divided; and the case was settled by the majority, to whom the vested rights of property seemed more important than a theoretically more even distribution of the burden of supporting the government. In this case, as in so many of the constitutional cases decided by Chief Justice Marshall, the decision was in the large sense political; for it was the expression of the trend of public opinion. Accordingly, though the decision had to turn on the text of the Constitution and on the cases which had interpreted that text, yet Mr. Choate in his argument appeals to large considerations of national policy; and both the Chief Justice in declaring the judgment and the judges who dissented recognize explicitly this larger and deeper bearing of the case.

Indeed, in all the larger questions on which mankind differs, underneath the various arguments for or against a given explanation or policy there is an ineradicable difference of temperament: just as mankind falls on one side or the other of five feet eight inches of height, so on many of these large questions of liberalism or conservatism, of free will or determinism, of generalizing and specializing, of minute learning or broad culture, there is an analogous final difference. Nevertheless, since questions of policy will always rise up to be decided, and therefore there must be arguments, you must assume in such cases

that these deep-rooted and final differences of temperament have not become active : that, as is always true, there is a large part of your audience, whose minds, either through indifference or from ignorance of the subject, are still open. Then you must, as in questions of fact, again trust to your sagacity. Here its task is to find every fact and every aspect of the case which will link themselves to their interest, or which will make the other policy seem useless or dangerous, and then to harp on them until their force is decisive. This exercise of your sagacity has so much more to do with feelings than with thoughts, however, that I will leave further discussion of it until I come to persuasion.

23. Finally, in discussing this element of argument that is called persuasion, I shall divide it into two parts : (1) that which is separable from the rest of the argument, the illustrations, examples, and supposititious cases which directly stimulate the feelings of the audience ; and (2) that more subtle appeal to the feelings of the audience which lies in the kindling of the style, in the expression of the interest and strong emotion of the writer by the swifter, more agitated rhythm and fuller resonance of his speech. In whichever way it works, this element of persuasion belongs to that aspect of literature which has to do with the feelings ; and, as depending on the personal equation of the writer, it is much less easy than the intellectual element to catch and generalize from, and almost impossible to teach. All that I can do is to

examine it in good examples, and then make very tentatively a few suggestions based on these examples. For it cannot be too often written down in such a treatise as this that the teacher of writing can no more make a great writer than a teacher of painting can turn out a new Rembrandt or Millet; in either case, the most that the teacher can do is to furnish honest and illuminating criticism, and to save his pupil unnecessary and tedious steps by showing him the methods and devices which have been worked out by the masters of the craft.

To begin then with the explicit devices of the art of persuasion. In the arguments of the Income Tax Cases, they are separated for us impersonally and very conveniently by the difference between the stenographic report and the condensed form of the official United States Report. The latter prints only the actual indispensable substance of the arguments of counsel. By subtracting this report from the full stenographic report of the arguments as delivered, we get that part of the argument which makes it interesting and moving as distinguished from that which had to do with the more abstract and impersonal body of reasoning. In that part of Mr. Choate's argument which I print, I have enclosed these subtractions in brackets so that they can easily be studied by themselves.

All these passages which are omitted in the official report, you will notice, are aimed at the practical interests of the judges, both as judges and as citizens. This fact opens up the essential nature of persuasion.

Professor James points out¹ that all reasoning depends on the way in which our attention and our action are determined by either practical or æsthetic interests; that from the mass of sensations which make up any object we pick out the one quality which decides our opinion because something in that quality is for the moment important to our physical welfare or to our intellectual instincts or to our tastes. Just so in this argument of Mr. Choate's with all its mingling of abstract and legal thoughts with the appeal to the practical interests of the judges: it brought its legal principles closely and directly into touch with their instinctive desires for a fixed government. It is this chance to work quietly and subtly on the prejudices and temperaments of the judges who at any time happen to be sitting on the Bench that maintains the practice of oral arguments in court. Many private cases could undoubtedly just as well be submitted on briefs: but in all larger questions, especially if they are constitutional, the tact of the counsel, and his knowledge of the judges will count for almost as much as his brief. It will be his emphasis, his illustrations, his arguments on the effects of the decision, that, when either view would be legal and just, will incline the judges to take his rather than the other. In Mr. Choate's argument President Hayes' prediction —

“You will probably live to see the day when in the case of the death of any man of large wealth, the State will take for itself all above a prescribed limit of his fortune and divide it, or apply it to the equal use of the

¹ “Psychology,” vol. ii. p. 345.

people, so as to punish the rich man for his wealth, and to divide it among those who, whatever may have been their sins, at least have not committed that — ”

must have attracted the attention and serious thought of men who in Washington lived in an atmosphere which is more and more an atmosphere of wealthy leisure, and it must have strengthened their solicitude for the protection of private property ; it could not, therefore, have been without influence on their minds when the law was so doubtful and so conflicting.

This example displays the function of persuasion so far at any rate as it depends on these separable parts of argumentative writing. By carefully touching — remember the figure implied in the word *tact* — the practical interests of the people you are addressing, you can keep their attention fixed on the view you want them to take ; and the longer you can hold this view before their attention, and the more vividly and warmly you can connect it with their experience, the more chance there is that it will stick and be accepted by them as the most satisfying solution. Insensibly the facts which lead to your conclusion will loom up larger in their view of the case, and those which you wish to stand in the background will dwindle. The best argument you can make will be that which will grow into such warm and intimate touch with the thoughts and interest of your reader that it becomes a natural part of his mental furniture, part of the framework by which he rationalizes his universe. In every case, then, use examples and supposititious cases which will merge your view into

the experience and the interest of your reader at as many points as you can. If your audience is quick, a hint will be enough. Mr. Choate, for instance, would have wasted time as well as committed a contempt of court if he had tried to excite the judges by any such denunciatory eloquence as he would undoubtedly have used in the House of Representatives ; such a hint as he gave was all that was necessary to call their attention to the possible consequences of the decision. Henry Ward Beecher, on the other hand, talking to a hostile audience of English operatives, had to put the appeal to their interests into crass and literal form ; he had an audience who were unused to picking out the hidden meanings and consequences of facts. In each case you have to judge for yourself, and trust to your instinctive or acquired knowledge of what will move your readers or hearers and will graft your view into their interests and experiences. If your argument does thus reach their feelings, it has the power of persuasion ; if it does not, it may be intellectually convincing, but it will hardly stir them to action.

In treating the power of pure style, the other division of the art of persuasion, we shall find ourselves still more concerned with that side of literature where power is a gift inborn, and the teacher must draw himself to the rear and confine himself to criticism and encouragement. For this gift is like that of a sweet voice, or of great muscular strength : it may be nourished and increased by wise practice and criticism, but unless there is the heaven-born endowment the striving of man is but vain. It is a

gift which is notoriously without necessary connection with wisdom or any other mental power; in its crude form it is often found in the rant of revivalists and demagogues; in its highest form it fills with the breath of life prose as severely simple and restrained as Cardinal Newman's dedication of his "Apologia." At all times it is a gift to be kept in hand rather than let loose; for the mere exercise of it is exciting and may turn a serious discourse into rhodomontade.

As has been stated, it is almost impossible to give practical help towards acquiring this gift of an expressive style: the ear for the rhythm and assonance of style is like the ear for music, though more common, perhaps. It is good practice to read aloud the writing of men who are famous for the quality, and when you read to yourself always to have in your mind the sound of what you read. The more you can give yourself of this exercise, the more when you write yourself will you hear the way your own style sounds. Until you thus hear your style yourself it will be mere chance whether you make it agreeable to the senses of your hearers or readers.

Then, in the second place, get yourself into the habit of being full of the seriousness or delightfulness of what you have to say. In Cardinal Newman's dedication of the "Apologia" the intensity of his feelings made words which in themselves are commonplace enough vibrate and glow with emotion. Mr. Collins' defence of Dean Swift is so warm and personal that his words almost call for an excited and

heightened delivery in the reading. And Mr. Choate's argument, which from all the necessities and proprieties of the case had to be restrained in manner, nevertheless shows that he took more than an advocate's interest in his cause: it is dignified, but it is moving and impressive in the fulness of its periods; it could never be mistaken for the academic discussion of a purely impersonal question.

When I come to a closer examination of the mechanics of the moving power of style, I can only make a few observations, without attempting to explain them. If you look at a few pages of Mr. Choate's argument, you will notice that questions are commoner than in ordinary writing; and that such appositions as the following are piled up: "If there is one factitious argument, one pretence of a reason, one attempt to make a distinction without a difference that this Court has uniformly stamped on with all its might, it is just that." Besides the questions and the insistent apposition, you cannot help noticing too the use of balance, as in the use of the parallel construction in such a passage as that on page 330 where six sentences, with only one break, begin with the words "It will leave." This same use of the parallel construction appears also constantly in Mr. Collins' argument about the marriage of Swift; as for example in the sentence on page 279. But it is unnecessary to cite further instances; these turns of style are everywhere recognized as the earmarks of an argumentative style. When you begin to look for the quality that they have in common, to

find why they are effective in argument, you notice that they all contribute to emphasis. The frequent interpolation of questions into the discourse at once quickens the attention; for you are so in the habit of coming to attention when you are asked a question that even when the question is purely rhetorical as here, you instinctively start to the same attitude of mind. The use of the question is, then, a kind of trick on you to make you take the idea with your mind particularly alert. So with the piling up of appositions; it is merely an insistence on some idea by turning it first one side forward and then the other, and by showing all its bearings on the question in hand. Moreover the balance and the parallel construction accentuate the manner in which the various facts and ideas which are so presented reinforce each other to establish the view which they set forth. Emphasis, then, is a large part of the object and achievement of a moving rhythm in argumentative writing, as in other modes. It is Professor Wendell's Principle of Mass transferred to the ear; bring the stress of the sentence on the words that deserve distinction. All the rhetorical devices which can be invented can do no more than this — to stimulate the attention of your reader or hearer.

For the other sensuous qualities of pure style, sonorousness, richness of color, expressive cadences, delectable assonance, — so far as they contribute more than this increase of emphasis, they may be more conveniently discussed when we come to the subject of descriptive writing; for there we shall

come more closely to the borders of æsthetics, into which the consideration of them merges. For the present it is enough to point out that a writer who puts his views forward in a style that is pleasant in itself will find more readers, and more who will read through what he has to say, than if he puts the best possible explanation forward in a discourse whose only charm is its truth. And more than this, the gift of a dignified and resonant style, as in Mr. Choate's argument, goes far to convince you of the unaffected zeal on the part of the writer for his cause. If, on the other hand, the style is too sonorous or too excited for the subject, as perhaps some people may feel in the case of Mr. Collins' argument, it will have the reverse effect of making you suspect that the writer has not that weight of judgment which comes from quiet and deliberate thought. So with a style where the attempt at this moving power of rhythm is obvious to the reader: any such extrinsic decoration will make your reader suspicious that you are playing on his feelings. In writing, as I have already said, ornament should follow and accentuate the thought, as in architecture it should emphasize the lines of structure. The trace of self-consciousness that hangs on Stevenson's style at the best is a defect—the only blemish it had at its very best; for it drags him in when your attention should be given wholly to what he writes. A conscious effort, then, to make style rhythmical is the most dangerous thing you can play with; you can study the rhythm in the works of the great

writers until your ear rings, as it were, with the tunes to which they wrote, and if you like you may practise these tunes by yourself. But when you come to the writing of something which you wish to influence the opinion or the action of other people, forget all this and give yourself up wholly to your subject and to the view of it which you uphold. Then the more fully you believe that it is the truth, the more important you feel it to be that this truth shall prevail, and the more you can stir up your feelings on the subject without losing perfect control of them, the more likely will you be to be persuasive. If you are by nature of dry and sober feelings, not given to deranging your intellectual habits by enthusiasm, beware of aping the manner of more mercurial and passionate people; if you have not the capacity inborn in you of being persuasive, be content with aiming at the other virtue of an argument, lucidity.

24. *Criticism*.—Criticism, as I said, I shall confine to that kind of writing which utters your impressions and judgments of works of art—taking the term *art* in a pretty broad sense. For our purposes the criticism which scrutinizes and restores texts belongs under Explanation. Criticism is a kind of writing, therefore, into which both thought and feeling enter; for it is an attempt to explain to some one else the nature and the basis of your feelings. And by the relative preponderance of the thought or the feeling criticisms may be roughly classified. On the one hand there are the criticisms

which have the ambition to be scientific, as establishing something like a fixed and permanent system; on the other hand are the criticisms which aim only to express the essence of the beauty and the meaning of the work of art: this latter kind is nowadays often called appreciation. The most common form in which criticism appears in English — the book-review — ordinarily falls somewhere between the two, often overlapping one or the other. Its aim is to give such an intelligible account of a book as shall tell you whether you want to read it or not.

In general, criticism may be divided according to its point of view into the subjective and the objective. Of these two the objective may again be subdivided into the judicial, which passes judgment on the work before it; and the so-called scientific, which tries to explain the forms and the influences which made the work possible. Whatever the kind of criticism, however, which sends you to your pen, in any case you will be explaining; in the judicial kind of criticism you try to explain what the work before you, whether a novel, a book of poems, a history, or a picture, really is; how it is to be classified; why you should hold this or that opinion of it. In the scientific criticism you try to show how just such a book or picture came at just such a time, under certain conditions of civilization, of literature, or of the personal history of its author. In subjective criticism, on the other hand, you strain the powers of language to explain the impression that the book has made on your consciousness, and

to put into tangible form what is called the essence of the story or play or poem; in reality the reaction of your own mind is often the more interesting part of the study. This kind of criticism is often closely akin to the kind of expository study which Mr. Henry James in his stories strings on a thread of narrative: in each you find an examination of motives and ideas and reactions to experience of an individual mind. A good book review may use all of these kinds of criticism to explain to people without time to read, or perhaps without opinions, what a book is, and what may reasonably be thought about it.

Criticism, however, though in form explanatory, is, as I have said, even more closely related by its substance to that other side of literature which has to do with your feelings; for your opinion of a book or picture or piece of music depends in the end on your personal tastes. Just as one man's temperament and training will set him to investigating, in the spirit of M. Taine, the "three causal forces, the race, the social and physical environment, the moment or special influence of the time;" so another, like Mr. Pater, wrapped up in the complexity and richness of the feelings and thoughts and images which are aroused in him by the reading of Wordsworth, or by the contemplation of Leonardo's "*La Gioconda*," will spend his study in expressing those states of consciousness; and another, like Matthew Arnold, will find greater interest in trying to define permanent standards for judgment, and declaring the estimation which will be set on the same poetry by the judgment of inexorable

time. Still another, like Dean Church, in his study of Richard Hooker, will be more interested to explain the moral significance of the work. All these kinds of criticism, and the many modifications and interminglings of them, are good criticism. The only final test of criticism is that it shall be reasonable, that it shall not cut loose from the tastes and judgments of cultivated people. On the one hand you must be sympathetic and appreciative, and must not look on art as a mass of dead material to be ticketed and classified without regard to feelings: on the other hand, you must control your tastes and delights by a sober and large sense of the proportions of things and the obligation to make your opinions and tastes intelligible.

25. For the criticism which attempts to be scientific—to begin with the kind in which the element of thought most dominates—the fundamental axiom is that a work of art, like everything else in the world, is subject to the law of causation; and such criticism tries to get the same kind of rational and final understanding of a work of art that the man of science tries for in the case of heat or electricity or the structure of the eye. Theoretically, since everything is caused, since there is no ripple on the water of the pond, no shadow in the leaves of the creeper, no passionate outburst of a poet's soul, that can be changed without breaking and altering the great chain of causation in which the universe is irrevocably bound, a critic of infinite knowledge could lay bare the causes which have fatally determined that

any work of art shall be exactly what it is. Such an infinitely wise critic could explain in detail, for example, just how it happened that Shakspeare transposed the words of North's splendid description of Cleopatra into the exact order in which it was predestined that they should make such noble music in the play.

In practice, the scientific method in criticism has had its best results in the application of the historical method. They have been summed up by Professor Gates as follows in "A Note on Historical Criticism," prefaced to A. E. Hancock's "The French Revolution and the English Poets"¹: —

"Through the adoption, then, of the historical point of view, appreciative criticism is a gainer in at least two well-discriminated ways. In the first place, the appreciative critic who calls historical methods to his aid finds it possible to enjoy a work of art, not merely as the somewhat capricious invention of an isolated author, but as necessarily and vitally related to the mental, moral, and artistic life of an entire society, and as gaining its significance and beauty from its imaginative expression of the instincts and ideals of a continuously developing national life. In the second place, such an appreciative critic escapes in some measure from the superficiality of a personal estimate, and reinforces his own fleeting pleasure with the delights and joys which past generations have won in lawful progression, from some great work of art. In both these ways historical methods tend to confer dignity upon appreciative criticism, and transform it from a merely superficial and transitory imitation of pleasure or pain into a deeply significant estimate of literary worth."

¹ New York, 1899.

It is by such combination of rationalizing and appreciative methods that criticism can, by defining and explaining, fit into the rational order of the universe those phenomena of human activity which appear as books or pictures or music or the exquisitely moulded forms of sculpture or architecture. Taine, the chief herald of the scientific criticism, started from the facts that an artist is an organism with a definite inheritance and that he lives in a definite environment. It is now generally admitted that the problem is not so simple as Taine supposed; but in the long run these are the elements with which you must deal if you are to reduce literature or any other art to laws. So far as criticism can attain the certitude and the system of a science, it must do so by neglecting as much as possible the personal element in appreciation, and by looking objectively at the art before it as an accomplished fact.

In this kind of study it is clear that the national equation is of high importance. J. A. Symonds, for example, in his "Essays Speculative and Suggestive," has pointed out that the existence in France of a court where polish was carried to the highest extreme, and where wit and finish of conversation was a means of personal advancement, has undoubtedly brought the expressiveness of the French language to a finer point. Again, there is a most fruitful field for explanatory criticism in the comparative study of literature. How the literature of the Renaissance, for example, took its rise in Italy in the recovery of the classics in the thirteenth century and sprang there

into its flamboyant luxuriance ; how it was carried successively into the various other countries of Europe, and sowed the seed for all modern literature : the rich harvest from this one field has proved the value of comparative criticism. Another achievement of historical criticism is the comparative accuracy with which we can now define the phases of action and reaction in literature or the other arts, between classicism and romanticism, realism and idealism, individualism and collectivism, the dominance of reason or feeling, as different men define the same phenomena. Professor Gates illustrates this study of successive schools at the end of his study of Newman ;¹ he shows "Newman's kinship with the Romanticists," and that his temperament and work are "expressions of tendencies widely operative throughout English life and literature." For such studies as these you must have ripe stores of knowledge, gained by concentrated and patient study ; you must know not only the works of the larger men but also of the little men who surrounded them and made their background, whom they taught and from whom they had their own training. The explanatory criticism which defines and sharpens our knowledge of Shakspeare, for example, showing, as Mr. Sidney Lee has shown, that the sonnets are merely the highest achievement in a wide-spread fashion of the day ; giving us all the facts which can now be learned about his life, about the books he might have read, and what scholarship he had ;—all these little facts make us read the

¹ "Three Studies in Literature," New York, 1898, p. 122.

plays with a finer and more thorough appreciation of all the allusions and suggestions of the words. This kind of explanatory criticism, then, is capable of the most substantial results.

Of the other kind of objective criticism — the judicial criticism, which is more commonly known as dogmatic, there has been far more in the history of literature; indeed it is only within a few years that it has been supposed possible to deal with a book or a picture or a statue except by passing judgment on it in some way or other. In the days of old when there were still kings in literature like Ben Jonson or Dryden or Dr. Johnson who laid down the law for what the multitude should or should not like, criticism consisted in declaring that one thing was better than another — that rhymed tragedies, for example, were nobler than blank verse, or that the heroic couplet was the only perfect form of verse. And this style of criticism, in all its fine self-sufficiency, persisted down through the Edinburgh reviewers, with their uncompromising judgments on the poetry and prose of their contemporaries; nor has it entirely disappeared in the present day of enlightenment and toleration. In general, however, we are more content to put up with our neighbors' opinions and tastes in such matters, even though they do not share our taste for Wordsworth or Thackeray or Dickens. Nevertheless, most of the reviewing, which includes most of the criticising, in bulk at any rate, is still a mild form of the old school: it aims to make clear, with more or less elaborate justifica-

tion of the judgment, that a book is or is not what in moments of happy vagueness we call *good*. And this kind of judgment is often as serviceable a kind of writing about books as there is ; for in the process of the judgment and of its justification, the critic must so explain and establish his standards that he throws much light on what literature and art are. It is this kind of objective criticism which, with the evolutionary criticism, seems likely to accomplish the most for literature. After all it is of little more importance to other people whether you like Dickens or whether you find Thackeray a snob than whether you like your coffee with or without sugar. If, on the other hand, you can point out in Dickens what you find admirable, and do it in an interesting way, you may not only find readers, but you may also make some one else's reading more profitable to him. In this judicial criticism, then, reduce the element of your personal taste to its least possible prominence ; and make it give way to larger considerations that will fit it to the judgment of the greatest possible number of readers.

Objective criticism, when it aims at anything like completeness, stands in a peculiar way at the centre of the whole art of criticism. On the one side it satisfies the desires of some men to have their whole world rationalized, to have niches and categories for all the experience that comes to them ; and on the other side it satisfies those who having certain impressions and inarticulate judgments about a book or a picture, lack the means to express what they feel and

think. Beyond these, on the one side, are the readers who are so taken up with the rationalizing and systematizing of things that they care little for analysis and interpretation ; and on the other, those who are so full of the great beauty and significance of the work of art before them that they wish only for the reflection and interpretation of those feelings by a soul as sensitive as their own.

26. As we pass on to this interpretative or subjective criticism, the scientific mood disappears ; for though in this kind of criticism as in the others you are trying to explain what you feel about the work of art before you, yet you are not trying to put this impression into the rational order of the universe. You are merely trying to get on paper a record of your emotions, without reference to their bearing on anything else. Accordingly, we are here more than half way over the border into the land of the feelings.

How dominantly personal, how deliberately careless of the objective attitude towards its work of art this kind of criticism may be, appears in the little essay on " Criticism " in Mr. Henry James's " Essays in London and Elsewhere."

" To lend himself," he writes, " to project himself and steep himself, to feel and feel till he understands, and to understand so well that he can say, to have perception at the pitch of passion and expression as embracing as the air, to be infinitely curious and incorrigibly patient, and yet plastic and inflammable and determinable, stooping to conquer and serving to direct — these are fine chances for

an active mind, chances to add the idea of independent beauty to the conception of success. Just in proportion as he is sentient and restless, just in proportion as he reacts and reciprocates and penetrates, is the critic a valuable instrument; for in literature assuredly criticism *is* the critic, just as art is the artist; it being assuredly the artist who invented art and the critic who invented criticism, and not the other way round."

Here is obviously little room for the spirit which looks on books and pictures and music as things which must be sorted out and explored until there is left no residuum of the inexplicable, and whose clear light is to shine on a world of art in which everything is brought under the yoke of the law of causation: on the contrary, it exalts and magnifies the bottomless mysteries of the feelings, and their recalcitrance to classification and generalization. It would be easy to burlesque such a passage as this, and one is tempted to use the epithet *feminine* to characterize it, in the sense that it is passive and dependent on sympathy, and for its "stooping to conquer and serving to direct." It is a mode of literature that is singularly characteristic of this end of the century with all its tense and carefully nursed self-consciousness and its curious and tender study of the inner life. Walter Pater has been its chief high-priest; and its tendencies are to morbidity. In this kind of criticism, however, success is not to be attained by the cursory or the otiose study of him who reads as he runs; you must be content to give patient hours of study to your subject, and even more patiently to repress the itching of your fingers

for the pen. Your impression must be soberly and reverently clarified; and your expression of it laboriously and delicately wrought out: then, if you care for it, you may hope to gain some share of that fineness of appreciation and exquisiteness of expression which are the rewards and the justification of this most painstaking of all the kinds of criticism. Its two prime requisites are sensitiveness to artistic effects, and the command of an exceedingly refined expressiveness of style.

Of these requisites the sensitiveness, which is largely a gift from above, must be sedulously cultivated. If a picture or a poem or a symphony set you vibrating with pleasure and emotion, you must let your impression crystallize by patient study. Mr. James says of Flaubert, "To no one at any rate need it be denied to say that the best way to appreciate him is, abstaining from the clumsy process of an appeal and the vulgar process of an advertisement, exclusively to *use* him, to feel him, to be privately glad of his message." And again a few lines further on, "The sweetest things in the world of art or the life of letters are the irresponsible sympathies which seem to rest on divination." It is these "irresponsible sympathies" which you are trying to grasp and make palpable; and the only way to do it is to keep them in your mind until at last they clarify themselves.

Then with your impression duly and delicately crystallized in your own mind, you have the further laborious task of expression. Here the problem is so intimately concerned with the feelings that the conno-

tation of your words is of higher and more intrinsic importance than the denotation; in these "irresponsible sympathies that seem to rest on divination" the element that can be defined by single words is small and insignificant beside that which lies in the implication of the phrases. Accordingly, for these subtle and elusive feelings about your book or your picture, feelings so subtle and individual that they have never entered even that stage of metaphor which is the beginning of recorded knowledge—for these most impalpable impressions your task is to find phrases that can carry fine and exact knowledge. Instead of naming facts you have to suggest shades of feelings: instead of abstracting ruthlessly from the living body of facts mere aspects and qualities you have to set forth the evanescent suggestions of the living reality.

Obviously after all that has been said, the danger in this kind of criticism lies in the excess of self-consciousness. It is so easy to overestimate the importance of one's own delight that an interpretative critic must always cultivate modesty and self-effacement. Unless you can make your delight delectable to other people, keep it to yourself. Moreover, a habit of introspection pretty surely leads to a distorted view of the proportions of things. Just as soon as the facts of your own consciousness loom up bigger than the external facts which gave them birth, then distrust your judgments. Too close communion with books or with any other form of art will make your judgments jar with those of mankind in the long

run. And the judgment of mankind in the long run is the sanest and most trustworthy test: it upsets all fashions, it finds the weak places in passing affectations; and on the other hand it brings to light all that is in harmony with the lasting verities of human nature. Of course there will always be esoteric schools who will have their Pater to lead them in the way of all that is precious; but they cannot live in the broad and free air in which the progress of the race is carried on.

27. In all these kinds of criticism, since you are explaining something, you cannot be too careful to make what you write clear to your reader; and you can hardly make it too methodical. Professor Lamont has shown in his "Selections of Exposition" how searching an analysis the plan of Arnold's "Essay on Wordsworth" will stand. The very fact that in writing a criticism you are explaining a far more subtle and elusive fact than a machine makes it the more necessary for you to keep your explanation lucid. Accordingly all that you have learned about writing expositions applies to writing criticisms: they must have unity, both in point of view and in substance; they must be logically and clearly arranged; above all they must be written in the most carefully defined terms, and they must not ramble off into unmeaning abstractness.

When you come to the explanation, estimate, or interpretation of the work before you, your problem is to discriminate and name its qualities. This is

essentially a process of comparison. Compare the opening of Professor Gates's introduction to his "Selections from Newman."¹

■

"Newman's style unites in an exceptional degree the qualities of an academic style with those of the style of a man of the world. It has the accuracy, the precision of outline, and the fine conscientiousness of the scholar's style, as well as the ease, the affability, and the winning adroitness that come from much human intercourse. In its union of scholarliness and urbanity it is unique. The style of another Oxford man, whose work almost necessarily suggests itself for comparison with that of Newman, attempts very much this same combination of qualities. Matthew Arnold's ideal of good writing involves, like Newman's, a perfect union of strength and grace. But Arnold is never comparable to Newman in strictness and certainty of method; he is always so afraid of pedantry and scholasticism as to assume even greater desultoriness than is natural to him. His urbanity, too, has not quite the genuineness of Newman's; it is a somewhat costly affair. He prides himself on it too palpably. He is too consciously debonair. There is always a suspicion of self-assertion in his work that does more to detract from perfect grace of demeanor than a great deal of severity of method and strenuousness of logic would detract. In Newman's writings, even in his most personal works and in his most intimate moments, there is a curious lack of this self-assertion. Probably no book so uncompromisingly autobiographical as the 'Apologia' seems from first to last so free from egotism and leaves so charming an impression of frankness and simplicity."

¹ New York, 1895.

Such minuteness of specification and distinction is the highest achievement of criticism: to say that Cardinal Newman's writing has "scholarliness and urbanity" does not distinguish his writing from that of many other cultivated Englishmen; and to leave the definition there would have been to leave it undone. The comparison brings out the distinctive quality of these characteristics in the work of Cardinal Newman. Many men can discourse at large on the history of literature or of art in general, or can explain the genesis of the drama in a given nation; but the same men when they come to specify the individual virtues and failings of a single play or of a single playwright are at a loss for the shrewd phrase which alone can define the delicate idiosyncrasies of a work of art. Professor Gates had the same problem to solve that Green had in his explanation of Elizabeth's character; and just as Green made his explanation vivid and satisfying by the specific details of Elizabeth's actions, so Professor Gates makes his explanation of the quality of Cardinal Newman's style satisfying by this illuminating comparison with a man grown up in the same environment. In practice, comparison is the most fruitful of all the methods of criticism. Whenever you are at a loss to express your thought or your feeling about a work of art, compare it with some other work which is nearly like it: the mere naming of the difference between them gives you the definition you are looking for.

In this task of keen and penetrating discrimination the judicial and the generalizing criticism come into

relation with the interpretative criticism, and the lines are rubbed away between them. Indeed the emphasis which I have laid on the different kinds of criticism by treating them separately is misleading. For just as any hard line between exposition and criticism or between exposition and narrative is artificial, so you will find in practice that when you sit down to write your opinion or your impression of a book, you will never think to yourself whether what you write is subjective or objective, judicial or scientific. Just as soon as criticism begins to have theories which it hesitates to override, it becomes pedantic and meaningless.

To all these modes of criticism, therefore, each of which will seem admirable and improving to various men according to their temperaments, there is in common a certain body of necessary rules and precautions. In the first place, it need hardly be said, there is the need of a thorough knowledge of the work which you are going to criticise. In all good writing thoroughness and scrupulousness as to fact are the first commandment. Moreover, from your own point of view the work of criticism will not be worth doing unless by exercise of your mental fibre it results in a clearer, more thorough thought. Your first rule, then, is to master your subject. In the second place, whatever mode of criticism you affect, your view must be wide and impartial. Criticism is at best ephemeral enough; but when it takes the form of special pleading or is ruled by prejudice it cannot pass into oblivion too soon. The

very necessity that your views are personal should guard you against making your criticism partisan. Moreover, even in cases where you have to condemn, you must be all the more careful to preserve amenity of manner. Many disagreeable facts are tolerable if they are politely and kindly expressed; and even wholesome truths often need to be sweetened in the utterance. In every case, therefore, cultivate your sympathy. Before you either praise or condemn, be sure that you understand just what the writer or painter or composer was trying to do; and before you explain why he did what he did and failed to do something else, be sure that you can see his achievement from his own point of view. Sympathy, then, with thorough knowledge, will make your criticism reasonable.

28. THE LITERATURE OF FEELING. *Introductory.*—

In leaving Criticism to go on to Narration, we pass, as I said in the Introduction, from the kinds of writing in which the function of thought dominates to those in which thought gives way more and more to the play and power of feeling. And as before beginning to discuss explanation I stopped to examine the mental action which was to be expressed, so now I will briefly discuss this element of feeling, what we mean by it, and in general how it works.

When you look broadly at this side of literature, which includes stories, whether fiction or true, descriptions which appeal to the emotions, and the mingling of the two, you are at once struck with the great proportion of cases which either are, or pur-

port to be, personal reminiscence. Moreover in the remaining cases, the whole story or description rests on the pretended assumption that what the book tells about is really a matter of fact which some one in the past has actually lived through. The essential form, then, whether explicit or implied, of this kind of literature is that it is told as if it were remembered by some one. Reminiscence, therefore, seems to be the typical form of the literature of feeling.

This selection of reminiscence as the type of all stories and descriptions will justify itself in many ways. The most important of these ways, and the only one I shall now discuss, depends on the fact that these kinds of writing are more personal than those which explain things. Since reminiscence is of necessity always personal, it gives us therefore the least complicated example of this side of literature. Since it is a record of what some man or woman has actually been through it relieves us of many difficult questions of plausibility and construction; and moreover it emphasizes the fact that the material with which these kinds of writing work is the personal experience of men.

29. Personal experience, then, of individual people is the subject matter of all this kind of writing. In psychology, as I pointed out in the Introduction, the course of experience is described as the stream of consciousness. If you will stop once more to consider this stream of consciousness you will find it a heterogeneous flow of mingled sensations, feel-

ings and thoughts jumbled together in the most illogical way. Prominent on its surface will be the particular thing to which your attention is turned. Behind and under that are all sorts of things of which you are only half conscious, or almost wholly unaware,—the heat of your chair under you, the light from the window, a cart rattling by in the street, the uneasy, subconscious premonition of an engagement to-morrow, a lingering glow of pleasure from the talk with a friend a few minutes ago, the inarticulate luxuries or discomforts of digestion—all such things are not only really there, but often potently determine whether you are having a good time or not, the view you take of your affairs, the optimism or the pessimism of the moment. This perfectly illogical, unreasoning flow of thoughts and feelings, much of which is so purely matter of sensation that, as I shall point out, we share it with Mr. Kipling's jungle folk, is experience. Though it is simplified by forgetfulness, by vagueness of observation, and especially by unconscious crystallization into episodes, so that it seems to be a series of distinct happenings, it never is at any moment so simple and orderly and rational a thing as it stands in memory. The variety and freshness which gives it life and interest depend on this complexity and continual variety.

Now what makes this heterogeneous flow of experience material for this particular kind of literature is the fact that it is imbued with this personal warmth and intimacy. If people, and especially people of the

so-called artistic temperament, did not find the universe interesting chiefly because it impinges so constantly on their own personal experience, there would not be much story-telling. For it is the very fact that experience is to some people so thrilling, that even at its dullest, as in "Cranford" or Mr. Barrie's "Window in Thrums" or in the Wetherford, Vermont, of "Fame's Little Day," it is so full of incident and of the varied colors of human nature that they cannot help trying to thrill other people with their likes and dislikes and excitements—it is this fact that in the beginning produced tribal story-tellers, and now gives us Mr. Kipling and Mr. James. This warmth and intimacy of interest each man in greater or less degree finds in his own experience as it pours through his consciousness in the stream of thought: and as I have said, it is this personal warmth and vividness of your experience that makes you want to tell other people about it.

Since your material, then, is this heterogeneous, illogical rush of all sorts of thoughts and feelings, and since the variety and richness are essential qualities, the question comes up, how can it be so simplified as to be made manageable for writing; and then the further question, how can it be simplified without losing the variety and richness which alone keep it from being flat and uninteresting?

30. As a matter of fact, the crystallization of this flow of experience into such episodes as you can make stories of is wrought by the same automatic, inscrut-

able action of the mind which makes it possible for you to understand, say, the origin of species, by something which seems like a single act of thought. In your memory the experience which came as an incessantly shifting but unbroken flow is always crystallized into distinct episodes. I have already pointed out (page 6) how this works. Your memory is always acting on the stream of consciousness, saving from oblivion only that part of it which will fit into some of these remembered episodes. According to the particular episode which you call up the mass of remembered details will change: if to-morrow I find much work in getting the vine over my window back to its place, then I shall recall more than I otherwise should how the vine looks now as I sit at my typewriter. Moreover each man's memory will recall details in very different proportions from any other man's; M. Pierre Loti, it seems probable, might under my present circumstances have vivid associations of the scratching of the vine on the window, of the warm south wind from the river, and of the August sunlight on the lawn and the hemlock hedge beyond. In each case a man's own individuality will decide just how the episode he is recalling shall shape itself and what color it shall take. The bundle of instincts, tastes, and habits of mind, original or acquired, which is his personality, will by action as automatic and unconscious as that of his digestion resolve his experience for him into these separate incidents, each with its own significance, which he can summon up and change at will.

This function of the mind of making crystallized episodes out of what was the fluid, undifferentiated stream of consciousness, therefore, is a normal and universal faculty. Like any other function of the mind, moreover, it is amenable to training and strengthening. To the commonplace man, who makes no particular use of it, the episodes will be a good deal blurred at the edges and of no pronounced color. To the man, on the other hand, who makes good stories of his experience the episodes will be sharp and clear, and will be vividly colored by humor or excitement. Such are the episodes which make up Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast." To your trained writer, finally, the episodes will have the same distinctness and color as to the natural story-teller; but he will note the color, and deliberately set himself to heighten it. Stevenson is a good example of the last class, for no writer ever used his tools more consciously and circumspectly than he; here is what he says in his essay, "A Humble Remonstrance": —

"For the welter of impressions, all forcible but all discrete, which life presents, it" (our art) "substitutes a certain artificial series of impressions, all indeed most feebly represented, but all aiming at the same effect, all eloquent of the same idea, all chiming together like consonant notes in music or like the graduated tints in a good picture."

It is in this power of heightening the individual color of each episode until its outlines are so sharp that it seems always to have stood distinct and complete

—it is this power which you must cultivate if you want to tell good stories of your experiences. No man can really attain success in this kind of literature, who has not this gift, this knack, this instinct — whatever you call it — of seeing his experience in episodes of sharp outline and vivid individuality.

In this simplification of experience into separate stories you must also, as Stevenson says, make all the story aim at the same idea. This picking out a definite emotional coloring will generally be attended to by the same automatic action that makes the episodes: the memory of a journey, of an exciting race, of a long course of engrossing work, is almost always imbued with a certain distinctness of feeling, whether of pleasure, or of weariness, of disappointment, or of keen excitement, which, as much as its sharp outlines as an episode, fixes its character for you. This emotional coloring, much more than the crystallizing of the outlines, is dependent on the individual writer. Each writer will see his life from his own angle and through the spectacles of his own temperament and bringing up; and this individuality affects his whole outlook on the world. Thackeray and George Eliot and Dickens, for example, saw their contemporary England in ways so different that they might almost have been writing about different countries: which of their views is truest to fact is of course a question as irrelevant as it is unanswerable. The important thing is that each of them not only by nature saw things in a warmly individual way but also had the skill to get this singleness of coloring into their

stories. In "Middlemarch" the way in which the high ideals of Dorothea and of Lydgate are ruthlessly stamped out by the march of events, the way in which Fred Vincy and not the curate wins the love of Mary Garth, are all parts of the hopeless insistence on the dominance of accident over courage and high aims which gives the book its tone of impersonal cynicism. In "Henry Esmond," where in a way your disappointment in the result is much the same, the whole tone is different: even if the great ambition of Henry's life does turn to ashes in his mouth, it is of his own choice that he turns from his pursuit of Beatrix; the book is no less devoted to the praises of nobility of life and character. The two books are each so distinct, not only in outline, but in the attitude of the authors towards life, that even their plots take on a character rich and warm with personal feeling. In this way your temperament must fix the general coloring which will mark your reminiscences. Beyond this working of temperament, however, you must heighten the coloring and feeling of your story until it is as sharp as the outline of the episode. It may be that when you are through it will be as hard to pick out and name this emotional coloring as before you began: but a feeling is none the less a fact because you cannot define it in a single word. If you are going to write, however, you must be sure that it is so distinct and poignant in your mind before you begin that you can make it dominate the whole incident. It may be that the feeling will be no more complex than the intelligent spirit of adventure that

makes Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" such good reading, or it may have all the elaborate discovery of motives artistic and religious in which Mr. Ruskin delights; but if your reminiscence is to be in any sense a work of art it must be marked by this insistence on a single mood.

It is in this perfectly natural manner, then, that experience is reduced from its actual heterogeneous confusion to the distinctness of form which makes it possible material for literature. The process as I have shown is closely analogous to that by which the mind conceives and understands experience: in that case the intellect somehow feels that it can apprehend all the facts in a single thought; here the memory sees experience in a series of episodes each one with its own distinct outline and imbued with its own emotional coloring.

31. In the case of the expository writing, as I have shown, this unity had to be attained without destroying the lucidity not only of the whole explanation but also of the discussion of all the single facts. In this kind of writing — of which reminiscence is the type — the simplification must be accomplished without losing that effect of the fulness and complexity of life which is the distinguishing feature of personal experience. To produce this illusion of life, the rush of sensations and ideas crowding along in manifold complexity, you have as your medium a thin stream of words following, as it were, in single file.

The apparent paradox disappears on a very little

examination. In the first place it is only a slow and stumbling reader whose eye does not outrun his mind; most of us have our eyes from half a line to two or three lines ahead of what we are actually assimilating, so that what we read comes before the attention very much as actual sensations do: it enters by a thin edge, as it were, perhaps the consciousness of the shape of the letters, then of the sound of the word, then finally of the full significance of the denotation and connotation. Accordingly the words always overlap more or less. Moreover, it is probable that as we read we assimilate by phrases and sentences rather than by single words. The single line of words on the page, therefore, comes to the mind as a group of ideas so bunched and overlapping that they are in some degree simultaneously before the understanding. Thus the old paradox that language is a succession of units of thought in single file which must in some miraculous way represent all sorts of contemporaneity of thought and perception at once loses a good deal of its point. I shall recur to this point when I come to Description, and there discuss the problem, which was stated by Lessing in the "Laocoön." In the mean time I shall assume that the stream of consciousness which is raised when you read a story is different only in degree of complexity from your ordinary stream of consciousness.

With this assumption we may go on to consider how it is that the imaginative literature in its typical mode of reminiscence which I am now considering, does attain its end of simplifying experience so that it

comes within the powers of language, and how in the simplification it retains its interest and poignancy.

The simplest way to come at the matter is to take such a passage as that which follows from Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey," and note the material of which it is made up.

"I questioned at first if I were sleepy, for I felt my heart beating faster than usual, as if with an agreeable excitement to which my mind remained a stranger. But as soon as my eyelids touched, that subtle glue leaped between them, and they would no more come separate. The wind among the trees was my lullaby. Sometimes it sounded for minutes together with a sudden rush, not rising nor abating; and again it would swell and burst like a great crashing breaker, and the trees would patter me all over with big drops from the rain of the afternoon. Night after night, in my own bedroom in the country, I have given ear to this perturbing concert among the woods; but whether it was a difference in the trees, or the lie of the ground, or because I was myself outside and in the midst of it, the fact remains that the wind sang to a different tune among these woods of *Gévaudan*. I hearkened and hearkened; and meanwhile sleep took gradual possession of my body and subdued my thoughts and senses; but still my last waking effort was to listen and distinguish, and my last conscious state was one of wonder at the foreign clamor in my ears."

This passage is singularly full of the flavor of life. When you look at it more closely, you see that it is strikingly specific, and that what comment there is on the concrete facts of the night seems to make

it even more specific and sharply defined. Not only that, but the passage is as full of terms of actual sensation as it well can be: "as soon as the eyelids touched, that subtle glue leaped between them" is an instance, or the "steady even rush" of the wind, or the way in which "the trees would patter me all over with big drops from the rain of the afternoon." It would be hard to put such things into terms more strictly of sensation. Not only are the facts specifically named, but they are named in such ways as to make them the direct, ungeneralized impression of the senses. The passage deals entirely with the senses, not at all with the reflective powers of the mind. Stevenson's consciousness on this particular evening was not occupied with searching out such things as the relationships between the climate of Scotland and of France; thought was crowded out by the rich flow of the sensations from his ears, his muscles, his skin, and his drowsy brain. And when he came to write the reminiscence which should make his reader share his feelings, the sensations which thus filled his mind as he dropped off to sleep were the only things which could serve his purpose.

Moreover, the fact that sensations persist for seconds or even minutes probably adds to their potent emotional color. You can pass through a considerable course of abstract thought and afterwards have no memory of your feelings; all that remains is the sum of the reasoning through which you have passed. In a state like this of Stevenson's, on the other hand,

where search for the relations of things is dormant, the sensations which make comfort or discomfort each run so long on the surface of the stream as to give it a definite tinge of color. The varying clamor of the wind, for example, and the subtle glue between the eyelids were more than momentary facts in his consciousness: their peculiar share in his state of mind persisted until he fell asleep. Accordingly, if you wish to give to your reminiscences this continuity of life, learn to use your sensations. There is a further psychological reason for making your sensations predominate in a reminiscence. Professor James expresses it in his doctrine of the identity of the emotions and the sensations:—

“For us,¹ emotion dissociated from all bodily feeling is inconceivable. The more closely I scrutinize my states, the more persuaded I become that whatever moods, affections, and passions I have are in very truth constituted by, and made up of, those bodily changes which we ordinarily call their expression or their consequence; and the more it seems to me that if I were to become corporeally anæsthetic, I should be excluded from the life of the affections, harsh and tender alike, and drag out an existence of merely cognitive or intellectual form.”

With the psychological results of this theory we are in no way concerned: its importance here is that it reinforces and emphasizes the necessity which binds you when you write reminiscence to reduce your memories to terms of actual sensation. Certainly as

¹ “Psychology,” vol. ii. p. 432.

a canon of literature the theory has been well established by the writers of this century. French literature has gone the farthest, perhaps, but the doctrine has been well illustrated by such men as Stevenson, in his distorted and exaggerated way by Mr. Hardy, and by Mr. Kipling more naturally and unconsciously than by either. It is not only modern writers, however, who have known enough to exploit the concrete and the sensations; without going back to Shakspeare, one can find even in "Clarissa Harlowe" bits of the most concrete method; and Sir Walter Scott can furnish examples which would serve a psychologist. If you will look at any passage of description or story which you remember as being particularly vivid, you will find it hard to make it more concrete, to put it into terms of more specific sensation. For when you say that it is *vivid*, or *living*, you mean that it has the concrete reality which lives in sensations. To go back to the example, you cannot think of the "subtle glue" which leaped between Stevenson's eyelids without knowing exactly how he felt, or in other words, sharing his emotions. For your purposes of a writer sensation and emotion are merely two names for the same thing.

This, then, is the secret of simplifying your experience enough to get it into a story without losing the rich flavor and fulness of feeling which makes it worth telling about: reduce everything into terms of as direct sensation as you can. When these sensations are stirred in your reader's mind, they will arouse there all the cloud of inarticulate and indefin-

able feelings with which every immediate sensation is colored and vivified, — all the associations vague and distinct which make the roundness and reality of life. If instead of using the specific word for the sensation you use some more abstract term, which will raise up only a pale generalization or intellectual truth, you may explain the facts, but you will lose the warmth and richness of life. To go once more to the passage from the “Travels with a Donkey,” Stevenson by naming his own sensations arouses in me all the queer, half nervous, half delightful, mysterious feelings which I have had out alone in a dark windy night. These feelings are so complex and so shadowy that I could never hope to name and define them all; and if I tried it would only cumber my writing with pages of futile endeavor. Nevertheless they are as real and as palpable as the rush of the wind among the trees; and the only way to get them before my mind as I read is to name the rush of the wind and all the other sensations which first produced them in Stevenson’s mind. Then these deeper feelings raise themselves spontaneously and irresistibly in my mind, surrounding the few words before my eyes with the cloud of feeling which gives them power to create in my mind warm and living realities.

In writing a reminiscence, therefore, you meet all the chief problems which underlie story-writing and description. Your material is here, more obviously than in fiction, the illogical conglomerate of thought and feeling which constitutes the stream of conscious-

ness ; and at the same time it is especially full of that warmth and fulness of life which it is the success of all imaginative writing to reproduce. The first problem is to simplify the confusion of the actual experience ; the second is to retain the effect of warmth and fulness. As I have shown, the method of solving both problems is perfectly natural. The simplification is wrought by the same process which your memory is all the time applying to your past life : and the quickening to the warmth of life is wrought by putting your reminiscence into terms of the actual sensations which you had at the time.

These two natural processes, then, lie behind all reminiscence, and not only reminiscence, but behind all story-writing and description. They give rise to the two canons which govern all this side of literature : (1) the canon of unity, that every story or description must have its own organic structure, its own personal form, as it were ; and (2) the canon of concreteness, that every story or description must be written in terms of real things and not in abstractions.

32. *Narrative*. — As I have held that reminiscence is the typical form of the kinds of writing which appeal to the feelings and imagination of the writer, before I go on with Narrative I will examine Lessing's dictum that the fittest and the most effective field of literature is in the representation of action, and Stevenson's that "narrative is the typical mood of literature." Both assertions seem so obvious that I need do little more than refer to the passages in which they oc-

cur;¹ though when I come to Description I shall show reason for enlarging them. Since speech, whether written or spoken, is always moving it can best express experiences which consist of motion and of the action of things and people on each other. Just as soon as it stops to portray things as standing beside each other in time and place it attempts what at first sight seems an entire impossibility. On the other hand, if the narrative is to carry only a bare succession of events, like the stories of the Bible, language can do incomparably better than painting or sculpture. What Lessing said about the stories and descriptions in Homer is final: the strength of Homer lay in the constant motion of his scenes, and in the simplicity of the filling in. And though the art of literature, like every other art, has widened its range and power of expression since the great days of the heroic simplicity, yet it has never with all its research and experiment found deeper and more enduring principles than those of its founders. The story of Absalom in the words of the book of Samuel, stands unsurpassed as an example both of a high type of literature and of narrative writing. What has been added by such masters as Scott and Dumas and Thackeray has increased the richness and variety of literature as an art of representation of life; but it has not made it possible for you when you are writing to usurp the peculiar capacities of color and line or of modelled

¹ Lessing's theory will be found conveniently summarized in Hill's "Principles of Rhetoric," New York, 1895, p. 250. Stevenson's theory is set forth in his essay "A Humble Remonstrance" in "Memories and Portraits."

form; and it has not obscured the clear-sighted instinct of the first poets that words serve their natural function when they represent a train of thoughts and ideas, and do not try to depict in detail the shapes and colors of solid things.

This dominant truth that a story means action is not, however, merely metaphysical theory. If it were, the less space given to it here the better. If you will look back over the history of literature—I confine myself here to English literature—in order to see what prose writings still hold their own in the lists of the publishers, you will be struck by the fact that it is the simplest and least elaborated narrative. Of the writers at the dawn of the Renaissance Sir Thomas Malory with his “*Morte d’Arthur*” still finds publishers and readers of much variety of taste. The Bible in King James’s version holds its own not only as the ultimate standard of prose style, but as the most widely read book of the language. From the period of Queen Anne the two books which are still read by people at large are “*Robinson Crusoe*” and “*Gulliver’s Travels*”: and to-day the taste of connoisseurs of literature as well as of the great public has returned to such stories of swift and stirring adventure as those of Stevenson and Mr. Kipling. On the other hand Mr. Meredith, for all his indubitable force, is unreadable except to the sophisticated. The ultimate tests therefore—time and width of audience—have fully supported the *a priori* reasoning of Lessing.

In this discussion, accordingly, I shall try to base

my generalizations on the works which have borne these tests. Since the feelings and tastes on which art depends must differ in each individual man and woman, no generalization concerning works of art can be universal; but a generalization based on the tastes and feelings of many generations and many walks of life may approach as nearly to the absolute as it is well for it to do.

33. For a working theory of narrative Stevenson's seems the best—that the business of a writer of stories is the simplification of experience and not the direct representation of life. In other words, so far as you think about such matters at all you should conceive yourself as picking out from what happened or what you imagine as having happened, such details of action, of people, and of things as will make your readers see and feel the action as if it were going on before their own eyes. Such a doctrine goes back to a real psychological basis in the irreducible fulness of experience and the inevitable complexity of the stream of consciousness, even in the barest and dullest parts of life. I have already discussed this matter at enough length; now I will merely remind you that an exact transcript of that stream for even five minutes would fill a volume. The famous passage in Tolstoi's "War and Peace" which describes the experience of a man shot through the heart is a good example: several pages are filled with thoughts and sensations which could have lasted at the longest only a few seconds. A story written on this scale throughout would need

a special paper mill. What happens, however, in general when you write a story is that out of the impossible fulness which is the real experience you pick such a series of thoughts, facts, and feelings as will suggest in your reader's mind the completeness which makes the story plausible and stirring. How slight a thread of story will fulfil this function, one can best see in the Bible: there the story of Ruth, or of David and Absalom, or of the stoning of St. Stephen are as real and true to us as the most elaborately detailed novel of the modern realists. Indeed the effect of reality by no means hangs on local color and atmosphere and psychological exactness in the portrayal of character: so simply told a story as Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," or in fiction, Stevenson's "Kidnapped," or DeFoe's "Robinson Crusoe," have more reality than M. Bourget's most exquisitely elaborate characterizations. The secret lies rather in the instinct for the significant detail, for the little touches of fact which will make the story rise up in your reader's mind warm and stirring with life. The directness and lack of elaboration in the stories of the Bible show how far this simplification can be carried without making the story any the less what is called a representation of life.

The simplification to this natural thread of story is wrought, as I have said, by the natural process of memory. Thought would be impossible if your mind stayed cluttered up with even the sensations and memories and thoughts which come under your attention. Any incident as you remember it has some distinct-

ness of outline and coloring; behind this rather uncertain distinctness lies a field of paler incident and feeling which you can bring to the foreground by a little effort. The amount of detail which you use in a story fixes your method; or perhaps I should say that it is the amount of this detail that you preserve that defines you as a story-teller. In the story of David and Absalom¹ the fate of Absalom and David's grief are told with almost no detail: —

“And the king said unto Cush, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Cush answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise up against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is. And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!”¹

Thackeray tells of the death of Colonel Newcome with not much more elaboration, but still with the deliberate art in the choice of detail that a writer of the nineteenth century cannot escape. And from such examples as these there are others which carry us all the way to the extremes of those modern writers who like to call themselves realists because they fancy that they represent life on something like the scale on which it is actually enacted. You must make your method for yourself, to suit your own tastes and capacities; the character of that method will largely depend on how far you

¹ 2 Sam. xviii. 32, 33.

simplify experiences and on how much of the rush of sensation and thought you add to your outline of incident.

Whether you keep many or few of these lesser details, however, when you write your story you must bring the main outlines of the incident into high and picturesque relief. As life goes with most of us it is a comfortable flow of various currents of instinct and thought which we do not take the trouble to separate. Very few of us have the writer's capacity to see life as a series of situations or incidents. The ordinary man could live on intimate terms with Colonel Newcome, could feel sincere affection for him, and deep grief over his misfortunes, and yet never think of his career as offering the materials for a moving and dramatic story. A large part of Thackeray's gift lay in his power to see the story, and then so to tell it that out of all the variety and incident of Clive's life and love affairs, out of the pushing and selfishness of the other Newcomes, and all the swarm of people small and great who surround them, the life of the simplest minded and noblest of them all stands as the centre of the whole book. Here the simplification, when one looks at the story as a whole, is not very marked; yet when you compare the story with what as many years and as many varieties of London society would be in real life, it seems a mere thread. The fact that in spite of the number of people and the lapse of time there is such a thread gives the book its unity as a whole; and this unity makes you see the various

actors in a relief almost comparable to that of a gallery of statues. In a well constructed story the various figures, thus standing in relief, should lead your mind up to the one or two commanding figures of the story in some such way as in that gallery of the Louvre which Clive Newcome describes all the other figures lead your eyes to the Venus of Milo. Any simplification which does not thus thrust forward some one figure or motive is quite as apt to weaken your story as to give it strength. I cannot improve on the advice of Stevenson:—

“Let him” (the young writer) “choose a motive, whether of character or of passion; carefully construct his plot so that every incident is an illustration of the motive, and every property employed shall bear to it a near relation of congruity or contrast; avoid a sub-plot, unless, as sometimes in Shakespeare, the sub-plot be a reversion or complement of the main intrigue; . . . and allow neither himself in the narrative nor any character in the course of the dialogue, to utter one sentence that is not part and parcel of the business of the story or the discussion of the problem involved. . . . Let him not care particularly if he miss the tone of conversation, the pungent material detail of the day’s manners, the reproduction of the atmosphere and the environment. These elements are not essential: a novel may be excellent, and yet have none of them; a passion or a character is so much the better depicted as it rises clearer from material circumstance. . . . And as the root of the whole matter, let him bear in mind that his novel is not a transcript of life, to be judged by its exactitude; but a simplification of some side or point of life, to stand or fall by its significant simplicity.”

This advice cannot be too strongly insisted on; it is based on a principle which is at the bottom of not only the art of literature but of all the other fine arts. For the power of giving to line and color, to modelled form, to the speech of man, or to the beauty of sounds a predetermined and vital significance is the essence of art. Unless the sculptured figure or the picture or the story or the song does thus make altogether towards a single meaning, though such a work may in its parts be beautiful, it has not the satisfying completeness which is art. The test of the artist is his power to throw his personal feeling for the beautiful or the poignant into high and living relief. Praxiteles felt the serene grace and majesty latent in the bodies of the men and women around him; Titian felt the more human splendor of the models of his time and the glamour of color and of light and shade in the folds of woven textures; in our own time Millet felt the inscrutable pathos which lay under the stiff muscles and the stolid faces of his Normandy peasants: and each by virtue of his clear perception, in what one might almost call an obsession by this particular aspect of the men and women about him, was enabled to stamp the character of his own impression upon the forms and faces of the models from whose lineaments he was borrowing. So in literature: to take but one example, Shakspeare has set forth in Hamlet a young nobleman of a kind that he must have known at the court of Elizabeth, cultivated, interested in literature and in the theatre, unsettled by the seething

renaissance which was stirring England. Keeping this man of a not uncommon type perfectly concrete and rounded, he has narrowed down the emphasis to the single aspect of hyper-sensitive and unstable moodiness. He is so great an artist just because he could bring so elusive and subtle a character or motive into this unmistakable and lasting relief.

To turn back now to practical matters, and to sum up the results of all this theorizing, I shall assume that the process by which you tell a story is a simplification of the real rush of experience; and that you accomplish this simplification by suppressing all but the most poignant and significant of the facts and sensations which throng so thickly in the stream of consciousness. To throw your incident and the people who take part in it, whether they be real or simulated, into high and memorable relief you will choose only the stirring and suggestive detail; for one reason we read story books is to find the humdrum of ordinary life scattered, and the interest and dramatic force of the commonplace picked out and emphasized for us. And not only must you leave out the swamping mass of irrelevant detail that for most of us hides the dramatic meaning of life, but you must select the relevant detail with an eye to its bearing on the motive, whether of character or incident or passion, which you have chosen for the soul of your story.

34. As I come now to the immediate and technical discussion of story-writing I shall follow the example of various other treatises and treat sepa-

rately the three elements of a story, — action or plot, the people or characters, and the background. To some extent every story must have each of these three elements: if it be a story at all it must have some action; action cannot be carried on without people or characters; and every action must be carried on somewhere, even though that somewhere may be practically ignored in the story. Stress on any one of these elements over the others alters the nature of the story. If you dwell chiefly on the action you get what is called a romance, or story of adventure or mystery, such as “Kidnapped,” or the detective stories of Wilkie Collins or of M. Gaboriau. If you dwell on the characters you get a character study like some of George Eliot’s works, or of the sort in which Mr. Henry James shows his consummate subtlety and cleverness. If you dwell on the background you get what may be hardly a story at all, but merely a description strung on a thread of story such as M. Pierre Loti’s “Roman d’un Enfant.” The art is at its best when all three elements are so fused that one cannot say whether the plot is written for the characters or the characters invented and studied for the story; and when the background strengthens both. This perfection is actually to be found in the great novels of the language: in Fielding, for example, in “Clarissa Harlowe,” in the best of Scott’s stories, in George Eliot, and in Dickens and Thackeray, the hold that the stories have on your mind depends both on the strong and moving plot and on the reality of the people: and in the

modern writers the background heightens the color of all.

Of each of these three elements I will now make a separate analysis.

35. In the plot of any story, whether it be a mere thread of incident, as in the stories of the Bible, or the slow complicated movement of some modern novels, the one necessity which underlies everything is that a throng of things which happened all together must be straightened out into single file in order to be put into words. Your first act as a story-writer is to get your material into a natural and orderly sequence. From the nature of the case, therefore, some sort of method is necessary to the telling of any story. In the simplest cases this method is nothing more than the natural simplification which is wrought by your memory: in the story of a canoe trip or of a fire the method takes care of itself. When more people take part in the action, and the action gets complicated, and you introduce motives of deeper significance, as in a short story and still more in a novel, you are more and more burdened with the responsibility of straightening out the tortuous and doubling course of your incidents into a single, straightforward flow. Since the object of this careful arranging is to give your story unbroken, undeviating progress you must get in all your facts and details so that they shall seem to come in the order in which they really fell.

To take the most complicated case first, in a full-

sized novel of the conventional kind the natural order is out of the question, because there will be separate groups of actors, as is the case in "Middlemarch" with the Brooke family and the Casaubons on the one hand, and the Vincys and Lydgate on the other, or in Thackeray's story with the two branches of the Newcome family. To keep the thread of such a story from tangling itself you must plan carefully, and find incidents which do not overlap too much. You must take pains, too, to keep the chronology clear in your reader's mind, and the relations between the different groups of your readers: it is Thackeray's carelessness of such matters in the first chapter or two of "Henry Esmond" that makes it hard to get a start in that great romance. So too, as the various threads get more and more twisted into each other you must leave out more and more of the lesser things of the story, so that the interest may centre more and more closely on the final unentangling. In "The Newcomes," for example, the interest runs at the end almost entirely on the fortunes of the old Colonel and of Clive and Ethel. In this way a story which deals with many threads must clear itself at the end by bringing together the strongest and most notable; and as convergent lines at the point of meeting seem to the eye to thicken and grow blacker, so at the climax of a story the various threads of the plot coming together should bring it to the highest note of feeling.

In a short story the problem of the plot is in some ways a good deal simpler: in other ways it is more

difficult, in that it is like the problem before a playwright. In both the short story and the play the space is narrow, and the action or episode must be complete in itself. In each case, therefore, you must find or invent scenes which put the greatest amount of the story into the least space: in more technical words, scenes which shall have the greatest possible significance. And the fewer there are of these scenes, the more striking the story will be. Mr. Kipling's little story of "Muhammad Din," in the "Plain Tales from the Hills," you will find to consist of just the suggestions of four or five little scenes which stretch over several months, each one adding its touch to the picture of the child. The very first scene of half a page fixes the local color and the contrast between East and West, and brings in all the people. In his longer story, "Without Benefit of Clergy," the scenes are so compact and so full of speech and action, that the story, with its almost appalling power and significance, could almost be acted as it stands. Again, Bret Harte's "Outcasts of Poker Flat" is made up of five or six scenes, with a little connecting narrative; each one, as in that in which Tom Simson and Piney arrive, is vivid with detail that will heighten the motive — the redeeming capacity of mankind for self-sacrifice. And, in Miss Jewett's story "Fame's Little Day" (page 432), the division into three sections emphasizes the essentially dramatic construction. When you plan a short story, therefore, work it over in your mind until you find scenes which with the least possible amount of explanation and connection

will carry all that is necessary of the story. Success in short stories depends on this instinct for significant and pregnant scenes.

Finally, in the stories of simple incident, in which there is no special underlying motive to bring out and no complication, the only rule for the plot or action is that it shall move, and that it shall have variety. A good many of the English tales of big game shooting are dull simply because each day is so nearly a repetition of the last: the only variety is between eight rhinoceroses or one in the day's bag. The charm of Stevenson's "Travels with the Donkey," on the other hand, or of Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," is that in spite of the general sameness each page does give you some new experience. In this simplest form of narrative, moreover, you can get your effect of climax just by increasing the space you give to the more exciting parts, and filling the incident in with more detail of sensation and action. In the chapter, the "Camp in the Dark," which I reprint (page 419) from the "Travels with a Donkey," notice how much Stevenson makes of the boorish peasants, and of his waking in an unknown country. The things in themselves are trivial enough; it is the dwelling on them in so much detail that gives them their importance.

Whatever kind of story you are writing, then, it will pretty certainly fall into scenes; to keep the story in motion and significant, choose these scenes for their dramatic value.

In treating these scenes, though each incident is

to be dropped as soon as the story gets by it, the effects of the incidents ought to persist. The sequence of cause and effect in fiction, as in life, is one of the facts which are always poignant. In life one thing does follow another; and the tracing out and noting of the inevitable sequence has an unfailing fascination. If you wish to give your story substance, therefore, and, perhaps to leave it as an addition to the wisdom of mankind, make the chain of consequences in your story obvious though unobtrusive. This sequence, the necessary result of human conduct, and the inscrutable workings of fate, have been the material of story-makers from the dawn of literature to our own present day. With the Greeks it was personified: it was Nemesis, the vengeance of the Gods, punishing the house of the Atreidæ for their pride and presumption by blindness to what they were doing. In our drier way we reduce it to a matter of evolution or of conservation of energy, to the law of heredity, and of the survival of the fittest. But however we phrase it, the explanation of human happiness and misfortunes and the resolution of them to their causes, is a perennial fascination to the human mind. Whether it be the gossip of women or of men at their clubs, or the confidential talk of lawyers or doctors, or the young reporter in "Fame's Little Day" (see page 432), the bringing to light of some hidden cause of conduct always raises in the mind a satisfying sense of shrewdness, a little glow of gratulation at holding the key where others can only grope and wonder. Here is a thread of interest by which if

you are skilful you can weave together many and various people and actions. In so simple a story as Stevenson's "Kidnapped" the various events follow naturally though necessarily from each other, the heart-rending escape from the troopers, and the capture by Cluny's scouts, for example, from David's sleepiness on watch, without any need of emphasizing the sequence. But in his "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" Stevenson preached a tremendous sermon by no more elaborate means than throwing into relief, quietly and without moralizing or expounding, the inevitable deterioration of a man's moral fibre under self-indulgence. Thackeray preached the same sermon in "Henry Esmond" and "The Virginians;" the charm and the weakness of the Esmond family are the motive of both stories; first the rascally weakness of Henry's father towards him, then the gambling and death of Lord Castlewood, and finally Beatrix's headstrong flight, which shatters Henry's love for her. Then in the sequel, the same traits, increased and made apparent by the lapse of time and the inheritance of a new generation. Beatrix has run through her reckless career to die the hardened, painted Baroness de Bernstein; and the smooth-tongued rascal Eugene, Earl of Castlewood, and the drunken, bullying rascal Will, his brother, are the sons of the handsome, lovable, weak boy Frank. It is again a sermon; and again it is preached merely by setting up certain acts and traits of character, and then writing down beside them their inevitable consequences. And as Mr. Kipling has shown in the "Courting of Dinah Shadd"

or "Without Benefit of Clergy," and Stevenson in "Olalla" or in the "Merry Men" it is possible to condense some of this tragedy of fate even into a short story. Open preaching, however, kills a story; the moral must be taught as it is in life by the events themselves.

When it comes to finding material for your plot it is hard to give very definite advice, for here teaching cannot take the place of the inborn gift by which the natural story-teller sees stories everywhere. This faculty is to be found in people so far apart as Richardson and Fielding, as Jane Austen and Mr. Kipling, as Bret Harte and Miss Jewett. The last finds plenty of incident in the quiet and petty life of remote New England villages; and Mr. Barrie in his "Window in Thrums" has taken even a narrower field. With Mr. Kipling it seems different perhaps, for at first sight you might expect the life of India to be teeming with incident. But a multitude of Englishmen who have lived the same life have found it merely "work," as did the subalterns in his story "A Conference of the Powers." You must have the same faculty of seeing stories everywhere in the life about you that a painter has of seeing pictures in the massing of clouds and trees in a stretch of valley, or in the lines and colors of a great marsh, or in the faces and postures of the people he meets in the street. If you have it, you can very easily get into the habit of crystallizing the lives of your acquaintances into separate incidents in which, as in the career of Colonel Newcome, entirely common-

place forces and traits of character move surely and irresistibly towards an end of success or of disaster.

The faculty of seeing stories, however, does not necessarily imply the power of inventing original plots; nor is the plot everything in a story. Shakspeare probably never invented his plots; he took them in outline from the most convenient source. And the old proverb says that there are only seven stories in the world. Therefore whether you are writing a novel or a short story do not worry about the originality of your plots; when you have invented one, the chances are that a little consideration will show underneath it a motive as old as Æsop. Indeed, a good device for a person with no story to tell, who is yet fidgeted by the longing to write down his sense of the poignancy of life, would be to turn for a plot to the fables of Æsop or La Fontaine; if his impulse is based on any capacity for writing, situations will then throng on him crying out to be clothed with a story, just as the old inn at Hawes Ferry cried aloud to Stevenson. The fact is that the bare outline of any story is a commonplace and uninspiring affair; unless it is made human by being filled out with the talk and movements of men and women it will hold the interest of no one. But the old story rightly told will become a new thing, wherein no one can recognize the bare outline which perhaps has wandered long and widely among the sons of men. Therefore spend little thought on the invention of an original plot, but give your time to filling out your

story with so much of vital interest that no one will stop to think whether it is new or old.

In choosing your plot, however, whether you get it by the gift of seeing stories everywhere about you, or by quickening old motives by your new view of life, there is one warning to heed: the improbable is the most dangerous and the most burdensome of all material. Take either the probable or the impossible; the former needs no explanation, the latter you can make your reader take frankly as a fairy tale. And without going as far as the fairy tale, Mr. Stockton's success, and some of Mr. Kipling's stories, are good testimony to the value of the impossible. In the case of the improbable, on the other hand, even if the fact you use is taken directly from life, such as some extraordinary coincidence, or some particularly opportune arrival, the improbability adds to your burden: it makes the story seem less like real life, and more like irresponsible invention. You may carry an improbable incident or character through your story, but you do it at the expense of an extra burden in giving the whole verisimilitude.

In thinking of your plot, therefore, whether your story is a simple narrative of incident or a complicated study of human fates and characters, be sure that you see the whole story as an organic whole, with a definite point of climax: if it is not thus clearly foreseen it may drag or miss its point. Then in the writing keep the story moving; untwist complications, plan your scenes, put in more or less detail, all with the single purpose of bringing the story with unhesitating

inevitable progress to its climax. Remember that a story is a story, and not description or explanation.

36. When we turn to the second element of a story — the characters or people — we at once run into a high dispute of literature, which is in reality based on an irreconcilable difference of taste: some people will read a story only for the story, others will read it only for the portrayal of character. As it is a question of taste I shall pass it by here, and fall back on the truth that in the long run the stories that hold their own with successive generations are stories of the simpler kind.

In any case a portrayal of character must be consistent and plausible: if the people in your story continually change their attitude towards life, their manner, their influence on other people — your story becomes confused and weak. Probably this weakness drags into oblivion more stories than any other. If you pile up on your hero all the virtues of courage and intelligence, before long he will be merely a top-heavy mass of superlatives. Just as the ordinary man and woman as you meet them are neither wholly good nor wholly bad, so the characters of your story must have some shading. Even the Baroness Bernstein had kindly feelings towards Harry Warrington, though they faded pretty quickly. The Master of Ballantrae is the only character I remember in literature who is wholly black. Plausibility, then, throws out of your resources characters who are wholly good or wholly bad or are in any other incon-

ceivable way abnormal. Besides the plausibility, however, you must think of consistency: unless you can hold your imaginary people in your mind firmly and without fluctuation or change they will be little more than imaginary abstractions.

When we come to the method of portraying the characters, it is no dangerous advice, though not very positive, to say that your characters should be portrayed by their own speech and actions, and not by your explanations. The more direct the method here and the more closely it follows life, the stronger will be the illusion of reality. In actual experience you do not know people because you have analyzed them and reasoned out all their qualities and idiosyncrasies; on the contrary you may never put into words your judgment of them, your liking and dislike or indifference. Therefore when you are trying to make a character lifelike in your story imitate the method of real life. Give as definite a notion of his personal appearance as you can, and especially of the way that it would affect people at first sight; then go on with the most significant examples of his speech and action. This is actually the method of the writers of the great English stories. Robinson Crusoe marches through his book a vivid figure of the unconscious straightforward Englishman to whom adventures are the ordinary fare of life; he never stops to moralize over his motives, to analyze them and to explain them in detail. Coming down the line, it is no special pleading to say that the strength of Sir Walter Scott lies in the incident and the adventure of his stories in the

first place ; and that the most vivid and convincing of his people are the Scotchmen like the Antiquary or Andrew Fairservice or Baillie Nicol Jarvie, whose talk and action are so simple and so objectively told as to need no analysis or explanation. Thackeray is notably an observer of the objective method ; he made this method serve him for so complex and splendid a character as *Beatrix Esmond* and with few exceptions for the still more complex and entertaining *Becky Sharp*. In the works of contemporaries, I have only to point to the character of Alan Breck in "*Kidnapped*," or to the swarm of people, English, Scotch, Irish, German, and Indian, not to speak of the animals, who fill Mr. Kipling's pages. It is Alan Breck's stiffness over Mr. Rankeillor's pleasantries on the name of Thomson, or Mr. Kipling's Llearoyd worked up by the bullet through his tunic to the almost Homeric recital of his love-story, or *Beatrix Esmond* telling Henry that he might have had her on that evening when she gave him the blue sword-knot, — it is such touches of real life as these that make the people of books as real as the "people you meet in the flesh. On the other hand, if you explain too much in portraying your characters you lose the vividness, the warmth of flesh and blood, that will make them living people to your readers. The exquisitely bred people of Mr. Henry James are more like extraordinarily clever bits of stipple work than like people you meet on the street, or when you go out to dinner : the ingenuity and patience of the workmanship take your mind away from the people.

Moreover, there is good reason in the large history of literature for a warning against this abnormal intellectuality, in that it is a sign of lateness and decadence. It has been often pointed out that all great movements of literature come as romantic movements, in which interest in the beauty and the poignancy of experience is frank and naïve and unsophisticated; and that it is only as the school gets past its maturity that men begin to recognize and to ponder motives, and theories, and forms of art. It is in this late stage that the interest in complications of thought and feeling overshadows interest in action. Now we in this country of ours, if we are to have an American literature at all, must begin with a young literature and not with a decadent literature. Accordingly such sporadic phenomena in our literature as the analyses of character which sometimes masquerade under the name of stories are to be set down as reflections of English and foreign literature, and not as signs of the times for our own. Any one who has the ambition, therefore, to contribute to American literature should be careful of his models; he should avoid those in which complexity has clogged action and vividness.

37. Besides making a story that is swift in motion, and is carried on by real people, in order to give it much roundness you are in these later times bound to give your reader some notion of how your people look and also of the sort of place in which the action is carried on. Some description is therefore nearly

always a necessary element in Narrative. Since I am discussing here, however, story-writing—in which the background is of subordinate importance—I shall speak of description only in a cursory way now, leaving the thorough analysis of it until I come to the last of the categories, Description proper.

A story has one advantage in the matter of description over pure description, namely, that in a story the description, whether of the people or of the places, can be broken up. A dictum of Stevenson's that no two human beings ever talked of landscape for three minutes together sets forth an important truth in literature; in story-writing it is a truth you must always hold in mind. It is easy to fill up a story with long passages of description: yet however beautiful they are three readers out of four will skip them. Accordingly, to make the appearance of your people vivid and graphic and the background effective in the story, break up the description and put in little touches of it at a time. Follow the analogy of the way in which you think of the appearance of people or places: you do not sit down and study out the looks of a person or the beauty and suggestiveness of a landscape; such things catch your eye for a moment, then your attention is deflected, and presently it comes back to them again. The passage of description which I chiefly remember in "Henry Esmond" is a passage of six lines, when Henry goes to Castlewood for the next to the last time: because of its very brevity it gives me a distinct image. Here is one example of many in "Kidnapped":—

"The moon rose at last and found us still on the road; it was in its last quarter and was long beset with clouds; but after a while shone out, and showed me many dark heads of mountains, and was reflected far underneath us on the narrow arm of a sea-loch."

Or such a touch as in Mr. Kipling's "Conference of the Powers":—

"The line of the chin strap that still showed white and untanned on cheekbone and jaw; the steadfast young eyes, puckered at the corners of the lids with much staring through red-hot sunshine, the slow untroubled breathing, and the curious, crisp, curt speech, seemed to puzzle him equally."

It is such bits as these that leave their mark on your memory, that give the verisimilitude of life which justifies the description in a story. Accordingly, put the description both of your background and of the looks of your people into brief glimpses, and scatter them all the way through.

In writing these touches of description the best advice is that which for many years Professor Wendell has given to his classes: "Do not compete with a photograph." No matter how elaborate your description is you can never make your reader see in his mind exactly the same person that you see in yours; the poorest photograph can do more in this way than the most skilful words. On the other hand, compare a photograph with Stevenson's description of Alan Breck:—

"He was smallish in stature, but well set and as nimble as a goat; his face was of a good open expression, but sunburnt very dark, and heavily freckled and

pitted with the small-pox; his eyes were unusually light and had a kind of dancing madness in them, that was both engaging and alarming; and when he took off his great-coat, he laid a pair of fine, silver-mounted pistols on the table, and I saw that he was belted with a great sword. His manners, besides, were elegant, and he pledged the captain handsomely. Altogether I thought of him, at the first sight, that here was a man I would rather call my friend than my enemy."

That short passage gives you more idea of what manner of man Alan Breck was than the best photograph could do. If you look at it more closely, you will see that it is so full of life because it uses so many details that could not be put into a photograph; it is the "kind of dancing madness in his eyes," his "pledging the captain handsomely," that add the touch of life to the description, and tell you so much about the man. Accordingly, in your description of your people put in their actions, their movements, the way they carry themselves, the tones of their voices, the effect they have on you: and remember that, though words cannot reproduce the actual shapes of things, they can suggest other things which count for more than shapes in making you know the people. Remember, too, the way in which you and everybody else unconsciously judge people by physiognomy: just as David Balfour made up his mind that Alan Breck was a man whom he "would rather have for a friend than for an enemy," so you when you meet a person for the first time, whether you say so or not, have a definite feeling of liking or dislike or indifference

towards him. That kind of feeling is what you should try to give your reader by means of the descriptions of your people. Since the object of the description is merely to make the people seem real, trust to suggestion, and do not attempt exact specification.

So with the description of your places: the object of a background is to produce the effect of real life by showing your people in a real environment. If you use your background in this way, to show the surroundings and experiences in which your people live, your story will gain indefinitely in depth and significance. Here is a little description from one of Miss Jewett's stories (and there is no more exquisite bit in the language): —

“On the coast of Maine, where many green islands and salt inlets fringe the deep-cut shore line; where balsam firs and bayberry bushes send their fragrance far seaward, and song sparrows sing all day, and the tide runs plashing in and out among the weedy ledges, where cowbells tinkle on the hills and herons stand in the shady coves; — on the lonely coast of Maine stood a small gray house facing the morning light. All the weather-beaten houses of that region face the sea apprehensively, like the women who live in them. This house of four people was as bleached and gray with wind and rain as one of the pasture rocks close by. There were some cinnamon rose bushes under the window at one side of the door, and a stunted lilac at the other side. It was so early in the cool morning that nobody was astir but some shy birds, that had come in the stillness of dawn to pick and flutter in the short grass.”

A description like this strikes at once the keynote of a story ; and in the opening paragraph suggests the manifold influences of nature and of civilization that fix the limits and the possibilities of the life of man. Its value to the story lies in its brevity and its comprehensiveness.

Moreover, you will notice that in this description again there is almost nothing which a photograph could reproduce : it consists of colors, of smells, of sounds, and of movement. Again in the following description of London in George I.'s time, from Thackeray's "Four Georges," notice the emphasis on the sound and the movement and the color : —

"People this street, so ornamented, with crowds of swinging chairmen, with servants bawling to clear the way, with Mr. Dean in his cassock, his lacquey clearing the way before him ; or Mrs. Dinah in her sack, tripping to chapel, her foot-boy carrying her ladyship's great prayer-book ; with itinerant tradesmen, singing their hundred cries (I remember forty years ago, as boy in London city, a score of cheery, familiar cries that are silent now). Fancy the beaux thronging to the chocolate houses, tapping their snuff-boxes as they issue thence, their periwigs appearing over the red curtains. Fancy Sacharissa, beckoning and smiling from the upper windows, and a crowd of soldiers brawling and bustling at the doors — gentlemen of the Life Guards clad in scarlet, with blue facings, and laced with gold at the seams ; gentlemen of the Horse Grenadiers, in their caps of sky-blue cloth, with the garter embroidered on the front in gold and silver ; men of the Halberdiers, in their long red coats, as bluff Harry left them, with their ruff and velvet caps."

The power of this bustling little description, like Miss Jewett's, to make the whole scene vivid springs from the fact that it is not flat, that it calls up in your mind so many memories of sound and movement and the flash of color that it demands all three dimensions of space. Accordingly, in writing the description in your stories, of places as well as of persons, draw on as many senses as you can. Everybody knows the commonplace observation of the power of smells to recall places and scenes and people and all kinds of associations. For example, at this moment, what does the smell of fresh lumber recall to you, or the smell of fresh-cut hay, or the smell of burning leaves? If these or other like words can stir in you a rich and thronging mass of associations, they will do the same for your reader if you put them in a story. It is the value of all kinds of sensations for literature that they do thus stir up the warm and vivid feelings of life; and sensations of bare lines have less of the power than any others.

Finally, in all your description in a story have clearly in mind what kind of story it is that you are writing; it is easy to imagine some kinds of stories in which description will play the principal part; I shall presently try to show that Mr. Kipling's "Spring Running" is as much a description as a story. In the stories which I am discussing now, however, which are written primarily for the sake of the story, its value is that by means of it you can get in more of the sensations and feelings which are the stuff of actual experience, and so can make your story

a richer and fuller and more complete representation of life. On the other hand, remember that since it is a story that you are telling, and not a description, your description must not clog the motion of the story ; and remember, moreover, that there will be fifty people who like a good story for one who will read through even the most beautiful description. If you are writing a story, then, use your background for all that you can make out of it ; but remember that in the end its value to you is to be judged by its power of increasing the atmosphere of reality.

38. Now, after thus breaking up stories into their elements, which come about as near being real stories as the bottles of water, carbon, lime, and other things of the physiologists are to being the living man, it is time to go back to see what a story really is.

The first thing to notice is that in a thoroughly good story these three elements are not distinguishable : if a story makes you think of the way in which the plot is worked out or the characters are portrayed, then it is imperfect. Until your skill in handling a complicated plot or a subtle character is entirely merged in the natural and unbroken flow of the story, you are still an amateur. The amateurishness I mean one feels often with Stevenson ; indeed it accounts a good deal for his charm, for underneath he was always a boy. In such a story as "Markheim," for example, or in the "Sieur de Maletroit's Door" and even in "The Ebb-tide," you feel the cleverness of the accomplished connoisseur rather than the restraint

and the quiet command of the mature artist. The character or the situation is not wholly fused and blended into the other elements of the story; and you feel first the cleverness rather than the justness of the portrayal of life. As far as this imperfection goes — and it seems hypercritical to point it out when the cleverness is so wholly charming — these stories then miss the crowning virtue of a good story, the natural, organic roundness and completeness of life.

This organic completeness of a story implies something more. Life always has some meaning, some definite emotional character. Stevenson has emphasized this fact admirably in his essay, "The Lantern-bearers." (I go so much to him on this subject of story-telling because he was so thorough a connoisseur in the subject; his observations on his art are always penetrating and full of good sense.) In this essay he points to the unquestionable truth that men live for the dream within them, which can transform even a dusty and sordid world. You cannot reduce all of life to terms of kilograms and horsepower; men and women, horses and dogs, the woods in midsummer, rouse in you feelings and passions which existed in man before he was man, which still keep you in touch with the great world of nature around you, and prevent you from becoming entirely a creature of books and figures. Even a philosopher may fall in love: and at any rate the society of some men will seem to him profitable, and of other men vanity and a vexation of spirit. Now since you cannot help having these feelings

about life and the things which make life, it would clearly be absurd to think that you can make a good story, which purports to be a representation of life, unless you give to it something of this same emotional meaning. I do not mean that you must always make your stories pathetic or humorous or exciting; for there is a great deal of life that cannot be disposed into such simple categories. But your story must have the same kind of meaning which you cannot help attaching to every action and every person that you come across. Not only this, but it is your business as a story-teller, delicately and without overweighting the story, to lay the emphasis on this emotional meaning, until in the long run it embodies your gospel and philosophy of the world. Stevenson's you can express in a phrase of his own: "Courage and intelligence are the two qualities best worth a good man's cultivation": and with a little searching you could do the same for most other writers of stories. Whatever the doctrine be, however, unless you thus put your interpretation and understanding of the world into your stories, and do it without explaining or preaching, you are not yet an artist. For it is this gift, of seeing all experience from your own angle, which will, as it were, distort it into a definite perspective and throw it all into something like a fixed pattern,—it is this gift that separates the artist from other men. It is of the essence of the artistic temperament to see the world with this emotional meaning highly colored; and of the essence of the artistic power to suf-

fuse the representation with this color without blurring its perfect naturalness.

To sum up: a story is in its perfection when the three elements are so perfectly fused that you never think of them, and when some people may read your story for the exciting incident, other people for its keen insight into character, and some, perhaps, go back to look it over for the sake of the descriptions. As I have pointed out, the kind of story which has been established in English by the test of time, is the story which deals with action and with people, often with very little else. On the whole, therefore, the kind of story which is most likely to have permanence among people of our race is the story of adventure and of action. In this century, however, the practice and development of the art of literature have added to the pure outlines of the story the study of human character. Thackeray's "Henry Esmond," Mr. Kipling's stories of soldiers, Stevenson's stories of adventures, Miss Wilkins' and Miss Jewett's stories of New England life or Octave Thanet's of the West, to go no further, —all have added value because of the vividness of their portrayal of character: their authors all have the art, not only of telling a story, but of making you feel that the people in their stories are as actual as the people about you. Their stories are full and rounded representations of life.

When you start to tell a story, then, be sure in the first place that you have a story to tell, and not merely a situation which has resulted from some

action: then that your story leads up clearly and strongly to a worthy climax. In the second place, with this actual story clear and sure in your mind, be sure that your people are not mere types or abstractions or — what is worse still — shifting and uncertain. Then use your background to add to the effect of reality by rousing your readers' sensations and feelings, or if necessary to overcome some implausibility in the story itself or some weakness in the portrayal of your people. But in everything keep your story in the foreground; make it exciting and engrossing, and trust less to the characters or to the description than to the action.

39. *Description*. — So far I have been discussing kinds of writing in which the element of thought played a tolerably important part; for even in story-writing, if the story involves anything but incident, it must be composed with care: and even when this composition is the result of an instinctive sense of form, it is the exercise of another faculty of mind than the feeling for the picturesqueness or the excitement of the incident. Now I turn to the kind of writing — *Description* — in which the element of thought comes to its vanishing point.

In discussing description I shall make no more exact definition than I have for the other categories of writing: the only real difference between them lies in your purpose when you write. For example, such a story as Mr. Kipling's "Spring Running" is as truly descriptive in effect as is Mr. Ruskin's descrip-

tion of St. Mark's. In the latter case the description is imbedded in a work which purports to be expository; in the former it purports to be one of a series of stories. Both, however, set forth states of mind which consist almost wholly of feelings. Mr. Ruskin is sharing with you the feelings of mystical reverence aroused in him by the sacred beauty of St. Mark's; Mr. Kipling is setting forth the curious unsettling state of mind, which we call "spring fever," that comes over you when the wind blows warm in spring. In both cases the form is narrative; but in any classification by their purposes both fall under description. In this discussion, then, I shall consider as description all those writings in which men try to put into words the unrationalized, deeply-seated states of mind which come to the surface when their feelings and sensations have full play. I will speak presently of the way in which the effort to express such states of mind carries us out of the limits of prose and even of literature.

I have said that the element of thought plays a very limited part in descriptive writing. Description is a loose word, however; a great deal of exposition is done by what is commonly called description; in such cases thought plays the largest part. Even descriptions which have little to do with explanation must have enough of it to make clear the situation and general topography. This minimum of explanation which must enter into almost all descriptions I will discuss first.

In describing a place the simplest way to explain

its topography is by some natural and simple figure. Such are the two cited by Professor Genung in his "Practical Rhetoric" (pages 331 and 339); for example, Victor Hugo's description of the battle of Waterloo:—

"Those who would get a clear idea of the battle of Waterloo have only to lay down upon the ground in their mind a capital A. The left stroke of the A is the road from Nivelles, the right stroke is the road from Genappe, the cross of the A is the sunken road from Ohain to Braine l'Alleud. The top of the A is Mont Saint Jean, Wellington is there; the left hand lower point is Hougomont, Reille is there with Jerome Bonaparte; the right hand lower point is La Belle Alliance, Napoleon is there. A little below the point where the cross of the A meets and cuts the right stroke, is La Haie Sainte. At the middle of this point is the precise point where the final battle word was spoken. There the lion is placed, the involuntary symbol of the sublime heroism of the imperial Guard. The triangle contained at the top of the A, between the two strokes and the cross, is the plateau of Mont Saint Jean. The struggle for this plateau was the whole of the battle."

The second is from Carlyle's description of Schlesien (the italics are Professor Genung's):—

"Schlesien, what we call Silesia, lies *in elliptic shape*, spread on the top of Europe, partly girt with mountains, *like the crown or crest* to that part of the Earth—highest tableland of Germany or of the Cisalpine Countries, and sending rivers into all the seas. . . . It leans sloping, as we hinted, to the East and to the North; *a long curved buttress of mountains* (*Riesengebirge*, Giant-Moun-^d

tains, is their best known name in foreign countries) holding it up on the South and West sides. This Giant-Mountain Range . . . shapes itself like a bill-hook (or elliptically, as was said) : handle and hook together may be some 200 miles in length. . . . A very pretty Ellipsis, or irregular Oval, on the summit of the European continent, '*like the palm of a left-hand well stretched out with the Riesengebirge for thumb!*' said a certain Herr to me, stretching out his arm in that fashion toward the north-west — Palm well stretched out, measuring 250 miles and the cross-way 100."

And Stevenson in describing the Bay of Monterey uses the likeness of a bent fish-hook (page 463). Such graphic bits of explanation give you in a flash some specific image of the place. Almost always when you are describing anything like landscape, since the impression you are trying to give is so much a matter of shapes and the relative situations some device of the kind is almost essential.

If the topography is of no special moment in your purpose there are many other devices for getting in all the explanation that is necessary. Cardinal Newman in his "Essay on the Site of a University" gives "the report which the agent of a London Company would have made of Attica;" with all the things that such a man would have noted and all that he would have left out. Mr. Ruskin in his description of St. Mark's, where he wants to make you feel how foreign St. Mark's is, first takes you to an English Cathedral, and then hurries you through the crowded, noisy streets of Venice to the Piazza of St. Mark's. These

are two good examples of simple devices for the explanation which is necessary for a description. The commonest of all perhaps is a thread of narrative.

These devices you will notice are all simple and natural; they have no complexity to puzzle you or stop you as you read. The general rule for any such device is that your reader must be able to grasp it immediately and without effort. Nowhere in writing can ingenuity do more harm than in elaborating the explanations which you use in description. A device which your reader would notice for its cleverness does more harm than good, for it distracts his attention from your main purpose.

With this simple necessity of explanation explained — and in many cases the problem will be so simple that it is better not to think of it at all — I can now turn to the real purpose of description. I will begin by discussing descriptions of the things that words can least well cope with, pass on to the things with which they are at their best, then come finally to the states of mind which first prose writing, and then all writing, must leave to other modes of expression.

40. Stevenson's dictum, which I have already quoted, that "no two human beings ever talked landscape for three consecutive minutes," states one of the principal limitations of this art of description. Words cannot compete with painting; they can never set forth the details of a great stretch of landscape, a broad valley perhaps, with farms and patches

of wood and a shining river, or a great stretch of rolling country, with rounded hills rising shoulder over shoulder to blue mountains on the horizon. You can see all that at a glance of your eye, but you cannot talk about it. Again, though you can feel all the varying effects of light,—the rich, thick light of June or the transparent air of October,—you cannot describe them in words. Here the landscape painter can portray in a ten minute sketch in water colors things over which a writer would labor in vain. It is the same way in the pictures of people. You can never make the most intelligent reader have the same image of a man that you have. The barest outline sketch, like Mr. Nicholson's clever sketches in white lines on black, will give him more notion of what Mr. Whistler or Madame Bernhardt looks like than the most vivid words. The best advice therefore, in the case of description, is to avoid still life as much as you can.

In practice you will find that it is almost always possible to pick out from such subjects a good deal that is not still life: where a painter would lay the emphasis on the color and outlines, you can lay it on the things that move and flash. Notice, for example, the emphasis on the movements of the eye and the gleaming of light in the beginning of Mr. La Farge's description of Yokohama (page 477). Notice how he carries your eye from the sea to the "far-off streaks of blue light which determine distances," and "the square white sails;" and how the "distant high hills on the north of us" and "the junks of the shape you

know " carry your eye from one part of the picture to the other ; and how too he emphasizes his colors. Again, in Stevenson's description of " The Old Pacific Capital " (page 468), note how he emphasizes the sound and the motion of the surf ; and again the way in which " the whole woodland is begirt with thundering surges." Or again, see, in the description on St. Mark's (page 487), the part in which Mr. Ruskin takes you through Venice, by " a paved alley, some seven feet wide where it is widest, full of people and resonant with cries of itinerant salesmen " : notice how the sound is emphasized and mingled with the things that you would see, and the way in which he drags in the idea of motion by the " narrow *stream* of blue sky high over all." This is no study of still life ; its force lies in the fact that it has so much restless and humming life.

In descriptions of this nature, therefore, in which you must to some extent compete with pictures, follow the one general rule of all composition, and dodge the difficulty as much as you can. Instead of setting forth the scene as something still and fixed, avoid outlines and everything else that you could draw on a flat surface ; and force in everything that keeps the eye moving, and above all sounds, and all the other sensations. And where you must use flat surfaces put them in words that will suggest motion, like Mr. Ruskin's " narrow stream of blue sky."

41. These examples lead directly from the domain in which description is encroaching on the

province of painting to its own peculiar field where it surpasses any other art. The states of mind which, as I have said, are the proper subject of description are almost entirely matters of sensation; the element of thought has now a minor part. I have spoken before of Professor James's theory of the identity of sensations and emotions; I cannot repeat too often that for our purposes it is the ruling truth. But the sensations which come through your eyes, which a painter can use, are only a small part of your experience. Your impressions of your life, when you give yourself up to your feelings, are made up of many things: in the city there is the never dying roar as the background, — the rattle of carts, the banging of cars, the calling of children; in the country there are the smells of things, — the smell of the dust in the summer, of the baking ground, of the fresh earth in the spring, of the rain after a shower, of the flowers, of the innumerable things which — from the very fact that you notice them so little — pervade your consciousness thoroughly and continuously; and there are always the bodily feelings of comfort and discomfort, — the deep satisfaction of a good digestion, the nervousness and uneasiness of a headache, the heaviness of the air before a thunderstorm, the exhilaration of a bright cold day in winter. All these sensations and the many more which pervade and hang over your experience even though you are generally unconscious of them, are typical material for this kind of literature, and material before which painting and sculpture are helpless.

For, look at a landscape and see how many things there are that move your feelings and which therefore excite your instinct of expression. In this same stretch of rolling country that I just spoke of, a painter could not follow the river down to the sea, or up to its source in the great forests of the north; he could tell you nothing of the struggle of the farmers against cold, against drought, against caterpillars, and of the thrift and intelligence by which they overcome nature and raise up sturdy sons and daughters to people the great West. He could give you nothing of the exhilaration of the wind blowing past you as you stand on the hill, or of the cheeriness of the song-sparrow singing by the roadside, or of the whimsical music of the cat-bird in the patch of alders; nor could he give you anything of the drives and rides through all this country, of the roads running through the damp woods out into the hot, sunny fields, or of the canocing on the streams and rivers: yet it is such things that would make your real impression of this country. What I see with my eyes plays only a small part in my pleasure here; and if I am to write a description of this country that will give you any real idea of it, it must tell you of these things that make up my pleasure.

It is in its capacity to suggest to you this fulness of life and the many-layered richness of experience that the art of literature excels any other art. Painting must strip away from the round and pulsing life everything but outline and color; sculpture, which keeps the roundness, must strip away the color with

the warmth and motion ; music can trust only to the inarticulate suggestion of sounds. Words can in some degree suggest outline and roundness, and can more than suggest colors ; they can besides rouse all the manifold other sensations which make life the warm and living rush of experience that it is. In Mr. Ruskin's description of St. Mark's (page 485), for example, think how little a painter could give you of what you find in the words ; and in Stevenson's description of Monterey (page 463) see how thoroughly you can feel in every way what sort of a place it would be to live in.

How far literature can go in expressing feelings and instincts which are so deep in our nature that we often forget them, and so large and so remote from thought that they hardly ever find expression except in music or in action, you can see if you will read Mr. Kipling's "Spring Running," in the "Second Jungle Book." Here are a couple of examples :

"There is one day when all things are tired, and the very smells, as they drift on the heavy air, are old and used. One cannot explain this, but it feels so. Then there is another day — to the eye nothing whatever has changed — when all the smells are new and delightful, and the whiskers of the Jungle People quiver to their roots, and the winter hair comes away from their sides in long, draggled locks. Then, perhaps, a little rain falls, and all the trees and the bushes and the bamboos and the mosses and the juicy-leaved plants wake with a noise of growing that you can almost hear, and under this noise runs, day and night, a deep hum. *That* is

the noise of the spring — a vibrating boom which is neither bees, nor falling water, nor the wind in the tree-tops, but the purring of the warm, happy world.”

And again : —

“It was a perfect white night, as they call it. All green things seemed to have made a month’s growth since the morning. The branch that was yellow-leaved the day before dripped sap when Mowgli broke it. The mosses curled deep and warm over his feet, the young grass had no cutting edges, and all the voices of the Jungle boomed like one deep harp-string touched by the moon — the Moon of New Talk, who splashed her light full on rock and pool, slipped it between trunk and creeper, and sifted it through a million leaves.”

Or again, in Mowgli’s cry : —

“My strength is gone from me, and it is not any poison. By night and by day I hear a double step upon my trail. When I turn my head it is as though one had hidden himself from me that instant. I go to look for him behind the trees, and he is not there. I call and none cry again; but it is as though one listened and kept back the answer. I lie down, but I do not rest. I run the spring running, but I am not made still. I bathe, but I am not made cool. The kill sickens me, but I have no heart to fight except I kill. The Red Flower is in my body, my bones are water — and — I know not what I know.”

This moan and indeed the whole story show the power words have to express the impalpable, potent feelings and instincts that in spite of civilization, of philosophy, of science, still lie at the deep foundations of consciousness.

Nor is it necessary to go to the literature of the fancy for examples of this power. Thackeray's description of *Beatrix Esmond* shows it just as well:

"Esmond had left a child and found a woman, grown beyond the common height, and arrived at such a dazzling completeness of beauty, that his eyes might well show surprise and delight at beholding her. In hers there was a brightness so lustrous and melting, that I have seen a whole assembly follow her as by an attraction irresistible: and that night the great Duke was at the playhouse after *Ramillies*, every soul turned and looked (she chanced to enter at the opposite side of the theatre at the same moment) at her, and not at him. She was a brown beauty: that is, her eyes, hair, and eyebrows and eyelashes were dark: her hair curling with rich undulations, and waving over her shoulders: but her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine: except her cheeks, which were a bright red, and her lips, which were of a still deeper crimson. Her mouth and chin, they said, were too large and full, and so they might be for a goddess in marble, but not for a woman whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest low song, whose shape was perfect symmetry, health, decision, activity, whose foot as it planted itself on the ground was firm but flexible, and whose motion, whether rapid or slow, was always perfect grace — agile as a nymph, lofty as a queen — now melting, now imperious, now sarcastic — there was no single movement of hers but was beautiful. As he thinks of her, he who writes feels young again, and remembers a paragon."

Here it is not the color of *Beatrix's* eyes and hair, or the fulness of her chin, that thrills you; it is rather the stronger, more primitive feelings which can

find utterance only in the throb of the rhythm or in such words as "whose eyes were fire, whose look was love": here again, as Mr. Kipling says, "One cannot explain this, but it feels so." Such feelings, like those in the "Spring Running," belong to the deeper, underlying basis of man's nature: that they are there, and that they are irrational and undisciplined by thought, makes romance possible in a humdrum world. It is because words can express these feelings that literature has its distinct field among the fine arts; and that description is not an impossible paradox.

When you are writing descriptions, therefore, do not undertake to make other people see the thing that is before your eyes exactly as you see it, for you can never do that. Your problem is rather to make other people know your impression, and feel the feelings which are roused in you by what you are describing.

If you are to make them know these feelings, there is only one way you can do it: call up in their minds the specific sensations that you have had yourself. This advice sounds simpler than it is; it really implies almost keener gifts of expression than any other kind of writing. The examples I have quoted from Mr. Kipling and from Thackeray, or the descriptions by Mr. Ruskin and by Stevenson (pages 485 and 463), will show you the range of vocabulary and the skill in using it that a vivid description call for. Sometimes you will be able to name these sensations directly; more often, especially if they are at all deep and primitive, you must torture yourself to find analogies,

as Stevenson says in "The Ebb-Tide." Any cleverness or preciosity of phrase-making will hopelessly defeat you, for here you are dealing with feelings which take flight before sophistication. Piling up epithets is worse. You must trust to strength of feeling in the first place, and then cultivate your sense of phrasing until it gives you spontaneously the word which is both apt and natural.

Moreover, in description more than in any other kind of writing you need a musical and expressive rhythm. I have spoken of the way in which a natural glow of style gives the personal quality to exposition. Here in addition to that I mean the pure musical quality of the sounds. The description of St. Mark's, with its contrast to the English cathedral, offers the most tangible example I know of this pure music of style. If you will compare five or six lines from the description of the English cathedral and five or six from that of St. Mark's, you will find that the former has a larger proportion of the clicking *k, g, d* sounds, the latter of the liquids *l, m, n*; and that in the same way the former has more of the short closed vowels, the latter of the long open vowels on which your voice insensibly lingers. In this case it is easy to see the aptness of each kind of sound to its purpose: the quick, crisp sounds in themselves symbolize the neatness and restraint of England, as the sensuous clinging liquids do the luxuriance of the South. This is an unusually palpable case. Generally as in music the exact workings of cause and effect are recondite: you can only say that the rhythm and the quality of

the vowels and consonants affect your feelings by the direct stirring of your sensations. Again, "one cannot explain this, but it feels so." In some abnormal cases, as in the passage from De Quincey which I shall quote presently, half the meaning almost seems to lie in the music of the style; it is not so much what the words mean that moves you as their vague and mystical suggestion, and even more the haunting rhythm and the strange melody of the sounds. This is a dangerous tool to play with; any appearance of affectation or of preciosity destroys the sincerity of what you write, and so upsets your purpose. It is the highest achievement of Mr. Ruskin's style that it is able, by setting apt words in a style full of resonance and music, to express in words impressions which most men have to leave either to painting or to music; and it obtains this effect, as Stevenson's style never quite did, without affectation and without losing its entire sincerity and sanity. In this description of St. Mark's, Mr. Ruskin's style has a glow and an enthusiasm, a variety of color, a rich modulation, that put it for its purpose of description at the very head of all styles.

If you wish to take description at its best, then, and where it is expressing things which no other art can reach, make it your aim to put on paper the full roundness and depth of your experience. Do not stop with what you see: complete that and give it the fulness of life by adding the sounds, the movements, the feelings of the air or of the wind, the smells, the bodily feelings, and all the deeper, larger

feelings and instincts that in this age of sophistication it is so hard to express, so easy to pass over without notice. In the expression of all these, use only the simplest and most concrete words, which will state the sensations directly; and above all shun explanation and generalization: the value of the sensations depends on their not being broken up into abstractions. Then feel the significance and the poignancy of all these sensations so strongly that your style may unconsciously kindle and glow; and that it may also, if you have the fortunate gift of style, take on a coloring in its vowels and consonants that will add something of the power that music has to body forth feelings which are too delicate and too remote from thought for words.

42. Beyond this legitimate and peculiar field of description, which is at the boundary of prose writing on the side of feeling, lies an uncertain realm in which occasional successes show the extreme power of words in this direction. De Quincey is a great exemplar of this suggestion and expression of feelings too vague and abnormal to be much exploited. Here is a passage from the "*Suspiria de Profundis*": —

"The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, where a voice was heard of lamentation, — Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Inno-

cents, and the little feet were stiffened forever, which, heard at times as they tottered along the floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven.

“Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy, by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem around her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds, when she heard that sobbing of litanies, or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds.”

The feelings which were expressed in the “Spring Running” are normal enough, though hard to make articulate: these feelings which De Quincey thus expresses, on the other hand, are abnormal and morbid; nevertheless they are real and deep. Their interest here is that they contain so much that is mystical and unreal, so little that is rational, that they carry us fairly to the other edge of the great field of literature, to writing in which, again, as in the formulæ of algebra or logic, there is only one of the two elements which are necessary to literature. Here that single element is feeling.

43. The natural form of expression which literature takes, however, when it thus passes beyond the normal powers of prose, is lyric poetry. When your feelings rise beyond a certain degree of stress, you need the stronger beat and vibration of verse; to express the highest joy or the deepest grief poetry is your natural instrument. In such a song as Shakspeare’s —

“It was a lover and his lass

With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o’er the green cornfield did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing hey ding a ding:
Sweet lovers love the Spring ” —

the words have little more meaning than the whistle of a light-hearted boy ; like his whistle they express the sheer joy in the existence of life. And as in this verse the inarticulate refrain adds its own necessary part to the meaning of the verse, so beyond lyrical poetry you pass over into the realm of pure music, where sounds without any resemblance to articulate meaning speak directly to your emotions : sensation and emotion are one ; and in music the sensation speaks directly to the depths of your soul. It is towards this end that description is always striving to attain. It can never go very far ; but every now and then a man will come who will carry it a little further, who will reduce to words — as Mr. Ruskin has done — some impression of vivid pleasure which has never been reduced to words before. It is only the great master who makes these advances ; by studying his works you may perhaps come somewhere near the mark that he has set.

44. CONCLUSION. — These five categories of writing are, then, the rhetorical classification of the great undivided body of literature which is the record of the vivid interest of men in their life and experience. This interest has in reality two forms : that of the unreflective, unreasoning life of the senses

which we enjoy in no very different way, we may suppose, from the animals about us; and that of the instinct for explaining things, which separates us from the other animals. The former springs from the warm, undifferentiated rush of consciousness; the latter from cool reflection and the analysis of experience. Since rhetoric is a statement of the principles of the art of writing it must simplify these large and undefined interests and the still greater complexity which results from the natural intermingling of them by dividing them into manageable classes.

Looking back, now, over these divisions in a reverse order, Description is the kind of writing in which you are trying to put on paper the states of mind which are made up almost entirely of sensations. Here abstraction is worse than useless, generalizing and reflection irrelevant. All you can do is to let a purely objective impression crystallize itself, and then set it forth in something like its natural, unreflecting luxuriance of feeling. Mr. Kipling's, "One cannot explain this, but it feels so," is the keyword to Description.

Narrative in its simplest form runs into Description; but according as it aspires to set forth more and more of the complexity of experience its range increases indefinitely. On the one hand it touches the dry legal statement of facts, on the other it stagnates in the dawdling vagaries of the so-called psychological novel. It is the typical form of one side of literature; for it can produce the illusion of

the full tide of human life, with all its complications of people and nature, of motives and action. In Narrative prose literature rises to its highest excellence as a fine art.

Criticism is the latest product of literature: it can only rise in an age of self-consciousness, of sophistication almost, when men begin to muse over the works of their own imaginations. Inasmuch as it always depends on introspection, it is always in danger of losing the sense of the true proportions of things. At its best it perceives and defines the highest fruits of cultivation.

Argument shares with story-writing the claim to be the typical mode of prose literature: Narrative is the pinnacle of the literature of feeling, Argument the pinnacle of the literature of thought. For Argument has to do with the action of life, and with the indissoluble union of thought and feeling which is the highest form of human activity. It uses the feelings in the service of the understanding to make you accept a given explanation. As Narrative represents the full tide of life in action, Argument represents a like warmth and fulness of the life of thought.

Exposition, which is at the other extreme from Description, is the typical product of all in the mind of man that distinguishes him from the animals. It is always tending to pass away from the palpable objects of sensation to the wide and rarefied abstractions which exist only for thought. Here it passes out of the field of literature. Within that field it is

at its best when it sets forth with full personal warmth the great laws and underlying truths which make the universe so inspiring and impressive to the thought of man.

Literature, therefore, when thus classified, stands between distinct and apparent bounds: on the one hand are the inarticulate expressions of the music and rhythm of lyrical verse which can express feelings beyond the power of words; on the other hand the intellectual abstractions which are best expressed by the formulæ of logic and of mathematics. Between these bounds you can arrange these categories of the rhetoric in something like a fixed order.

45. Now after all this detail and arbitrary classification I must take you back to the fact from which I started, that in the practical world of books these categories never appear. When you read the "Origin of Species" you find in it explanation, argument, bits of anecdotes, and many descriptions; Green in his history explains the state of Ireland in Elizabeth's time by a brief narrative of the years of misrule since the time of Henry the Second; Tyndall explains the action of the geyser by describing the apparatus he used to illustrate his lecture; Thackeray begins his story of "Henry Esmond" by an elaborate explanation of the pedigree of the Esmond family; Mr. Choate put into his argument the story of his meeting with President Hayes; and there are people who put argument into criticism. So it runs everywhere: a man who sits down to write a book never

thinks of tying himself to Exposition or to Narrative or to Description: he uses one or the other or all of them in turn according as each will best serve his turn: and it is often difficult to say on a given page which he is using. Moreover, different readers, or the same reader at different times, may classify a piece of writing in different ways: for example, you may read Mr. Ruskin's description of St. Mark's at one time for the vivid feeling which gives it its color, at another time to understand more thoroughly the principles of Byzantine architecture. In practice, therefore, these categories of the rhetorics are inextricably interfused.

On the other hand, when you look at books you will find, always and of necessity, the two elements of thought and of feeling: and almost always one of them will clearly predominate. When a writer undertakes the labor of putting together so many pages of words he is impelled either by the instinct to rationalize and explain his universe, or by the equally irresistible instinct to portray his feeling of its vividness or beauty: either he has a new and clearer view of the truth, which he must give to other people; or he is driven by a sense of the beautiful or the poignant which will give him no rest till he has uttered it. Since these two motives spring from the two faculties of the human mind—the faculty of thought and the faculty of feeling—they underlie all expression. Moreover, the dominance of one or other of these faculties determines the temperament of a writer. Darwin could not help trying to explain

how coral islands are formed : Stevenson could not help trying to find words for their beauty. In the long run, therefore, books fall in the one part or the other of literature, according as their underlying purpose is to set forth generalizations which will make the world more intelligible, or to reproduce vividly and beautifully the feelings which give it such warmth of interest.

In practice, therefore, when you have been through the preliminary practice of learning to write, this is the only division that you have to think of. Are you going to throw new light on the subject, and make it easier to understand ; or are you going to amuse and arouse your readers by the vividness and charm of your perception of life ? According as your purpose is one or the other, your way of going to work will vary. If your main purpose is to explain, you will be generalizing, and bringing many things and many instances under large general terms. If it is to set forth the vividness and poignance of experience, you will give your individual experience by representing your own sensations. It is only because of this difference of method that you need to keep even this simple classification in mind.

Finally, if what you are writing is to bear any relation to literature it must in some degree combine these two elements. When you undertake to explain, you must put into your words the warmth of your personal interest : when you are writing a story or a description you must show the clearness and largeness of view which will keep your work

from falling apart. If you are arguing, you must be not only clear but moving; if you are criticising a work of art you must show both appreciation and good sense. In all kinds of writing, you must keep active both the faculty of thought that will give to your work organic, artistic form, and the faculty of feeling that will give it warmth and vividness.

THE FORMS OF PROSE LITERATURE

EXAMPLES



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EXAMPLES

CHARLES DARWIN: THE FORMATION OF SPECIES

From "The Origin of Species," London, 1875, ch. iv. pp. 90-97.

This first selection shows how much assistance a diagram may be in putting before your mind a swarm of facts which you must consider all at the same time. They must be simplified so that you shall look at only a single aspect of each: here Darwin discusses only the comparative divergence of species, leaving out of view all their other manifold aspects. I have discussed this subject fully in the Introduction, p. 29. It is worth pointing out, however, the way in which Darwin sums up his results in the last paragraph of the selection; and he not only sums them up, but discusses the facts in the new light which he has gained by this consideration of a special relation.

AFTER the foregoing discussion, which has been much compressed, we may assume that the modified descendants of any one species will succeed so much the better as they become more diversified in structure, and are thus enabled to encroach on places occupied by other beings. Now let us see how this principle of benefit being derived from divergence of character, combined with the principles of natural selection and of extinction, tends to act.

The accompanying diagram will aid us in understanding this rather perplexing subject. Let A to L represent the species of a genus large in its own country; these species are supposed to resemble each other in unequal degrees, as is so generally the case in nature, and as is represented in the diagram by the letters standing at unequal distances. I have said a large genus, because as we saw in the second chapter, on an average more species vary in large genera than in small genera; and the varying species of the large genera present a greater number of varieties. We have, also, seen that the species, which are the commonest and the most widely diffused, vary more than do the rare and restricted species. Let (A) be a common, widely-diffused, and varying species, belonging to a genus large in its own country. The branching and diverging dotted lines of unequal lengths proceeding from (A), may represent its varying offspring. The variations are supposed to be extremely slight, but of the most diversified nature; they are not supposed all to appear simultaneously, but often after long intervals of time; nor are they all supposed to endure for equal periods. Only those variations which are in some way profitable will be preserved or naturally selected. And here the importance of the principle of benefit derived from divergence of character comes in; for this will generally lead to the most different or divergent variations (represented by the outer dotted lines) being preserved and accumulated by natural selection. When a dotted line reaches one of the horizontal lines, and is there marked by a small num-

bered letter, a sufficient amount of variation is supposed to have been accumulated to form it into a fairly well-marked variety, such as would be thought worthy of record in a systematic work.

The intervals between the horizontal lines in the diagram, may represent each a thousand or more generations. After a thousand generations, species (A) is supposed to have produced two fairly well-marked varieties, namely a^1 and m^1 . These two varieties will generally still be exposed to the same conditions which made their parents variable, and the tendency to variability is in itself hereditary; consequently they will likewise tend to vary, and commonly in nearly the same manner as did their parents. Moreover, these two varieties, being only slightly modified forms, will tend to inherit those advantages which made their parent (A) more numerous than most of the other inhabitants of the same country; they will also partake of those more general advantages which made the genus to which the parent-species belonged, a large genus in its own country. And all these circumstances are favorable to the production of new varieties.

If, then, these two varieties be variable, the most divergent of their variations will generally be preserved during the next thousand generations. And after this interval, variety a^1 is supposed in the diagram to have produced variety a^2 , which will, owing to the principle of divergence, differ more from (A) * than did variety a^1 . Variety m^1 is supposed to have produced two varieties, namely m^2 and s^2 , differing

from each other, and more considerably from their common parent (A). We may continue the process by similar steps for any length of time; some of the varieties, after each thousand generations, producing only a single variety, but in a more and more modified condition, some producing two or three varieties, and some failing to produce any. Thus the varieties or modified descendants of the common parent (A), will generally go on increasing in number and diverging in character. In the diagram the process is represented up to the ten-thousandth generation, and under a condensed and simplified form up to the fourteen-thousandth generation.

But I must here remark that I do not suppose that the process ever goes on so regularly as is represented in the diagram, though in itself made somewhat irregular, nor that it goes on continuously; it is far more probable that each form remains for long periods unaltered, and then again undergoes modification. Nor do I suppose that the most divergent varieties are invariably preserved: a medium form may often long endure, and may or may not produce more than one modified descendant; for natural selection will always act according to the nature of the places which are either unoccupied or not perfectly occupied by other beings; and this will depend on infinitely complex relations. But as a general rule, the more diversified in structure the descendants from any one species can be rendered, the more places they will be enabled to seize on, and the more their modified progeny will increase. In our diagram the line of succession is

broken at regular intervals by small-numbered letters marking the successive forms which have become sufficiently distinct to be recorded as varieties. But these breaks are imaginary, and might have been inserted anywhere, after intervals long enough to allow the accumulation of a considerable amount of divergent variation.

As all the modified descendants from a common and widely-diffused species, belonging to a large genus, will tend to partake of the same advantages which made their parent successful in life, they will generally go on multiplying in number as well as diverging in character: this is represented in the diagram by the several divergent branches proceeding from (A). The modified offspring from the later and more highly improved branches in the lines of descent, will, it is probable, often take the place of, and so destroy, the earlier and less improved branches: this is represented in the diagram, by some of the lower branches not reaching to the upper horizontal lines. In some cases no doubt the process of modification will be confined to a single line of descent, and the number of modified descendants will not be increased; although the amount of divergent modification may have been augmented. This case would be represented in the diagram, if all the lines proceeding from (A) were removed, excepting that from a^1 to a^{10} . In the same way the English race-horse and English pointer have apparently both gone on slowly diverging in character from their original stocks, without either having given off any fresh branches or races.

After ten thousand generations, species (A) is supposed to have produced three forms, a^{10} , f^{10} , and m^{10} , which, from having diverged in character during the successive generations, will have come to differ largely, but perhaps unequally, from each other and from their common parent. If we suppose the amount of change between each horizontal line in our diagram to be excessively small, these three forms may still be only well-marked varieties; but we have only to suppose the steps in the process of modification to be more numerous or greater in amount, to convert these three forms into doubtful or at last into well-defined species. Thus the diagram illustrates the steps by which the small differences distinguishing varieties are increased into the larger differences distinguishing species. By continuing the same process for a greater number of generations (as shown in the diagram in a condensed and simplified manner), we get eight species, marked by the letters between a^{14} and m^{14} , all descended from (A). Thus, as I believe, species are multiplied and genera are formed.

In a large genus it is probable that more than one species would vary. In the diagram I have assumed that a second species (I) has produced, by analogous steps, after ten thousand generations, either two well-marked varieties (w^{10} and z^{10}) or two species, according to the amount of change supposed to be represented between the horizontal lines. After fourteen thousand generations, six new species, marked by the letters n^{14} to z^{14} , are supposed to have been produced. In any genus, the species which are al-

ready very different in character from each other, will generally tend to produce the greatest number of modified descendants; for these will have the best chance of seizing on new and widely different places in the polity of nature: hence in the diagram I have chosen the extreme species (A), and the nearly extreme species (I), as those which have largely varied, and have given rise to new varieties and species. The other nine species (marked by capital letters) of our original genus, may for long but unequal periods continue to transmit unaltered descendants; and this is shown in the diagram by the dotted lines unequally prolonged upwards.

But during the process of modification, represented in the diagram, another of our principles, namely that of extinction, will have played an important part. As in each fully stocked country natural selection necessarily acts by the selected form having some advantage in the struggle for life over other forms, there will be a constant tendency in the improved descendants of any one species to supplant and exterminate in each stage of descent their predecessors and their original progenitor. For it should be remembered that the competition will generally be most severe between those forms which are most nearly related to each other in habits, constitution, and structure. Hence all the intermediate forms between the earlier and later states, that is between the less and more improved states of the same species, as well as the original parent-species itself, will generally tend to become extinct. So it probably will be with

many whole collateral lines of descent, which will be conquered by later and improved lines. If, however, the modified offspring of a species get into some distinct country, or become quickly adapted to some quite new station, in which offspring and progenitor do not come into competition, both may continue to exist.

If, then, our diagram be assumed to represent a considerable amount of modification, species (A) and all the earlier varieties will have become extinct, being replaced by eight new species (a^{14} to m^{14}); and species (I) will be replaced by six (n^{14} to z^{14}) new species.

But we may go further than this. The original species of our genus were supposed to resemble each other in unequal degrees, as is so generally the case in nature; species (A) being more nearly related to B, C, and D than to the other species; and species (I) more to G, H, K, L, than to the others. These two species (A) and (I) were also supposed to be very common and widely diffused species, so that they must originally have had some advantage over most of the other species of the genus. Their modified descendants, fourteen in number at the fourteen-thousandth generation, will probably have inherited some of the same advantages: they have also been modified and improved in a diversified manner at each stage of descent, so as to have become adapted to many related places in the natural economy of their country. It seems, therefore, extremely probable that they will have taken the places of, and thus exterminated, not

only their parents (A) and (I), but likewise some of the original species which were most nearly related to their parents. Hence very few of the original species will have transmitted offspring to the fourteen-thousandth generation. We may suppose that only one (F), of the two species (E and F) which were least closely related to the other nine original species, has transmitted descendants to this late stage of descent.

The new species in our diagram descended from the original eleven species, will now be fifteen in number. Owing to the divergent tendency of natural selection, the extreme amount of difference in character between species a^{14} and z^{14} will be much greater than that between the most distinct of the original eleven species. The new species, moreover, will be allied to each other in a widely different manner. Of the eight descendants from (A) the three marked a^{14} , q^{14} , p^{14} will be nearly related from having recently branched off from a^{10} ; b^{14} , and f^{14} , from having diverged at an earlier period from a^5 , will be in some degree distinct from the first-named species; and lastly o^{14} , e^{14} , and m^{14} will be nearly related one to the other, but, from having diverged at the first commencement of the process of modification, will be widely different from the other five species, and may constitute a sub-genus or a distinct genus.

The six descendants from (I) will form two sub-genera or genera. But as the original species (I) differed largely from (A), standing nearly at the extreme end of the original genus, the six descendants

from (I) will, owing to inheritance alone, differ considerably from the eight descendants from (A); the two groups, moreover, are supposed to have gone on diverging in different directions. The intermediate species, also (and this is a very important consideration), which connected the original species (A) and (I), have all become, excepting (F), extinct, and have left no descendants. Hence the six new species descended from (I), and the eight descended from (A), will have to be ranked as very distinct genera, or even as distinct sub-families.

Thus it is, as I believe, that two or more genera are produced by descent with modification, from two or more species of the same genus. And the two or more parent-species are supposed to be descended from some one species of an earlier genus. In our diagram, this is indicated by the broken lines, beneath the capital letters, converging in sub-branches downwards towards a single point; this point represents a species, the supposed progenitor of our several new sub-genera and genera.

It is worth while to reflect for a moment on the character of the new species f^{14} , which is supposed not to have diverged much in character, but to have retained the form of (F), either unaltered or altered only in a slight degree. In this case, its affinities to the other fourteen new species will be of a curious and circuitous nature. Being descended from a form which stood between the parent-species (A) and (I), now supposed to be extinct and unknown, it will be in some degree intermediate in character between the

two groups descended from these two species. But as these two groups have gone on diverging in character from the type of their parents, the new species (f^{14}) will not be directly intermediate between them, but rather between types of the two groups; and every naturalist will be able to call such cases before his mind.

In the diagram, each horizontal line has hitherto been supposed to represent a thousand generations, but each may represent a million or more generations; it may also represent a section of the successive strata of the earth's crust including extinct remains. We shall, when we come to our chapter on Geology, have to refer again to this subject, and I think we shall then see that the diagram throws light on the affinities of extinct beings, which, though generally belonging to the same orders, families, or genera, with those now living, yet are often, in some degree, intermediate in character between existing groups; and we can understand this fact, for the extinct species lived at various remote epochs when the branching lines of descent had diverged less.

I see no reason to limit the process of modification, as now explained, to the formation of genera alone. If, in the diagram, we suppose the amount of change represented by each successive group of diverging dotted lines to be great, the forms marked a^{14} to p^{14} , those marked b^{14} and f^{14} , and those marked o^{14} to m^{14} , will form three very distinct genera. We shall also have two very distinct genera descended from (I), differing widely from the descendants of (A). These two

groups of genera will thus form two distinct families, or orders, according to the amount of divergent modification supposed to be represented in the diagram. And the two new families, or orders, are descended from two species of the original genus, and these are supposed to be descended from some still more ancient and unknown form.

We have seen that in each country it is the species belonging to the larger genera which oftenest present varieties of incipient species. This, indeed, might have been expected; for, as natural selection acts through one form having some advantage over other forms in the struggle for existence, it will chiefly act on those which already have some advantage; and the largeness of any group shows that its species have inherited from a common ancestor some advantage in common. Hence, the struggle for the production of new and modified descendants will mainly lie between the larger groups which are all trying to increase in number. One large group will slowly conquer another large group, reduce its numbers, and thus lessen its chance of further variation and improvement. Within the same large group, the later and more highly perfected sub-groups, from branching out and seizing on many new places in the polity of nature, will constantly tend to supplant and destroy the earlier and less improved sub-groups. Small and broken groups and sub-groups will finally disappear. Looking to the future, we can predict that the groups of organic beings which are now large and triumphant, and which are least broken up,

that is, which have as yet suffered least extinction, will, for a long period, continue to increase. But which groups will ultimately prevail, no man can predict; for we know that many groups, formerly most extensively developed, have now become extinct. Looking still more remotely to the future, we may predict that, owing to the continued and steady increase of the larger groups, a multitude of smaller groups will become utterly extinct, and leave no modified descendants; and consequently that, of the species living at any one period, extremely few will transmit descendants to a remote futurity. I shall have to return to this subject in the chapter on Classification, but I may add that as, according to this view, extremely few of the more ancient species have transmitted descendants to the present day, and, as all the descendants of the same species form a class, we can understand how it is that there exists so few classes in each main division of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Although few of the most ancient species have left modified descendants, yet, at remote geological periods, the earth may have been almost as well peopled with species of many genera, families, orders, and classes, as at the present time.

CHARLES DARWIN: NATURAL SELECTION

From "The Origin of Species," London, 1875, ch. iv. pp. 102-105.

My choice of this selection, which is the summary of the chapter from which it is taken, springs from three reasons: first, the close analogy between the figure of the tree in the last paragraph, and the diagram which Darwin used in the earlier part of the chapter (reprinted in the next preceding selection), an analogy which I discuss in the Introduction, p. 50; second, the careful way in which Darwin gathers up the threads of his argument as he goes along, and fixes them carefully in your mind (it will be noticed that the third paragraph here is the summary of the other selection from the "Origin of Species"); and third, the way in which towards the end the style kindles and takes on color from Darwin's enthusiasm over the range and the power of his explanation; it is as if he could not help falling into the beautiful rhythm and assonance of the last phrase. I may note in passing, also, that it is characteristic of the patient and vigorously scientific cast of Darwin's mind that he was not satisfied with the elaborate and effective figure of the tree: he first worked out the idea in the minute and thorough reasoning of the first of these selections.

IF under changing conditions of life organic beings present individual differences in almost every part of their structure, and this cannot be disputed; if there be, owing to their geometrical rate of increase, a severe struggle for life at some age, season, or year, and this certainly cannot be disputed; then, considering the infinite complexity of the relations of all organic beings to each other and to their

conditions of life, causing an infinite diversity in structure, constitution, and habits, to be advantageous to them, it would be a most extraordinary fact if no variations had ever occurred useful to each being's own welfare, in the same manner as so many variations have occurred useful to man. But if variations useful to any organic being ever do occur, assuredly individuals thus characterized will have the best chance of being preserved in the struggle for life; and from the strong principle of inheritance, these will tend to produce offspring similarly characterized. This principle of preservation, or the survival of the fittest, I have called Natural Selection. It leads to the improvement of each creature in relation to its organic and inorganic conditions of life; and consequently, in most cases, to what must be regarded as an advance in organization. Nevertheless, low and simple forms will long endure if well fitted for their simple conditions of life.

Natural selection, on the principle of qualities being inherited at corresponding ages, can modify the egg, seed, or young, as easily as the adult. Amongst many animals, sexual selection will have given its aid to ordinary selection, by assuring to the most vigorous and best adapted males the greatest number of offspring. Sexual selection will also give characters useful to the males alone, in their struggles or rivalry with other males; and these characters will be transmitted to one sex or to both sexes, according to the form of inheritance which prevails.

Whether natural selection has really thus acted in adapting the various forms of life to their several conditions and stations, must be judged by the general tenor and balance of evidence given in the following chapters. But we have already seen how it entails extinction; and how largely extinction has acted in the world's history, geology plainly declares. Natural selection, also, leads to divergence of character; for the more organic beings diverge in structure, habits, and constitution, by so much the more can a large number be supported on the same area,—of which we see proof by looking to the inhabitants of any small spot, and to the productions naturalized in foreign lands. Therefore, during the modification of the descendants of any one species, and during the incessant struggle of all species to increase in numbers, the more diversified the descendants become, the better will be their chance of success in the battle for life. Thus the small differences distinguishing varieties of the same species, steadily tend to increase, till they equal the greater differences between species of the same genus, or even of distinct genera.

We have seen that it is the common, the widely-diffused, and widely-ranging species, belonging to the larger genera within each class, which vary most; and these tend to transmit to their modified offspring that superiority which now makes them dominant in their own countries. Natural selection, as has just been remarked, leads to divergence of character and to much extinction of the less improved and interme-

diate forms of life. On these principles, the nature of the affinities, and the generally well-defined distinctions between the innumerable organic beings in each class throughout the world, may be explained. It is a truly wonderful fact—the wonder of which we are apt to overlook from familiarity—that all animals and all plants throughout all time and space should be related to each other in groups subordinate to groups, in the manner which we everywhere behold—namely, varieties of the same species most closely related, species of the same genus less closely and unequally related, forming sections and sub-genera, species of distinct genera much less closely related, and genera related in different degrees, forming sub-families, families, orders, sub-classes, and classes. The several subordinate groups in any class cannot be ranked in a single file, but seem clustered round points, and these round other points, and so on in almost endless cycles. If species had been independently created, no explanation would have been possible of this kind of classification; but it is explained through inheritance and the complex action of natural selection, entailing extinction and divergence of character, as we have seen illustrated in the diagram.

The affinities of all the beings of the same class have sometimes been represented by a great tree. I believe this simile largely speaks the truth. The green and budding twigs may represent existing species; and those produced during former years may represent the long succession of extinct species. At

each period of growth all the growing twigs have tried to branch out on all sides, and to overtop and kill the surrounding twigs and branches, in the same manner as species and groups of species have at all times over-mastered other species in the great battle for life. The limbs divided into great branches, and these into lesser and lesser branches, were themselves once, when the tree was young, budding twigs; and this connection of the former and present buds by ramifying branches may well represent the classification of all extinct and living species in groups subordinate to groups. Of the many twigs which flourished when the tree was a mere bush, only two or three, now grown into great branches, yet survive and bear the other branches; so with the species which lived during long-past geological periods, very few have left living and modified descendants. From the first growth of the tree, many a limb and branch has decayed and dropped off; and these fallen branches of various sizes may represent those whole orders, families, and genera which have now no living representatives, and which are known to us only in a fossil state. As we here and there see a thin straggling branch springing from a fork low down in a tree, and which by some chance has been favoured and is still alive on its summit, so we occasionally see an animal like the *Ornithorhynchus* or *Lepidosiren*, which in some small degree connects by its affinities two large branches of life, and which has apparently been saved from fatal competition by having inhabited a protected station. As buds give

rise by growth to fresh buds, and these, if vigorous, branch out and overtop on all sides many a feeble branch, so by generation I believe it has been with the great Tree of Life, which fills with its dead and broken branches the crust of the earth, and covers the surface with its ever-branching and beautiful ramifications.

JOHN TYNDALL: THE GEYSERS OF ICELAND

From "Heat a Mode of Motion," New York, 1883, pp. 166-173.

This example combines the best qualities of popular science. it is based on exact knowledge of the subject, it is beautifully clear and exact in the exposition, it is written in the service of an intelligent curiosity in natural history, and in style it shows the results of cultivation and good breeding. After a short description of what would interest an intelligent and active-minded man in these devil's kitchens of Iceland it narrows down to the Great Geyser and to the curious problems which it presents. Then it works out the theoretical solution of these problems; and clinches this with a mechanical proof which was performed on the stage at the lecture. It closes with a return to larger and more general considerations. As a piece of exposition it could hardly be better rounded.

The diagrams and the illustration, it will be noticed, are invaluable in making the explanation clear and easy to grasp; and they have also their share in doing what the experiment must have done in the lecture, — *i. e.* in stimulating your interest.

LET me now direct your attention to a natural steam-engine, which long held a place among the wonders of the world — the Great Geyser of Iceland. The surface of that country gradually rises from the coast towards the centre, where the general level is about two thousand feet above the sea. On this, as on a pedestal, are planted the Jokull, or icy mountains of the island, which extend both ways in a north-easterly direction. Along this chain occur

the active volcanoes of Iceland, and the thermal springs follow the same general direction. From the ridges and chasms which diverge from the mountains, enormous masses of steam issue at intervals, and when the escape occurs at the mouth of a cavern, the resonance of the cave often raises the sound of the steam to the loudness of thunder. Lower down, in the more porous strata, are to be found smoking mud pools, where a blue-black aluminous paste is boiled, rising at times in huge bubbles, which, on bursting, scatter their slimy spray around. From the base of the hills upwards extend the glaciers, and above these are the snow-fields which crown the summits. From the arches and fissures of the glaciers, vast masses of water issue, falling at times in cascades over walls of ice, and spreading for miles over the country before they find definite outlet. Extensive morasses are thus formed. Intercepted by the cracks and fissures of the land, a portion of the water finds its way to the heated rocks beneath; and here, meeting with the volcanic gases which traverse these underground regions, both travel on together, to issue, at the first convenient opportunity, either as an eruption of steam or as a boiling spring.

The most famous of these springs is the Great Geyser. It consists of a tube, seventy-four feet deep and ten feet wide. The tube is surmounted by a basin, which measures from north to south fifty-two feet across and from east to west sixty feet. The interior of the tube and basin is coated with a beautiful smooth siliceous plaster, so hard as to resist the

blows of the hammer ; and the first question is, How was this wonderful tube constructed — how was this perfect plaster laid on ? Chemical analysis shows that the water holds silica in solution, and it might therefore be conjectured that the water had deposited silica against the sides of the tube and basin. But such is not the case. The water deposits no sediment ; no matter how long it may be kept, no solid substance is separated from it. I have here a specimen which has been bottled up and preserved for years, as clear as crystal, without showing the slightest tendency to form a precipitate. To answer the question in this way would moreover assume that the shaft was formed by some foreign agency, the mineral water merely lining it. The geyser-basin, however, rests upon the summit of a mound about forty feet high, and it is evident, from mere inspection, that the mound has been deposited by the geyser. But in building up this mound the spring must have formed the tube which perforates the mound ; hence the suggestion that the geyser is the architect of its own tube.

If we place a quantity of the geyser water in an evaporating basin, the following takes place : In the centre of the basin the liquid deposits nothing, but at the sides, where it is drawn up by capillary attraction, and thus subjected to speedy evaporation, we find a ring of silica deposited. Not until the evaporation has continued a considerable time is the slightest turbidity found in the middle of the water. This experiment is the microscopic repre-

sentant of what occurs in Iceland. Imagine the case of a simple thermal siliceous spring, whose waters trickle down a gentle incline; the water thus exposed evaporates, and silica is deposited. This deposit gradually elevates the side over which the water passes, until, finally, the latter has to take another course. The process is repeated here, the ground being elevated as before, and the spring has again to move forward. Thus it is compelled to travel round and round, depositing its silica and deepening the shaft in which it dwells, until finally, in the course of ages, the simple spring has produced that wonderful apparatus which so long puzzled and astonished both the tourist and the philosopher.

Previous to an eruption, both the tube and basin are filled with hot water: detonations which shake the ground are heard at intervals, and each explosion is succeeded by a violent agitation of the water in the basin. The water column is lifted up, forming an eminence in the middle of the basin, and an overflow is the consequence. These detonations are evidently due to the production of steam in the ducts which feed the geyser tube, which steam, rushing into the cooler water of the tube, is there suddenly condensed, and produces the noise. In 1846 Professor Bunsen succeeded in determining, a few minutes before a great eruption, the temperature of the geyser tube, from top to bottom; and these observations revealed the extraordinary fact, that at no part of the tube did the water reach its boiling point.

In the annexed sketch [fig. 1] I have given, on one side, the temperatures actually observed, and on the other side the temperatures at which water would boil, taking into account the pressure of the atmosphere and of the superincumbent column of water. The nearest approach to the boiling point is at A, thirty feet from the bottom; but even here the water is 2° Centigrade, or more than $3\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahr., below the temperature at which it could boil. How then is it possible that an eruption could occur under such circumstances?

Fix your attention upon the water at the point A, where the temperature is within 2° C. of the

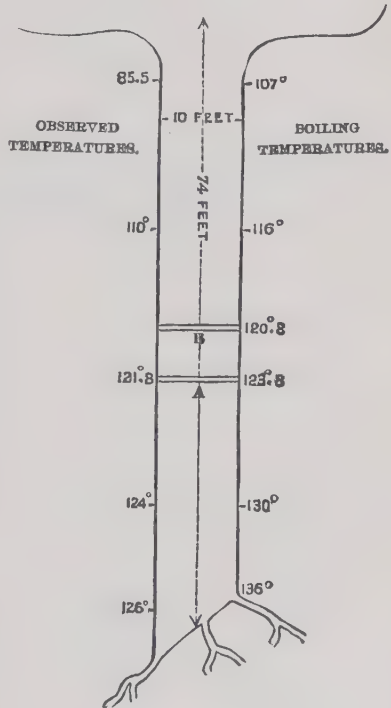


FIG. 1.

boiling point. Call to mind the lifting of the column when the detonations are heard. Let us suppose that by the entrance of steam from the ducts near the bottom of the tube, the geyser column is elevated six

feet, a height quite within the limits of actual observation; the water at A is thereby transferred to B. Its boiling point at A is 123.8° , and its actual temperature 121.8° ; but at B its boiling point is only 120.8° ; hence, when transferred from A to B, the heat which it possesses is in excess of that necessary to make it boil. This excess of heat is instantly applied to the generation of steam: the column is lifted higher, and the water below is further relieved. More steam is generated, and from the middle downwards the mass suddenly bursts into ebullition. The water above, mixed with steam-clouds, is projected into the atmosphere, and we have the geyser eruption in all its grandeur.

By its contact with the air the water is cooled, falls back into the basin, partially refills the tube, in which it gradually rises, and finally fills the basin as before. Detonations are heard at intervals, and risings of the water in the basin. These are so many futile attempts at an eruption, for not until the water in the tube comes sufficiently near its boiling temperature to make the lifting of the column effective, can we have a true eruption.

To the illustrious Bunsen we owe this beautiful theory, and now let us try to justify it by experiments.¹ Here is a tube of galvanized iron, six feet long, A B [fig. 2], surmounted by a basin, C D. It tapers from a diameter of 6 inches at the bottom to a diameter of $1\frac{5}{8}$ inch at the top. It is heated by a fire under-

¹ The first artificial geyser was, I believe, constructed by the late Dr. Bromeis of Marburg.

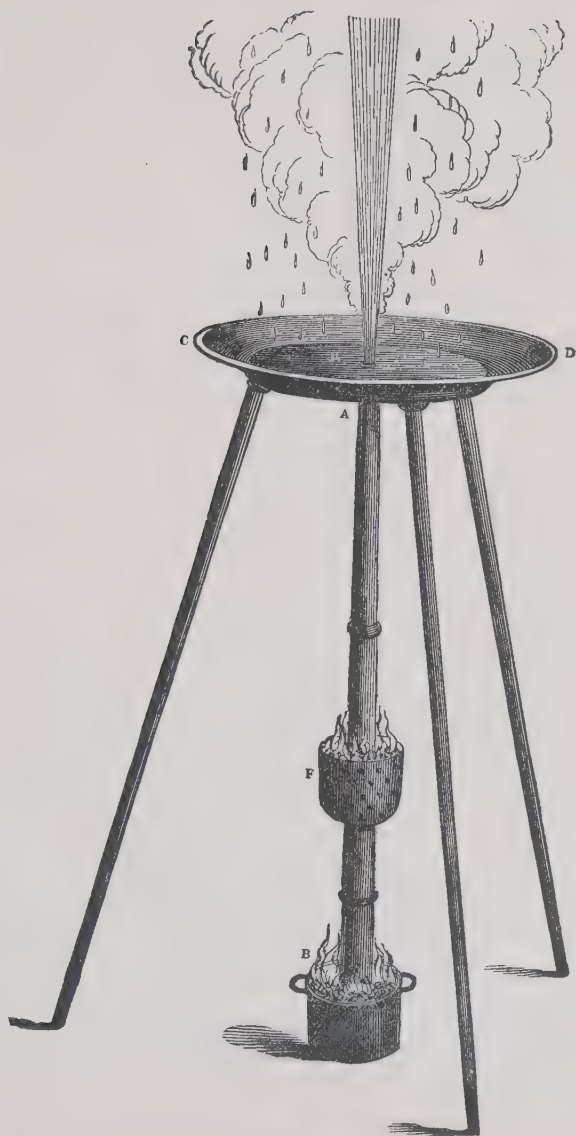


FIG. 2.

neath; and, to imitate as far as possible the condition of the geyser, the tube is encircled by a second fire, F, at a height of two feet from the bottom. Doubtless the high temperature of the water, at the corresponding part of the geyser tube, is due to a local action of the heated rocks. The tube is filled with water, which gradually becomes heated to the

boiling temperature; and regularly, every five minutes afterwards, the liquid is ejected into the atmosphere.

There is another famous spring in Iceland called the Strokkur, which is usually forced to explode by stopping its mouth with clods.

We can imitate the action of this spring by stopping the mouth of our tube A B — not too tightly be it observed — with a cork. The heating progresses. The steam finally attains sufficient tension to eject the cork, and the water, suddenly relieved from the pressure, bursts forth into the atmosphere.

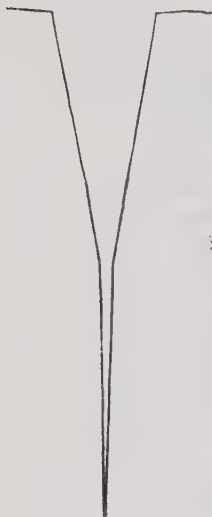


FIG. 3.

The ceiling of this room is nearly thirty feet from the floor, but the

eruption has reached the ceiling, from which the water now drips plentifully. In fig. [3] is given a section of the Strokkur.

By stopping our model geyser tube with corks, through which glass tubes of various lengths and diameters pass, the action of many of the other

eruptive springs of Iceland may be accurately imitated. We can readily, for example, produce an intermittent action; discharges of water and impetuous steam-gushes following each other in quick succession, the water being squirted in jets fifteen or twenty feet high. These experiments completely verify the theory of Bunsen, and we are relieved from the necessity of imagining underground caverns and syphons, filled with water and steam, which were formerly regarded as necessary to the production of these wonderful phenomena.

A moment's reflection will suggest to you that there must be a limit to the operations of the geyser. When the tube has reached such an altitude that the water in the depths below, owing to the increased pressure, cannot attain its boiling point, the eruptions of necessity cease. The spring, however, continues to deposit its silica, and often forms a *Laug*, or cistern. Some of those in Iceland are forty feet deep, and their beauty, according to Bunsen, is indescribable. Over the surface curls a light vapour, the water is of the purest azure, and tints with its own hue the fantastic incrustations on the cistern walls; while, at the bottom, is often seen the mouth of the once mighty geyser. There are in Iceland traces of vast, but now extinct, geyser operations. Mounds are observed, whose shafts are filled with rubbish, the water having forced a passage underneath and retired to other scenes of action. We have, in fact, the geyser in its youth, manhood, old age, and death here presented to us. In its youth,

as a simple thermal spring ; in its manhood, as the eruptive column ; in its old age, as the tranquil *Laug* ; while its death is recorded by the ruined shaft and forsaken mounds, which testify the fact of its once active existence.

GEORGE GROTE: THE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF GREECE

From "A History of Greece," London, 1869, vol. ii. pp. 216-230.

[The footnotes are omitted.]

I have chosen this specimen of explanatory description partly to show how description and exposition, in the ordinary use of the terms, run into each other, partly to emphasize the limitations and peculiar province of explanation by means of words, partly for the sake of the skilfully emphasized connectives.

The first point needs little illustration: a glance at the third paragraph will show that it may be called either exposition or description. The second point, the limitations of explanation by words, is made clear in the first sentence, in which Grote suggests that to understand the careful geographical description which immediately precedes this selection you must read with a map before you: as a matter of fact, the geographical description is unintelligible without the map. It is only when Grote turns from the pure topography to the consequences of it on the life of the people that words begin to serve his purpose better than the map. In the case of pure relations of time and space words are only a halting and clumsy means of explanation; for such matter use diagrams and symbols. On the other hand, for the more complex relations of concrete things in actual life, words which can name these concrete realities with all their connotations are your chief and your best dependence.

The third point, the skill with which Grote uses his connectives, I have discussed in the Introduction, p. 45.

By this brief sketch, which the reader will naturally compare with one of the recent maps of the country, it will be seen that Greece proper is among

the most mountainous territories in Europe. For although it is convenient, in giving a systematic view of the face of the country, to group the multiplicity of mountains into certain chains or ranges, founded upon approximative uniformity of direction; yet in point of fact there are so many ramifications and dispersed peaks — so vast a number of hills and crags of different magnitude and elevation — that a comparatively small proportion of the surface is left for level ground. Not only few continuous plains, but even few continuous valleys, exist throughout all Greece proper. The largest spaces of level ground are seen in Thessaly, in Ætolia, in the western portion of Peloponnesus, and in Bœotia; but irregular mountains, valleys, frequent but isolated, land-locked basins and declivities, which often occur but seldom last long, form the character of the country.

The islands of the Cyclades, Eubœa, Attica, and Laconia, consist for the most part of micaceous schist, combined with and often covered by crystalline granular limestone. The centre and west of Peloponnesus, as well as the country north of the Corinthian Gulf from the Gulf of Ambrakia to the strait of Eubœa, present a calcareous formation, varying in different localities as to colour, consistency, and hardness, but generally belonging or approximating to the chalk: it is often very compact, but is distinguished in a marked manner from the crystalline limestone above-mentioned. The two loftiest summits in Greece (both however lower than Olympus, estimated at 9700 feet) exhibit

Geological features.

this formation — Parnassus, which attains 8000 feet, and the point of St. Elias in Taygetus, which is not less than 7800 feet. Clay-slate and conglomerates of sand, lime and clay are found in many parts: a close and firm conglomerate of lime composes the Isthmus of Corinth: loose deposits of pebbles, and calcareous breccia, occupy also some portions of the territory. But the most important and essential elements of the Grecian soil consist of the diluvial and alluvial formations, with which the troughs and basins are filled up, resulting from the decomposition of the older adjoining rocks. In these reside the productive powers of the country, and upon these the grain and vegetables for the subsistence of the people depend. The mountain regions are to a great degree barren, destitute at present of wood or any useful vegetation, though there is reason to believe that they were better wooded in antiquity: in many parts, however, and especially in Ætolia and Akarnania, they afford plenty of timber, and in all parts pasture for the cattle during summer, at a time when the plains are thoroughly burnt up. For other articles of food, dependence must be had on the valleys, which are occasionally of singular fertility. The low grounds of Thessaly, the valley of the Kephissus and the borders of the lake Kopaïs in Bœotia, the western portion of Elis, the plains of Stratus on the confines of Akarnania, and Ætolia, and those near the river Pamisus in Messenia, both are now and were in ancient times remarkable for their abundant produce.

Besides the scarcity of wood for fuel, there is another serious inconvenience to which the low grounds of Greece are exposed, — the want of a supply of water at once adequate and regular. Abundance of rain falls during the autumnal and winter months, little or none during the summer; while the naked limestone of the numerous hills neither absorbs nor retains moisture, so that the rain runs off as rapidly as it falls. Springs are not numerous. Most rivers are torrents in early spring, and dry before the end of summer: the copious combinations of the ancient language designated the winter torrent by a special and separate word. The most considerable rivers in the country are, the Peneius, which carries off all the waters of Thessaly, finding an exit into the Ægean through the narrow defile which parts Ossa from Olympus, — and the Achelôus, which flows from Pindus in a southwesterly direction, separating Ætolia from Akarnania and emptying itself into the Ionian sea: the Euênus also takes its rise at a more southerly part of the same mountain-chain and falls into the same sea more to the eastward. The rivers more to the southward are unequal and inferior. Kephisus and Asôpus in Bœotia, Pamisus in Messenia, maintain each a languid stream throughout the summer; while the Inachus near Argos, and the Kephisus and Ilissus near Athens, present a scanty reality which falls short still more of their great poetical celebrity. The Alpheijs and the Spercheius are considerable streams — the Achelôus is still more

Irregularity of the
Grecian waters —
rivers dry in summer.

important. The quantity of mud which its turbid stream brought down and deposited, occasioned a sensible increase of the land at its embouchure, within the observation of Thucydidès.

But the disposition and properties of the Grecian territory, though not maintaining permanent rivers, are favourable to the multiplication of lakes and marshes. There are numer- Frequent marshes and lakes. ous hollows and enclosed basins, out of which the water can find no superficial escape, and where, unless it makes for itself a subterranean passage through rifts in the mountains, it remains either as a marsh or a lake according to the time of year. In Thesaly we find the lakes Nessônis and Bœbêis; in Ætolia, between the Achelôus and Euênus, Strabo mentions the lake of Trichônis, besides several other lakes, which it is difficult to identify individually, though the quantity of ground covered by lake and marsh is as a whole very considerable. In Bœotia are situated the lakes Kopais, Hylikê, and Harma; the first of the three formed chiefly by the river Kephissus, flowing from Parnassus on the northwest, and shaping for itself a sinuous course through the mountains of Phokis. On the northeast and east, the lake Kopais is bounded by the high land of Mount Ptôon, which intercepts its communication with the strait of Eubœa. Through the limestone of this mountain the water has either found or forced several subterraneous cavities, by which it obtains a partial egress on the other side of the rocky hill and then flows into the strait. The Katabothra, as they were termed in

antiquity, yet exist, but in an imperfect and half-obstructed condition. Even in antiquity however they never fully sufficed to carry off the surplus waters of the Kephissus; for the remains are still found of an artificial tunnel, pierced through the whole breadth of the rock, and with perpendicular apertures at proper intervals to let in the air from above. This tunnel—one of the most interesting remnants of antiquity, since it must date from the prosperous days of the old Orchomenus, anterior to its absorption into the Bœotian league, as well as to the preponderance of Thebes—is now choked up and rendered useless. It may perhaps have been designedly obstructed by the hand of an enemy. The scheme of Alexander the Great who commissioned an engineer from Chalkis to reopen it, was defeated first by discontents in Bœotia, and ultimately by his early death.

The Katabothra of the lake Kopais are a specimen of the phænomenon so frequent in Greece — lakes and rivers finding for themselves subterranean passages through the cavities in the limestone rocks, and even pursuing their unseen course for a considerable distance before they emerge to the light of day. In Arcadia, especially, several remarkable examples of subterranean water-communication occur: this central region of Peloponnesus presents a cluster of such completely enclosed valleys or basins.

It will be seen from these circumstances, that Greece, considering its limited total extent, offers but

Subterranean
course of rivers,
out of land-locked
basins.

little motive and still less of convenient means, for internal communication among its various inhabitants. Each village or township occupying its plain with the enclosing mountains, supplied its own main wants, whilst the transport of commodities by land was sufficiently difficult to discourage greatly any regular commerce with neighbours. In so far as the face of the interior country was concerned, it seemed as if nature had been disposed from the beginning to keep the population of Greece socially and politically disunited — by providing so many hedges of separation, and so many boundaries, generally hard, sometimes impossible, to overleap. One special motive to intercourse, however, arose out of this very geographical constitution of the country, and its endless alternation of mountain and valley. The difference of climate and temperature between the high and low grounds is very great; the harvest is secured in one place before it is ripe in another, and the cattle find during the heat of summer shelter and pasture on the hills, at a time when the plains are burnt up. The practice of transferring them from the mountains to the plain according to the change of season, which subsists still as it did in ancient times, is intimately connected with the structure of the country, and must from the earliest period have brought about communication among the otherwise disunited villages.

Difficulty of land communication and transport in Greece.

Such difficulties, however, in the internal transit by land were to a great extent counteracted by the large proportion of coast and the accessibility of the country

by sea. The prominences and indentations in the line of Grecian coast are hardly less remarkable than the multiplicity of elevations and depressions which everywhere mark the surface. The shape of Peloponnesus, with its three southern gulfs (the Argolic, Laconian and Messenian), was compared by the ancient geographers to the leaf of a plane-tree: the Pegasæan Gulf on the eastern side of Greece, and the Ambrakian Gulf on the western, with their narrow entrances and considerable area, are equivalent to internal lakes: Xenophôn boasts of the double sea which embraces so large a proportion of Attica, Ephorus of the triple sea by which Bœotia was accessible from west, north, and south — the Eubœan Strait opening a long line of country on both sides to coasting navigation. But the most important of all Grecian gulfs are the Corinthian and the Saronic, washing the northern and northeastern shores of Peloponnesus and separated by the narrow barrier of the Isthmus of Corinth. The former, especially, lays open Ætolia, Phokis, and Bœotia, as well as the whole northern coast of Peloponnesus, to water approach. Corinth in ancient times served as an entrepôt for the trade between Italy and Asia Minor — goods being unshipped at Lechæum, the port on the Corinthian Gulf, and carried by land across to Kenchreæ, the port on the Saronic: indeed, even the merchant vessels themselves, when not very large, were conveyed across by the same route. It was accounted a prodigious advantage to escape the necessity of sailing round Cape Malea: and the vio-

Indentations in
the line of coast —
universal accessi-
bility by sea.

lent winds and currents which modern experience attests to prevail around that formidable promontory, are quite sufficient to justify the apprehensions of the ancient Greek merchant, with his imperfect apparatus for navigation.

It will thus appear that there was no part of Greece Proper which could be considered as out of reach of the sea, while most parts of it were convenient and easy of access: in fact, the Arcadians were the only large section of the Hellenic name (we may add the Doric Tetrapolis and the mountaineers along the chain of Pindus and Tymphrêstus) who were altogether without a seaport. But Greece Proper constituted only a fraction of the entire Hellenic world, during the historical age; there were the numerous islands, and still more numerous continental colonies, all located as independent intruders on distinct points of the coast, in the Euxine, the Ægean, the Mediterranean and the Adriatic; and distant from each other by the space which separates Trebizond from Marseilles. All these various cities were comprised in the name Hellas, which implied no geographical continuity: all prided themselves on Hellenic blood, name, religion and mythical ancestry. As the only communication between them was maritime, so the sea, important even if we look to Greece Proper exclusively, was the sole channel for transmitting ideas and improvements, as well as for maintaining sympathies, social, political, religious, and literary, throughout these outlying members of the Hellenic aggregate.

Sea-communication essential for the islands and colonies.

The ancient philosophers and legislators were deeply impressed with the contrast between an inland

Views of the ancient philosophers on the influence of maritime habits and commerce.

and a maritime city : in the former, simplicity and uniformity of life, tenacity of ancient habits and dislike of what is new

or foreign, great force of exclusive sympathy and narrow range both of objects and ideas ; in the latter, variety and novelty of sensations, expansive imagination, toleration, and occasional preference for extraneous customs, greater activity of the individual and corresponding mutability of the state. This distinction stands prominent in the many comparisons instituted between the Athens of Periklês and the Athens of the earlier times down to Solôn. Both Plato and Aristotle dwell upon it emphatically — and the former especially, whose genius conceived the comprehensive scheme of prescribing beforehand and ensuring in practice the whole course of individual thought and feeling in his imaginary community, treats maritime communication, if pushed beyond the narrowest limits, as fatal to the success and permanence of any wise scheme of education. Certain it is that a great difference of character existed between those Greeks who mingled much in maritime affairs, and those who did

Difference between the land states and the sea states in Greece.

not. The Arcadian may stand as a type of the pure Grecian landsman, with his rustic and illiterate habits — his diet of sweet chestnuts, barley cakes and pork (as contrasted with the fish which formed the chief seasoning for the bread of an Athenian) — his superior courage and endurance — his reverence for Lacedæmonian head-

ship as an old and customary influence — his sterility of intellect and imagination as well as his slackness in enterprise — his unchangeable rudeness of relations with the gods, which led him to scourge and prick Pan if he came back empty-handed from the chase; while the inhabitant of Phôkæa or Milêtus exemplifies the Grecian mariner, eager in search of gain — active, skilful, and daring at sea, but inferior in steadfast bravery on land — more excitable in imagination as well as more mutable in character — full of pomp and expense in religious manifestations towards the Ephesian Artemis or the Apollo of Branchidæ: with a mind more open to the varieties of Grecian energy and to the refining influences of Grecian civilization. The Peloponnesians generally, and the Lacedæmonians in particular, approached to the Arcadian type — while the Athenians of the fifth century B. C. stood foremost in the other; superadding to it, however, a delicacy of taste, and a predominance of intellectual sympathy and enjoyments, which seem to have been peculiar to themselves.

The configuration of the Grecian territory, so like in many respects to that of Switzerland, produced two effects of great moment upon the character and history of the people. In the first place, it materially strengthened their powers of defence: it shut up the country against those invasions from the interior which successively subjugated all their continental colonies; and it at the same time rendered each fraction more difficult to be attacked by the rest, so as to exercise a

Effects of the configuration of Greece upon the political relations of the inhabitants.

certain conservative influence in assuring the tenure of actual possessors: for the pass of Thermopylæ between Thessaly and Phokis, that of Kithærôn between Bœotia and Attica, or the mountainous range of Oneion and Geraneaia along the Isthmus of Corinth, were positions which an inferior number of brave men could hold against a much greater force of assailants. But, in the next place, while it tended to protect each section of Greeks from being conquered, it also kept them politically disunited and perpetuated their separate autonomy. It fostered that powerful principle of repulsion, which disposed even the smallest township to constitute itself a political unit apart from the rest, and to resist all idea of coalescence with others, either amicable or compulsory. To a modern reader, accustomed to large political aggregations, and securities for good government through the representative system, it requires a certain mental effort to transport himself back to a time when even the smallest town clung so tenaciously to its right of self-legislation. Nevertheless, such was the general habit and feeling of the ancient world, throughout Italy, Sicily, Spain, and Gaul. Among the Hellenes it stands out more conspicuously, for several reasons — first, because they seem to have pushed the multiplication of autonomous units to an extreme point, seeing that even islands not larger than Peparêthos and Amorgos had two or three separate city communities: secondly, because they produced, for the first time in the history of mankind, acute systematic thinkers on matters of government, amongst all of whom the idea of the

autonomous city was accepted as the indispensable basis of political speculation; thirdly, because this incurable sub-division proved finally the cause of their ruin, in spite of pronounced intellectual superiority over their conquerors; and lastly, because incapacity of political coalescence did not preclude a powerful and extensive sympathy between the inhabitants of all the separate cities, with a constant tendency to fraternize for numerous purposes, social, religious, recreative, intellectual, and æsthetical. For these reasons, the indefinite multiplication of self-governing towns, though in truth a phenomenon common to ancient Europe as contrasted with the large monarchies of Asia, appears more marked among the ancient Greeks than elsewhere: and there cannot be any doubt that they owe it, in a considerable degree, to the multitude of insulating boundaries which the configuration of their country presented.

Nor is it rash to suppose that the same causes may have tended to promote that unborrowed intellectual development for which they stand so conspicuous. General propositions respecting the working of climate and physical agencies upon character are indeed treacherous; for our knowledge of the globe is now sufficient to teach us that heat and cold, mountain and plain, sea and land, moist and dry atmosphere, are all consistent with the greatest diversities of resident men: moreover, the contrast between the population of Greece itself, for the seven centuries preceding the Christian æra, and the Greeks of more modern times, is alone enough to

Effects upon their
intellectual devel-
opment.

inculcate reserve in such speculations. Nevertheless, we may venture to note certain improving influences, connected with their geographical position, at a time when they had no books to study, and no more advanced predecessors to imitate. We may remark, first, that their position made them at once mountaineers and mariners, thus supplying them with great variety of objects, sensations, and adventures; next, that each petty community, nestled apart amidst its own rocks, was sufficiently severed from the rest to possess an individual life and attributes of its own, yet not so far as to subtract it from the sympathies of the remainder; so that an observant Greek, commercing with a great diversity of half-countrymen, whose language he understood, and whose idiosyncrasies he could appreciate, had access to a larger mass of social and political experience than any other man in so unadvanced an age could personally obtain. The Phœnician, superior to the Greek on ship-board, traversed wider distances and saw a greater number of strangers, but had not the same means of intimate communion with a multiplicity of fellows in blood and language. His relations, confined to purchase and sale, did not comprise that mutuality of action and reaction which pervaded the crowd at a Grecian festival. The scene which here presented itself was a mixture of uniformity and variety highly stimulating to the observant faculties of a man of genius, — who at the same time, if he sought to communicate his own impressions, or to act upon this mingled and diverse audience, was forced to shake off what was peculiar

to his own town or community, and to put forth matter in harmony with the feelings of all. It is thus that we may explain in part that penetrating apprehension of human life and character, and that power of touching sympathies common to all ages and nations, which surprises us so much in the unlettered authors of the old epic. Such periodical intercommunion of brethren habitually isolated from each other, was the only means then open of procuring for the bard a diversified range of experience, and a many-coloured audience; and it was to a great degree the result of geographical causes. Perhaps among other nations such facilitating causes might have been found, yet without producing any result comparable to the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. But Homer was nevertheless dependent upon the conditions of his age, and we can at least point out those peculiarities in early Grecian society without which Homeric excellence would never have existed, — the geographical position is one, the language another.

J. R. GREEN: THE CONQUEST OF IRELAND

From "A Short History of the English People," London, 1888, pp. 444-451.

This example illustrates the way in which explanation may take any of the forms of writing in the rhetorics. To make you "understand the final conquest of Ireland," Green gives you a brief narrative. This narrative, it will be noticed, is swift, compact; and though graphic, yet it is limited to its special purpose. It should also be pointed out how here, as in all Mr. Green's work, the style is in itself finished and cultivated, and full of the warm feeling of the man who, as Mrs. Green tells us in the Introduction to the final and revised edition, had taken part as a boy in all the ancient customs of the city of Oxford "with excited fancy." It is worth while to quote too what she says of the labor by which this excellence was accomplished. "The sheets were written and re-written, corrected and cancelled and begun again, until it seemed as though revision would never have an end. 'The book is full of faults,' he declared sorrowfully, 'which make me almost hopeless of ever learning to write well.'" Green was no isolated instance of patient labor over style, however; we hear the same of most famous writers, from Swift to Newman¹ and Macaulay.

To understand however the final conquest of Ireland, we must retrace our steps to the reign of Henry the Second. The civilization of the island had at that time fallen far below the height which it had reached when its missionaries brought religion and learning to the shores of Northumbria.

¹ See p. 379.

Learning had almost disappeared. The Christianity which had been a vital force in the eighth century had died into asceticism and superstition by the twelfth, and had ceased to influence the morality of the people at large. The Church, destitute of any effective organization, was powerless to do the work which it had done elsewhere in Western Europe, or to introduce order into the anarchy of warring tribes. On the contrary, it shared the anarchy around it. Its head, the Coarb or Archbishop of Armagh, sank into the hereditary chieftain of a clan; its bishops were without dioceses, and often mere dependents of the greater monasteries. Hardly a trace of any central authority remained to knit the tribes into a single nation, though the King of Ulster claimed supremacy over his fellow-kings of Munster, Leinster, and Connaught; and even within these minor kingships the regal authority was little more than a name. The one living thing in the social and political chaos was the sept, or tribe, or clan, whose institutions remained those of the earliest stage of human civilization. Its chieftainship was hereditary, but, instead of passing from father to son, it was held by whoever was the eldest member of the ruling family at the time. The land belonging to the tribe was shared among its members, but re-divided among them at certain intervals of years. The practice of "fosterage," or adoption, bound the adopted child more closely to its foster-parents than to its family by blood. Every element of improvement or progress which had been introduced into the island disappeared in the long and

desperate struggle with the Danes. The coast-towns, such as Dublin or Waterford, which the invaders founded, remained Danish in blood and manners, and at feud with the Celtic tribes around them, though sometimes forced by the fortunes of war to pay tribute, and to accept, in name at least, the overlordship of the Irish Kings. It was through these towns however that the intercourse with England, which had ceased since the eighth century, was to some extent renewed in the eleventh. Cut off from the Church of the island by natural antipathy, the Danish coast-cities applied to the See of Canterbury for the ordination of their bishops, and acknowledged a right of spiritual supervision in Lanfranc and Anselm. The relations thus formed were drawn closer by the slave-trade, which the Conqueror and Bishop Wulfstan succeeded for a time in suppressing at Bristol, but which appears to have quickly revived. In the twelfth century Ireland was full of Englishmen, who had been kidnapped and sold into slavery, in spite of royal prohibitions and the spiritual menaces of the English Church. The state of the country afforded a legitimate pretext for war, had a pretext been needed by the ambition of Henry the Second; and within a few months of that King's coronation John of Salisbury was despatched to obtain the Papal sanction for an invasion of the island. The enterprise, as it was laid before Pope Hadrian the Fourth, took the colour of a crusade. The isolation of Ireland from the general body of Christendom, the absence of learning and civilization, the scandalous vices of

its people, were alleged as the grounds of Henry's action. It was the general belief of the time that all islands fell under the jurisdiction of the Papal See, and it was as a possession of the Roman Church that Henry sought Hadrian's permission to enter Ireland. His aim was "to enlarge the bounds of the Church, to restrain the progress of vices, to correct the manner of its people and to plant virtue among them, and to increase the Christian religion." He engaged to "subject the people to laws, to extirpate vicious customs, to respect the rights of the native Churches, and to enforce the payment of Peter's pence" as a recognition of the overlordship of the Roman See. Hadrian by his bull approved the enterprise as one prompted by "the ardour of faith and love of religion," and declared his will that the people of Ireland should receive Henry with all honour, and revere him as their lord. The Papal bull was produced in a great council of the English baronage, but the opposition of the Empress Matilda and the difficulties of the enterprise forced on Henry a temporary abandonment of his designs, and his energies were diverted for the moment to plans of continental aggrandizement.

Twelve years had passed when an Irish chieftain, Dermot, King of Leinster, presented himself at Henry's Court, and did homage to him for the dominions from which he had been driven in one of the endless civil wars which distracted the island. Dermot returned to Ireland with promises of aid from the English Knighthood; and was soon followed

by Robert FitzStephen, a son of the Constable of Cardigan, with a small band of a hundred and forty knights, sixty men-at-arms, and three or four hundred Welsh archers. Small as was the number of the adventurers, their horses and arms proved irresistible to the Irish kernes; a sally of the men of Wexford was avenged by the storm of their town; the Ossory clans were defeated with a terrible slaughter, and Dermod, seizing a head from the heap of trophies which his men piled at his feet, tore off in savage triumph its nose and lips with his teeth. The arrival of fresh forces under Maurice Fitzgerald heralded the coming of Richard of Clare, Earl of Pembroke and Striguil, a ruined baron later known by the nickname of Strongbow, who in defiance of Henry's prohibition landed near Waterford with a force of fifteen hundred men, as Dermod's mercenary. The city was at once stormed, and the united forces of the Earl and King marched to the siege of Dublin. In spite of a relief attempted by the King of Connaught, who was recognized as overking of the island by the rest of the tribes, Dublin was taken by surprise; and the marriage of Richard with Eva, Dermod's daughter, left him on the death of his father-in-law, which followed quickly on these successes, master of his kingdom of Leinster. The new lord had soon, however, to hurry back to England and appease the jealousy of Henry by the surrender of Dublin to the Crown, by doing homage for Leinster as an English lordship, and by accompanying the King in his voyage to the new dominion which

the adventurers had won. Had Henry been allowed by fortune to carry out his purpose, the conquest of Ireland would now have been accomplished. The King of Connaught indeed and the chiefs of northern Ulster refused him homage, but the rest of the Irish tribes owned his suzerainty; the bishops in synod at Cashel recognized him as their lord; and he was preparing to penetrate to the north and west, and to secure his conquest by a systematic erection of castles throughout the country, when the troubles which followed on the murder of Archbishop Thomas recalled him hurriedly to Normandy. The lost opportunity never returned. Connaught, indeed, bowed to a nominal acknowledgment of Henry's overlordship; John De Courcy penetrated into Ulster and established himself at Downpatrick; and the King planned for a while the establishment of his youngest son, John, as Lord of Ireland. But the levity of the young prince, who mocked the rude dresses of the native chieftains, and plucked them in insult by the beard, compelled his recall; and nothing but the feuds and weakness of the Irish tribes enabled the adventurers to hold the districts of Drogheda, Dublin, Wexford, Waterford, and Cork, which formed what was thenceforth known as the "English Pale."

Had the Irish driven their invaders into the sea, or the English succeeded in the complete conquest of Ireland, the misery of its after history might have been avoided. A struggle such as that in which Scotland drove out its conquerors might have produced a spirit of patriotism and national union, which

would have formed a people out of the mass of warring clans. A conquest such as that of England by the Normans would have spread at any rate the law, the order, the peace and civilization of the conquering country over the length and breadth of the conquered. Unhappily Ireland, while powerless to effect its deliverance, was strong enough to hold its assailants partially at bay. The country was broken into two halves, whose conflict has never ceased. The barbarism of the native tribes was only intensified by their hatred of the more civilized intruders. The intruders themselves, penned up in the narrow limits of the Pale, fell rapidly to the level of the barbarism about them. All the lawlessness, the ferocity, the narrowness of feudalism broke out unchecked in the horde of adventurers who held the land by their sword. It needed the stern vengeance of John, whose army stormed their strongholds, and drove the leading barons into exile, to preserve even their fealty to the English crown. John divided the Pale into counties, and ordered the observance of the English law; but the departure of his army was the signal for a return of the anarchy which he had trampled under foot. Every Irishman without the Pale was deemed an enemy and a robber, nor was his murder cognizable by the law. Half the subsistence of the barons was drawn from forays across the border, and these forays were avenged by incursions of native marauders, which carried havoc to the walls of Dublin. The English settlers in the Pale itself were harried and oppressed by enemy and protector alike;

while the feuds of the English lords wasted their strength and prevented any effective combination for conquest or defence. The landing of a Scotch force after Bannockburn with Edward Bruce at its head, and a general rising of the Irish which welcomed this deliverer, drove indeed the barons of the Pale to a momentary union; and in the bloody field of Athenree their valour was proved by the slaughter of eleven thousand of their foes, and the almost complete extinction of the sept of the O'Connors. But with victory returned anarchy and degradation. The barons sank more and more into Irish chieftains; the Fitz-Maurices, who became earls of Desmond, and whose great territory in the south was erected into a County Palatine, adopted the dress and manners of the natives around them; and the provisions of the Statute of Kilkenny were fruitless to check the growth of this evil. The Statute forbade the adoption by any man of English blood of the Irish language or name or dress; it enforced within the Pale the use of English law, and made that of the native or Brehon law, which was gaining ground, an act of treason; it made treasonable any marriage of the Englishry with persons of Irish blood, or any adoption of English children by Irish foster-fathers. But stern as they were, these provisions proved fruitless to check the fusion of the two races, while the growing independence of the Lords of the Pale threw off all but the semblance of obedience to the English government. It was this which stirred Richard the Second to a serious effort for the conquest and organization of

the island. He landed with an army at Waterford, and received the general submission of the native chieftains. But the Lords of the Pale held sullenly aloof; and Richard had no sooner quitted the island than the Irish in turn refused to carry out their promise of quitting Leinster. In 1398 his lieutenant in Ireland, the Earl of March, was slain in battle, and Richard resolved to complete his work by a fresh invasion; but the troubles in England soon interrupted his efforts, and all traces of his work vanished with the embarkation of his soldiers.

With the renewal of the French wars, and the outburst of the Wars of the Roses, Ireland was again left to itself, and English sovereignty over the island dwindled to a shadow. But at last Henry the Seventh took the country in hand. Sir Edward Poynings was despatched as deputy; the Lords of the Pale were scared by the seizure of their leader, the Earl of Kildare; the Parliament of the Pale was forbidden by the famous Poynings' Act to treat of any matters save those first approved of by the English King and his Council. For a while however the Lords of the Pale must still serve as the English garrison against the unconquered Irish, and Henry made his prisoner the Earl of Kildare Lord Deputy. "All Ireland cannot rule this man," grumbled his ministers. "Then shall he rule all Ireland," replied the King. But though Henry the Seventh had begun the work of bridling Ireland he had no strength for exacting a real submission; and the great Norman Lords of the Pale, the Butlers and Geraldines, the De la Poers

and the Fitzpatrick, though subjects in name, were in fact defiant of royal authority. In manners and outer seeming they had sunk into mere natives; their feuds were as incessant as those of the Irish septs; and their despotism over the miserable inhabitants of the Pale combined the horrors of feudal oppression with those of Celtic anarchy. Crushed by taxation, by oppression, by misgovernment, plundered alike by Celtic marauders and by the troops levied to disperse them, the wretched descendants of the first English settlers preferred even Irish misrule to English "order," and the border of the Pale retreated steadily towards Dublin. The towns of the seaboard, sheltered by their walls and their municipal self-government, formed the only exceptions to the general chaos; elsewhere throughout its dominions the English Government, though still strong enough to break down any open revolt, was a mere phantom of rule. From the Celtic tribes without the Pale even the remnant of civilization and of native union which had lingered on to the time of Strongbow had vanished away. The feuds of the Irish septs were as bitter as their hatred of the stranger; and the Government at Dublin found it easy to maintain a strife, which saved it the necessity of self-defence, among a people whose "nature is such that for money one shall have the son to war against his father, and the father against his child." During the first thirty years of the sixteenth century, the annals of the country which remained under native rule record more than a hundred raids and battles

between clans of the north alone. But the time was at last come for a vigorous attempt on the part of England to introduce order into this chaos of turbulence and misrule. To Henry the Eighth the policy which had been pursued by his father, of ruling Ireland through the great Irish lords, was utterly hateful. His purpose was to rule in Ireland as thoroughly and effectively as he ruled in England, and during the latter half of his reign he bent his whole energies to accomplish this aim. From the first hours of his accession, indeed, the Irish lords felt the heavier hand of a master. The Geraldines, who had been suffered under the preceding reign to govern Ireland in the name of the Crown, were quick to discover that the Crown would no longer stoop to be their tool. Their head, the Earl of Kildare, was called to England and thrown into the Tower. The great house resolved to frighten England again into a conviction of its helplessness; and a rising of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald followed the usual fashion of Irish revolts. A murder of the Archbishop of Dublin, a capture of the city, a repulse before its castle, a harrying of the Pale, ended in a sudden disappearance of the rebels among the bogs and forests of the border on the advance of the English forces. It had been usual to meet such an onset as this by a raid of the same character, by a corresponding failure before the castle of the rebellious noble, and a retreat like his own, which served as a preliminary to negotiations and a compromise. Unluckily for the Geraldines, Henry had resolved to take Ireland seriously in hand,

and he had Cromwell to execute his will. Skeffington, a new Lord Deputy, brought with him a train of artillery, which worked a startling change in the political aspect of the island. The castles which had hitherto sheltered rebellion were battered into ruins. Maynooth, a stronghold from which the Geraldines threatened Dublin and ruled the Pale at their will, was beaten down in a fortnight. So crushing and unforeseen was the blow that resistance was at once at an end. Not only was the power of the great Norman house which had towered over Ireland utterly broken, but only a single boy was left to preserve its name.

With the fall of the Fitzgeralds Ireland felt itself in a master's grasp. "Irishmen," wrote one of the Lord Justices to Cromwell, "were never in such fear as now. The King's sessions are being kept in five shires more than formerly." Not only were the Englishmen of the Pale at Henry's feet, but the kernes of Wicklow and Wexford sent in their submission; and for the first time in men's memory an English army appeared in Munster and reduced the south to obedience. A castle of the O'Briens, which guarded the passage of the Shannon, was carried by assault, and its fall carried with it the submission of Clare. The capture of Athlone brought about the reduction of Connaught, and assured the loyalty of the great Norman house of the De Burghs or Bourkes, who had assumed an almost royal authority in the west. The resistance of the tribes of the north was broken in the victory of Bellahoe. In seven years,

partly through the vigour of Skeffington's successor, Lord Leonard Grey, and still more through the resolute will of Henry and Cromwell, the power of the Crown, which had been limited to the walls of Dublin, was acknowledged over the length and breadth of Ireland. But submission was far from being all that Henry desired. His aim was to civilize the people whom he had conquered — to rule not by force but by law. But the only conception of law which the King or his ministers could frame was that of English law. The customary law which prevailed without the Pale, the native system of clan government and common tenure of land by the tribe, as well as the poetry and literature which threw their lustre over the Irish tongue, were either unknown to the English statesmen, or despised by them as barbarous. The one mode of civilizing Ireland and redressing its chaotic misrule which presented itself to their minds, was that of destroying the whole Celtic tradition of the Irish people — that of “making Ireland English” in manners, in law, and in tongue. The Deputy, Parliament, Judges, Sheriffs, which already existed within the Pale, furnished a faint copy of English institutions; and these, it was hoped, might be gradually extended over the whole island. The English language and mode of life would follow, it was believed, the English law. The one effectual way of bringing about such a change as this lay in a complete conquest of the island, and in its colonization by English settlers; but from this course, pressed on him as it was by his own lieutenants and by the

settlers of the Pale, even the iron will of Cromwell shrank. It was at once too bloody and too expensive. To win over the chiefs, to turn them by policy and a patient generosity into English nobles, to use the traditional devotion of their tribal dependents as a means of diffusing the new civilization of their chiefs, to trust to time and steady government for the gradual reformation of the country, was a policy safer, cheaper, more humane, and more statesman-like. It was this system which, even before the fall of the Geraldines, Henry had resolved to adopt; and it was this which he pressed on Ireland when the conquest laid it at his feet. The chiefs were to be persuaded of the advantage of justice and legal rule. Their fear of any purpose to "expel them from their lands and dominions lawfully possessed" was to be dispelled by a promise "to conserve them as their own." Even their remonstrances against the introduction of English law were to be regarded, and the course of justice to be enforced or mitigated according to the circumstances of the country. In the resumption of lands or rights which clearly belonged to the Crown "sober ways, politic shifts, and amiable persuasions" were to be preferred to rigorous dealing. It was this system of conciliation which was in the main carried out by the English Government under Henry and his two successors. Chieftain after chieftain was won over to the acceptance of the indenture which guaranteed him in the possession of his lands, and left his authority over his tribesmen untouched, on condition of a pledge of loyalty, of abstinence

from illegal wars and exactions on his fellow-subjects, and of rendering a fixed tribute and service in war-time to the Crown. The sole test of loyalty demanded was the acceptance of an English title, and the education of a son at the English court; though in some cases, like that of the O'Neils, a promise was exacted to use the English language and dress, and to encourage tillage and husbandry. Compliance with conditions such as these was procured, not merely by the terror of the royal name, but by heavy bribes. The chieftains in fact profited greatly by the change. Not only were the lands of the suppressed abbeys granted to them on their assumption of their new titles, but the English law-courts, ignoring the Irish custom by which the land belonged to the tribe at large, regarded the chiefs as sole proprietors of the soil.

J. R. GREEN : QUEEN ELIZABETH

From "A Short History of the English People," London, 1888, pp. 370-376.

This analysis is notable because it is put so rigidly in terms of specific fact. Almost any one knows what he thinks of another person's character ; it is only the person who has the genius and the perseverance to scrutinize the facts, to harmonize them, and to put them together without abstraction whose explanation is universally convincing. Facts, besides being stubborn, indeed because they are so, may be counted on to hold their savor and to have something like a fixed meaning for the feelings. Moreover, for the facts of human life mankind has an insatiable appetite: hence such an explanation as this will always have eager readers.

ENGLAND'S one hope lay in the character of her Queen. Elizabeth was now in her twenty-fifth year. Personally she had more than her mother's beauty ; her figure was commanding, her face long but queenly and intelligent, her eyes quick and fine. She had grown up amidst the liberal culture of Henry's court a bold horsewoman, a good shot, a graceful dancer, a skilled musician, and an accomplished scholar. She studied every morning the Greek Testament, and followed this by the tragedies of Sophocles or orations of Demosthenes, and could "rub up her rusty Greek" at need to bandy pedantry with a Vice-Chancellor. But she was far from being a mere pedant. The new

literature which was springing up around her found constant welcome in her court. She spoke Italian and French as fluently as her mother-tongue. She was familiar with Ariosto and Tasso. Even amidst the affectation and love of anagrams and puerilities which sullied her later years, she listened with delight to the "Faery Queen" and found a smile for "Master Spenser" when he appeared in her presence. Her moral temper recalled in its strange contrasts the mixed blood within her veins. She was at once the daughter of Henry and of Anne Boleyn. From her father she inherited her frank and hearty address, her love of popularity and of free intercourse with the people, her dauntless courage and her amazing self-confidence. Her harsh, manlike voice, her impetuous will, her pride, her furious outbursts of anger came to her with her Tudor blood. She rated great nobles as if they were schoolboys; she met the insolence of Essex with a box on the ear; she would break now and then into the gravest deliberations to swear at her ministers like a fishwife. But strangely in contrast with the violent outlines of her Tudor temper stood the sensuous, self-indulgent nature she derived from Anne Boleyn. Splendour and pleasure were with Elizabeth the very air she breathed. Her delight was to move in perpetual progresses from castle to castle through a series of gorgeous pageants, fanciful and extravagant as a caliph's dream. She loved gaiety and laughter and wit. A happy retort or a finished compliment never failed to win her favour. She hoarded jewels. Her dresses were in-

numerable. Her vanity remained, even to old age, the vanity of a coquette in her teens. No adulation was too fulsome for her, no flattery of her beauty too gross. "To see her was heaven," Hatton told her, "the lack of her was hell." She would play with her rings that her courtiers might note the delicacy of her hands; or dance a coranto that the French ambassador, hidden dexterously behind a curtain, might report her sprightliness to his master. Her levity, her frivolous laughter, her unwomanly jests gave colour to a thousand scandals. Her character in fact, like her portraits, was utterly without shade. Of womanly reserve or self-restraint she knew nothing. No instinct of delicacy veiled the voluptuous temper which had broken out in the romps of her girlhood and showed itself almost ostentatiously throughout her later life. Personal beauty in a man was a sure passport to her liking. She patted handsome young squires on the neck when they knelt to kiss her hand, and fondled her "sweet Robin," Lord Leicester, in the face of the court.

It was no wonder that the statesmen whom she outwitted held Elizabeth almost to the last to be little more than a frivolous woman, or that Philip of Spain wondered how "a wanton" could hold in check the policy of the Escorial. But the Elizabeth whom they saw was far from being all of Elizabeth. The wilfulness of Henry, the triviality of Anne Boleyn played over the surface of a nature hard as steel, a temper purely intellectual, the very type of reason untouched by imagination or passion. Luxurious and pleasure-

loving as she seemed, Elizabeth lived simply and frugally, and she worked hard. Her vanity and caprice had no weight whatever with her in state affairs. The coquette of the presence-chamber became the coolest and hardest of politicians at the council-board. Fresh from the flattery of her courtiers, she would tolerate no flattery in the closet; she was herself plain and downright of speech with her counsellors, and she looked for a corresponding plainness of speech in return. If any trace of her sex lingered in her actual statesmanship, it was seen in the simplicity and tenacity of purpose that often underlies a woman's fluctuations of feeling. It was this in part which gave her her marked superiority over the statesmen of her time. No nobler group of ministers ever gathered round a council-board than those who gathered round the council-board of Elizabeth. But she was the instrument of none. She listened, she weighed, she used or put by the counsels of each in turn, but her policy as a whole was her own. It was a policy, not of genius, but of good sense. Her aims were simple and obvious: to preserve her throne, to keep England out of war, to restore civil and religious order. Something of womanly caution and timidity perhaps backed the passionless indifference with which she set aside the larger schemes of ambition which were ever opening before her eyes. She was resolute in her refusal of the Low Countries. She rejected with a laugh the offers of the Protestants to make her "head of the religion" and "mistress of the seas." But her

amazing success in the end sprang mainly from this wise limitation of her aims. She had a finer sense than any of her counsellors of her real resources; she knew instinctively how far she could go, and what she could do. Her cold, critical intellect was never swayed by enthusiasm or by panic either to exaggerate or to under-estimate her risks or her power.

Of political wisdom indeed in its larger and more generous sense Elizabeth had little or none; but her political tact was unerring. She seldom saw her course at a glance, but she played with a hundred courses, fitfully and discursively, as a musician runs his fingers over the key-board, till she hit suddenly upon the right one. Her nature was essentially practical and of the present. She distrusted a plan in fact just in proportion to its speculative range or its outlook into the future. Her notion of statesmanship lay in watching how things turned out around her, and in seizing the moment for making the best of them. A policy of this limited, practical, tentative order was not only best suited to the England of her day, to its small resources and the transitional character of its religious and political belief, but it was one eminently suited to Elizabeth's peculiar powers. It was a policy of detail, and in details her wonderful readiness and ingenuity found scope for their exercise. "No War, my Lords," the Queen used to cry imperiously at the council-board, "No War!" but her hatred of war sprang less from her aversion to blood or to expense, real as was her aversion to both,

than from the fact that peace left the field open to the diplomatic manœuvres and intrigues in which she excelled. Her delight in the consciousness of her ingenuity broke out in a thousand puckish freaks, freaks in which one can hardly see any purpose beyond the purpose of sheer mystification. She revelled in "bye-ways" and "crooked ways." She played with grave cabinets as a cat plays with a mouse, and with much of the same feline delight in the mere embarrassment of her victims. When she was weary of mystifying foreign statesmen she turned to find fresh sport in mystifying her own ministers. Had Elizabeth written the story of her reign she would have prided herself, not on the triumph of England or the ruin of Spain, but on the skill with which she had hoodwinked and out-witted every statesman in Europe during fifty years. Nor was her trickery without political value. Ignoble, inexpressibly wearisome as the Queen's diplomacy seems to us now, tracing it as we do through a thousand despatches, it succeeded in its main end. It gained time, and every year that was gained doubled Elizabeth's strength. Nothing is more revolting in the Queen, but nothing is more characteristic, than her shameless mendacity. It was an age of political lying, but in the profusion and recklessness of her lies Elizabeth stood without a peer in Christendom. A falsehood was to her simply an intellectual means of meeting a difficulty; and the ease with which she asserted or denied whatever suited her purpose was only equalled by the cynical indifference with which

she met the exposure of her lies as soon as their purpose was answered. The same purely intellectual view of things showed itself in the dexterous use she made of her very faults. Her levity carried her gaily over moments of detection and embarrassment where better women would have died of shame. She screened her tentative and hesitating statesmanship under the natural timidity and vacillation of her sex. She turned her very luxury and sports to good account. There were moments of grave danger in her reign when the country remained indifferent to its perils, as it saw the Queen give her days to hawking and hunting, and her nights to dancing and plays. Her vanity and affectation, her womanly fickleness and caprice, all had their part in the diplomatic comedies she played with the successive candidates for her hand. If political necessities made her life a lonely one, she had at any rate the satisfaction of averting war and conspiracies by love sonnets and romantic interviews, or of gaining a year of tranquillity by the dexterous spinning out of a flirtation.

As we track Elizabeth through her tortuous mazes of lying and intrigue, the sense of her greatness is almost lost in a sense of contempt. But wrapped as they were in a cloud of mystery, the aims of her policy were throughout temperate and simple, and they were pursued with a singular tenacity. The sudden acts of energy which from time to time broke her habitual hesitation proved that it was no hesitation of weakness. Elizabeth could wait and finesse;

but when the hour was come she could strike, and strike hard. Her natural temper indeed tended to a rash self-confidence rather than to self-distrust. She had, as strong natures always have, an unbounded confidence in her luck. "Her Majesty counts much on Fortune," Walsingham wrote bitterly; "I wish she would trust more in Almighty God." The diplomatists who censured at one moment her irresolution, her delay, her changes of front, censure at the next her "obstinacy," her iron will, her defiance of what seemed to them inevitable ruin. "This woman," Philip's envoy wrote after a wasted remonstrance, "this woman is possessed by a hundred thousand devils." To her own subjects, indeed, who knew nothing of her manœuvres and retreats, of her "bye-ways" and "crooked ways," she seemed the embodiment of dauntless resolution. Brave as they were, the men who swept the Spanish Main or glided between the icebergs of Baffin's Bay never doubted that the palm of bravery lay with their Queen. Her steadiness and courage in the pursuit of her aims was equalled by the wisdom with which she chose the men to accomplish them. She had a quick eye for merit of any sort, and a wonderful power of enlisting its whole energy in her service. The sagacity which chose Cecil and Walsingham was just as unerring in its choice of the meanest of her agents. Her success, indeed, in securing from the beginning of her reign to its end, with the single exception of Leicester, precisely the right men for the work she set them to do sprang in great meas-

ure from the noblest characteristic of her intellect. If in loftiness of aim, her temper fell below many of the tempers of her time, in the breadth of its range, in the universality of its sympathy it stood far above them all. Elizabeth could talk poetry with Spenser and philosophy with Bruno; she could discuss Eu-phuism with Lyly, and enjoy the chivalry of Essex; she could turn from talk of the last fashions to pore with Cecil over despatches and treasury books; she could pass from tracking traitors with Walsingham to settle points of doctrine with Parker, or to calculate with Frobisher the chances of a north-west passage to the Indies. The versatility and many-sidedness of her mind enabled her to understand every phase of the intellectual movement of her day, and to fix by a sort of instinct on its higher representatives. But the greatness of the Queen rests above all on her power over her people. We have had grander and nobler rulers, but none so popular as Elizabeth. The passion of love, of loyalty, of admiration which finds its most perfect expression in the "Faery Queen," throbbed as intensely through the veins of her meanest subjects. To England, during her reign of half a century, she was a virgin and a Protestant Queen; and her immorality, her absolute want of religious enthusiasm, failed utterly to blur the brightness of the national ideal. Her worst acts broke fruitlessly against the general devotion. A Puritan, whose hand she cut off in a freak of tyrannous resentment, waved his hat with the hand that was left, and shouted, "God save Queen Elizabeth!" Of her faults, indeed, Eng-

land beyond the circle of her court knew little or nothing. The shiftings of her diplomacy were never seen outside the royal closet. The nation at large could only judge her foreign policy by its main outlines, by its temperance and good sense, and above all by its success. But every Englishman was able to judge Elizabeth in her rule at home, in her love of peace, her instinct of order, the firmness and moderation of her government, the judicious spirit of conciliation and compromise among warring factions which gave the country an unexampled tranquillity at a time when almost every other country in Europe was torn with civil war. Every sign of the growing prosperity, the sight of London as it became the mart of the world, of stately mansions as they rose on every manor, told, and justly told, in Elizabeth's favour. In one act of her civil administration she showed the boldness and originality of a great ruler; for the opening of her reign saw her face the social difficulty which had so long impeded English progress, by the issue of a commission of inquiry which ended in the solution of the problem by the system of poor-laws. She lent a ready patronage to the new commerce; she considered its extension and protection as a part of public policy, and her statue in the centre of the London Exchange was a tribute on the part of the merchant class to the interest with which she watched and shared personally in its enterprises. Her thrift won a general gratitude. The memories of the Terror and of the Martyrs threw into bright relief the aversion from bloodshed which

was conspicuous in her earlier reign, and never wholly wanting through its fiercer close. Above all there was a general confidence in her instinctive knowledge of the national temper. Her finger was always on the public pulse. She knew exactly when she could resist the feeling of her people, and when she must give way before the new sentiment of freedom which her policy unconsciously fostered. But when she retreated, her defeat had all the grace of victory; and the frankness and unreserve of her surrender won back at once the love that her resistance had lost. Her attitude at home in fact was that of a woman whose pride in the well-being of her subjects, and whose longing for their favour, was the one warm touch in the coldness of her natural temper. If Elizabeth could be said to love anything, she loved England. "Nothing," she said to her first parliament in words of unwonted fire, "nothing, no worldly thing under the sun, is so dear to me as the love and good-will of my subjects." And the love and goodwill which were so dear to her she fully won.

She clung perhaps to her popularity the more passionately that it hid in some measure from her the terrible loneliness of her life. She was the last of the Tudors, the last of Henry's children; and her nearest relatives were Mary Stuart and the House of Suffolk, one the avowed, the other the secret claimant of her throne. Among her mother's kindred she found but a single cousin. Whatever womanly tenderness she had, wrapt itself around Leicester; but a marriage with Leicester was impossible, and

every other union, could she even have bent to one, was denied to her by the political difficulties of her position. The one cry of bitterness which burst from Elizabeth revealed her terrible sense of the solitude of her life. "The Queen of Scots," she cried at the birth of James, "has a fair son, and I am but a barren stock." But the loneliness of her position only reflected the loneliness of her nature. She stood utterly apart from the world around her, sometimes above it, sometimes below it, but never of it. It was only on its intellectual side that Elizabeth touched the England of her day. All its moral aspects were simply dead to her. It was a time when men were being lifted into nobleness by the new moral energy which seemed suddenly to pulse through the whole people; when honour and enthusiasm took colours of poetic beauty, and religion became a chivalry. But the finer sentiments of the men around her touched Elizabeth simply as the fair tints of a picture would have touched her. She made her market with equal indifference out of the heroism of William of Orange or the bigotry of Philip. The noblest aims and lives were only counters on her board. She was the one soul in her realm whom the news of St. Bartholomew stirred to no thirst for vengeance; and while England was thrilling with its triumph over the Armada, its Queen was coolly grumbling over the cost, and making her profit out of the spoiled provisions she had ordered for the fleet that saved her. To the voice of gratitude, indeed, she was for the most part deaf. She accepted services such

as were never rendered to any other English sovereign without a thought of return. Walsingham spent his fortune in saving her life and her throne, and she left him to die a beggar. But, as if by a strange irony, it was to this very want of sympathy that she owed some of the grander features of her character. If she was without love she was without hate. She cherished no petty resentments ; she never stooped to envy or suspicion of the men who served her. She was indifferent to abuse. Her good-humour was never ruffled by the charges of wantonness and cruelty with which the Jesuits filled every Court in Europe. She was insensible to fear. Her life became at last the mark for assassin after assassin, but the thought of peril was the one hardest to bring home to her. Even when the Catholic plots broke out in her very household she would listen to no proposals for the removal of Catholics from her court.

JOHN TYNDALL: THE ENERGY OF NATURE

From "Heat a Mode of Motion," New York, 1897, pp. 526-536.

This piece of exposition, as the analysis below proves, though of almost poetical fervor of imagination, is exact and logical in its thought and structure. I have printed it here, however, chiefly because it illustrates so admirably the way in which strong feeling can raise pure exposition to the level of literature. See the Introduction, p. 59. In its final results the scientific imagination is not very different from the poetic imagination; Mr. Kipling in "MacAndrews' Hymn" has made most stirring and inspiring poetry out of the product of mechanics. Perhaps the difference between the two forms of the imaginative power is that where the scientific man expresses his space and time destroying conceptions in symbols and abstractions which are intelligible only to his fellows, the poet puts his into concrete images which may be felt and understood by all men. This example, moreover, shows the way in which a larger view may illuminate and set glowing facts which to a smaller mind would be merely a mass of figures and formulæ. As I have insisted in the Introduction, no exposition can be thoroughly good which has not some of the warmth and color of a personal reaction to the facts.

The analysis is as follows:—

The sun is the source of all the energy of nature.

I. The energy which is stored up by the separation of atoms can be released by combining them.

A. (1) In plants the solar rays decompose the carbonic acid and water.

(2) Burning reverses the process and sets free the heat, as in the consumption of coal.

- B. Animals (1) take the separated atoms from plants, and
(2) combine them by the combustion of the vital processes.
(3) The will creates nothing; it only directs.
(4) The contraction of a muscle makes heat and wastes oxygen.

II. (1) Just as water once raised performs work,
(2) so the energy of the sun once stored up is redistributed according to the form of the atoms and molecules.

III. Material combinations do not touch thought.

IV. These generalisations lead to inconceivably sublime conceptions of the universe.

SEVEN-AND-FORTY years ago, the following remarkable passage, bearing upon this subject, was written by Sir John Herschel.¹ 'The sun's rays are the ultimate source of almost every motion which takes place on the surface of the earth. By its heat are produced all winds, and those disturbances in the electric equilibrium of the atmosphere which gives rise to the phenomena of lightning, and probably also to terrestrial magnetism and the Aurora. By their vivifying action vegetables are enabled to draw support from inorganic matter, and become in their turn the support of animals and man, and the source of those great deposits of dynamical efficiency which are laid up for human use in our coal strata. By them the waters of the sea are made to circulate in vapour through the air, and irrigate the land, producing springs and rivers. By them are produced all disturbances of the chemical equilibrium of the elements of nature, which by a series of compositions and decompositions give rise to new products and originate

¹ "Outlines of Astronomy," 1833.

a transfer of materials. Even the slow degradation of the solid constituents of the surface, in which its chief geological change consists, is almost entirely due, on the one hand, to the abrasion of wind or rain and the alternation of heat and frost; on the other, to the continual beating of sea waves agitated by winds, the results of solar radiation. Tidal action (itself partly due to the sun's agency) exercises here a comparatively slight influence. The effect of oceanic currents (mainly originating in that influence), though slight in abrasion, is powerful in diffusing and transporting the matter abraded; and when we consider the immense transfer of matter so produced, the increase of pressure over large spaces in the bed of the ocean, and diminution over corresponding portions of the land, we are not at a loss to perceive how the elastic force of subterranean fires, thus repressed on the one hand and released on the other, may break forth in points where the resistance is barely adequate to their retention, and thus bring the phenomena of even volcanic activity under the general law of solar influence.'

This fine passage requires but the breadth of recent investigation to convert it into an exposition of the law of the conservation of energy, as applied to both the organic and inorganic world. Late discoveries have taught us that winds and rivers have their definite thermal values, and that, in order to produce their motion, an equivalent amount of solar heat has been consumed. While they exist as winds and rivers, the heat expended in producing them has

ceased to exist, being converted into mechanical motion; but when that motion is arrested, the heat which produced it is restored. A river, in descending from an elevation of 7,720 feet, generates an amount of heat competent to augment its own temperature 10° Fahr., and this amount of heat was abstracted from the sun, in order to lift the matter of the river to the elevation from which it falls. As long as the river continues on the heights, whether in the solid form as a glacier, or in the liquid form as a lake, the heat expended by the sun in lifting it has disappeared from the universe. It has been consumed in the act of lifting. But at the moment that the river starts upon its downward course, and encounters the resistance of its bed, the heat expended in its elevation begins to be restored. The mental eye, indeed, can follow the emission from its source; through the ether as vibratory motion; to the ocean, where it ceases to be vibration, and assumes the potential form, among the molecules of aqueous vapour; to the mountain-top, where the heat absorbed in vaporization is given out in condensation, while that expended by the sun in lifting the water to that elevation is still unrestored. This we find paid back to the last unit — by the friction along the river's bed; at the bottom of the cascades where the plunge of the torrent is suddenly arrested; in the warmth of the machinery turned by the river; in the spark from the millstone; beneath the crusher of the miner; in the Alpine saw-mill; in the milk-churn of the châlet; in the supports of the cradle in which the mountaineer,

by water power, rocks his baby to sleep. All the forms of mechanical motion here indicated are simply the parcelling out of an amount of calorific motion, derived originally from the sun; and wherever the mechanical motion is destroyed, or diminished, it is the sun's heat which is restored.

ENERGIES OF PLANTS AND ANIMALS.

We have thus far dealt with the sensible motions and energies which the sun produces and confers; but there are other motions and energies, whose relations are not so obvious. Trees and vegetables grow upon the earth, and when burned they give rise to heat, from which immense quantities of mechanical energy are derived. What is the source of this energy? Let me try to put the answer into plain words. You see this iron rust, produced by the falling together of the atoms of iron and oxygen; you cannot see this transparent carbonic acid gas, which is formed by the union of carbon and oxygen. The atoms thus united resemble a weight resting on the earth; their mutual attraction is satisfied. But as I can wind up the weight, and prepare it for another fall; even so these atoms can be wound up, separated from each other, and thus enabled to repeat the process of combination.

In the building of plants, carbonic acid is the material from which the carbon of the plant is derived, while water is the substance from which it obtains its hydrogen. The solar rays wind up the weight. They sever the united atoms, setting the oxygen free, and allowing the carbon and the hydro-

gen to aggregate in woody fibre. If the sun's rays fall upon a surface of sand, the sand is heated, and finally radiates away as much heat as it receives; let the same rays fall upon a forest; then the quantity of heat given back is less than that received, for a portion of the sunlight is invested in the building of the trees. We have already seen how heat is consumed in forcing asunder the atoms of bodies; and how it reappears, when the attraction of the separated atoms comes again into play.¹ The precise considerations which we then applied to heat, we have now to apply to light, for it is at the expense of the solar light that the chemical decomposition takes place. Without the sun, the reduction of the carbonic acid and water cannot be effected; and, in this act, an amount of solar energy is consumed, exactly equivalent to the molecular work done.

Combustion is the reversal of this process of reduction, and all the energy invested in a plant reappears as heat, when the plant is burned. I ignite this bit of cotton, it bursts into flames; the oxygen again unites with its carbon, and an amount of heat is given out, equal to that originally sacrificed by the sun to form the bit of cotton. So also as regards the 'deposits of dynamical efficiency' laid up in our coal strata; they are simply the sun's rays in a potential form. We dig from our pits, annually, more than a hundred million tons of coal, the mechanical equivalent of which is of almost fabulous vastness. The combustion of a single pound of coal, in one

¹ Lecture V.

minute, is equal to the work of three hundred horses for the same time. It would require nearly one hundred and fifty millions of horses, working day and night with unimpaired strength for a year, to perform an amount of work equivalent to the energy which the sun of the Carboniferous epoch invested in one year's produce of our coal pits.

The farther we pursue this subject, the more its interest and its wonder grow upon us. You have learned how a sun may be produced by the mere exercise of gravitating force; that by the collision of cold dark planetary masses the light and heat of our central orb, and also of the fixed stars, may be obtained. But here we find the physical powers, derived or derivable from the action of gravity upon dead matter, introducing themselves at the very root of the question of vitality. We find in solar light and heat the very mainspring of vegetable life.

Nor can we halt at the vegetable world, for it, mediately or immediately, is the source of all animal life. Some animals feed directly on plants, others feed upon their herbivorous fellow-creatures; but all, in the long run, derive life and energy from the vegetable world; all, therefore, as Helmholtz has remarked, may trace their lineage to the sun. In the animal body the carbon and hydrogen of the vegetable are again brought near the oxygen from which they had been divorced, and which is now supplied by the lungs. Reunion takes place, and animal heat is the result. Save as regards intensity, there is no difference between the combustion that thus goes on within

us, and that of an ordinary fire. The products of combustion are in both cases the same, namely, carbonic acid and water. Looking then at the physics of the question, we see that the formation of a vegetable is a process of winding up, while the formation of an animal is a process of running down. This is the rhythm of Nature as applied to animal and vegetable life.

But is there nothing in the human body to liberate it from that chain of necessity which the law of conservation coils around inorganic nature? Look at two men upon a mountain side, with apparently equal physical strength; the one will sink and fail, while the other scales the summit. Has not volition, in this case, a creative power? Physically considered, the law that rules the operations of a steam-engine rules the operations of the climber. For every pound raised by the former, an equivalent quantity of its heat disappears; and for every step the climber ascends, an amount of heat, equivalent jointly to his own weight and the height to which it is raised, is lost to his body. The strong will can draw largely upon the physical energy furnished by the food; but it can *create* nothing. The function of the will is to *apply* and *direct*, not to create.¹

I have just said that, as a climber ascends a mountain, heat disappears from his body; the same statement applies to animals performing work. It would appear to follow from this, that the body ought to grow colder, in the act of climbing or of working,

See "Muscular Heat in Relation to Work," p. 83.

whereas universal experience proves it to grow warmer. The solution of this seeming contradiction is found in the fact, that when the muscles are exerted, augmented respiration, and increased chemical action, set in. The fan which urges oxygen into the fire within is more briskly moved; and thus, though heat actually disappears as we climb, the loss is more than covered by the increased activity of the chemical processes.

By means of a modification of the thermo-electric pile, Becquerel and Breschet proved heat to be developed in a muscle when it contracts. Billroth and Fick have also found that in the case of persons who die of tetanus, the temperature of the muscles is sometimes nearly eleven degrees Fahrenheit in excess of the normal temperature. Helmholtz has shown that the muscles of dead frogs, in contracting, produce heat; and an extremely important result as regards the influence of contraction has been obtained by Ludwig and his pupils. Arterial blood, you know, is charged with oxygen: when this blood passes through a muscle in an ordinary uncontracted state, it is changed into venous blood which still retains about $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of oxygen. But if the arterial blood pass through a *contracted* muscle, it is almost wholly deprived of its oxygen, the quantity remaining amounting, in some cases, to only $1\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. Another result of the augmented combustion within the muscles when in a state of activity, is an increase in the amount of carbonic acid expired from the lungs. Dr. Edward Smith has shown that the

quantity of this gas expired during periods of great exertion may be five times that expired in a state of repose.

The grand point permanent throughout all these considerations is, that *nothing new is created in physical nature*. We can make no movement which is not accounted for by the contemporaneous extinction of some other movement. And how complicated soever the motions of animals may be, whatever may be the change which the molecules of our food undergo within our bodies, the whole energy of animal life consists in the falling of the atoms of carbon and hydrogen and nitrogen from the high level which they occupy in the food, to the low level which they occupy when they quit the body. But what has enabled the carbon and the hydrogen to fall? What first raised them to the level which rendered the fall possible? We have already learned that it is the sun. Not only is the sun chilled, that we may have our external fires, but he is likewise chilled, that we may have our internal warmth and our powers of locomotion.

The subject is of such vast importance, and is so sure to tinge the whole future course of philosophic thought, that I will dwell upon it a little longer, and endeavour, by reference to analogical processes, to give you a clearer idea of the part played by the sun in vital actions. We can raise water by mechanical action to a high level; and that water, in descending by its own gravity, may be made to assume a variety of forms, and to perform various kinds of mechanical work. It may be made to fall in cascades, rise

in fountains, twirl in eddies, or flow along a uniform bed. It may, moreover, be employed to turn wheels, lift hammers, grind corn, or drive piles. But all the energy exhibited by the water during its descent is merely the parcelling out and distribution of the original energy which raised it up on high. In this precise sense is the energy of man and animals the parcelling out and distribution of an energy originally exerted by the sun.

But the question is not yet exhausted. The water which we used in our first illustration produces all the motion displayed in its descent, but the *form* of the motion depends on the character of the machinery interposed in the path of the water. Thus also the primary action of the sun's rays is qualified by the atoms and molecules among which their power is distributed. Molecular forces determine the form which the solar energy will assume. In the one case this energy is so conditioned by its atomic machinery as to result in the formation of a cabbage; in another case it results in the formation of an oak. So also as regards the reunion of the carbon and the oxygen in the animal — the form of their reunion is determined by the molecular machinery through which the combining energy acts. In one case the germ determines the formation of a man, in another the formation of a frog. All the philosophy of the present day tends to show that it is the directing and compounding, in the organic world, of forces belonging equally to the inorganic, that constitute the mystery and the miracle of vitality.

In discussing the material combinations which result in the formation of the human organism, it is impossible to avoid taking side glances at the phenomena of consciousness and thought. Science has asked daring questions, and will, no doubt, continue to ask such. Problems will assuredly present themselves to men of a future age, which, if enunciated now, would appear to most people as the direct offspring of insanity. Still, though the progress and development of science may seem to be unlimited, there is a region beyond her reach — a line with which she does not even tend to inosculate. Given the masses and distances of the planets, we can infer the perturbations consequent on their mutual attractions. Given the nature of a disturbance in water, air, or ether, we can infer from the properties of the medium how its particles will be affected. In all this we deal with physical laws, and the mind runs freely along the line which connects the phenomena, from beginning to end. But when we endeavour to pass, by a similar process, from the region of physics to that of thought, we meet a problem not only beyond our present powers, but transcending any conceivable expansion of the powers we now possess. We may think over the subject again and again, but it eludes all intellectual presentation. The origin of the material universe is equally inscrutable. Thus, having exhausted science, and reached its very rim, the real mystery of existence still looms around us. And thus it will ever loom — ever beyond the bourne of man's intellect — giving

the poets of successive ages just occasion to declare that

“ We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded by a sleep.”

Still, presented rightly to the mind, the discoveries and generalisations of modern science constitute a poem more sublime than has ever yet addressed the human imagination. The natural philosophers of to-day may dwell amid conceptions which beggar those of Milton. Look at the integrated energies of our world,—the stored power of our coal-fields; our winds and rivers; our fleets, armies, and guns. What are they? They are all generated by a portion of the sun’s energy, which does not amount to $\frac{1}{2,300,000,000}$ of the whole. This is the entire fraction of the sun’s force intercepted by the earth, and we may convert but a small fraction of this fraction into mechanical energy. Multiplying all our powers by millions of millions, we do not reach the sun’s expenditure. And still, notwithstanding this enormous drain, in the lapse of human history we are unable to detect a diminution of his store. Measured by our largest terrestrial standards, such a reservoir of power is infinite; but it is our privilege to rise above these standards, and to regard the sun himself as a speck in infinite extension — a mere drop in the universal sea. We analyse the space in which he is immersed, and which is the vehicle of his power. We pass to other systems and other suns, each pouring forth energy like our own, but still without

infringement of the law, which reveals immutability in the midst of change, which recognises incessant transference or conversion, but neither final gain nor loss. The energy of Nature is a constant quantity, and the utmost man can do in the pursuit of physical truth, or in the applications of physical knowledge, is to shift the constituents of the never-varying total, sacrificing one if he would produce another. The law of conservation rigidly excludes both creation and annihilation. Waves may change to ripples, and ripples to waves — magnitude may be substituted for number, and number for magnitude — asteroids may aggregate to suns, suns may invest their energy in floræ and faunæ, and floræ and faunæ may melt in air — the flux of power is eternally the same. It rolls in music through the ages, while the manifestations of physical life, as well as the display of physical phenomena, are but the modulations of its rhythm.

JOHN CHURTON COLLINS: SWIFT'S RELATIONSHIP TO STELLA

From "Jonathan Swift," London, 1893, ch. vi. pp. 146-157.

Here is a good example of the summing-up of evidence: the specific facts are collected and stated: the evidence on which opposing assertions are based is examined and weighed; and the case is compactly summed up at the end. So brief an argument must necessarily pass over detail without discussion: at best it can do little more than sum up a discussion that has been thrashed out at greater length. Its virtue is to be concrete and well massed. For further discussion of it, see the Introduction, pp. 70-72, 85.

BUT it is only right to say that those who have judged him thus harshly have proceeded on an assumption which would, if correct, have greatly modified this view of the question. If Swift was the husband of Esther Johnson, it may be admitted, without the smallest hesitation, that his conduct was all that his enemies would represent. It was at once cruel and mean; it was at once cowardly and treacherous; it was at once lying and hypocritical. In that case every visit he paid, every letter he wrote, to Miss Vanhomrigh subsequent to 1716 was derogatory to him. We may go further. In that case, we are justified in believing the very worst of him, not only in his relations with Stella and Vanessa, but in his relations

with men and the world. In that case, there is no ambiguous action, either in his public or in his private career, which does not become pregnant with suspicion. For, in that case, he stands convicted of having passed half his life in systematically practising, and in compelling the woman he loved to practise systematically, the two vices which of all vices he professed to hold in the deepest abhorrence. Those who know anything of Swift know with what loathing he always shrank from anything bearing the remotest resemblance to duplicity and falsehood. As a political pamphleteer he might, like his brother-penmen, allow himself licence, but in the ordinary intercourse of life it was his habit to exact and assume absolute sincerity. It was the virtue, indeed, on which he ostentatiously prided himself; it was the virtue by which, in the opinion of those who were intimate with him, he was most distinguished. ‘Dr. Swift may be described,’ observed Bolingbroke on one occasion, ‘as a hypocrite reversed.’ He was never known to tell an untruth.

In discussing, therefore, the question of his supposed marriage, the point at issue is not simply whether he was the husband of Esther Johnson, but whether we are to believe him capable of acting in a manner wholly inconsistent with his principles and his reputation — in other words, whether we are to believe that a man, whose scrupulous veracity and whose repugnance to falsehood in any form were proverbial, would, with the object of concealing what there was surely no adequate motive for concealing,

deliberately devise the subtlest and most elaborate system of hypocrisy ever yet exposed to the world. It is scarcely necessary to say that the documents bearing on Swift's relations with Esther Johnson are very voluminous, and, from a biographical point of view, of unusual value. We have the verses which he was accustomed to send to her on the anniversary of her birthday. We have the "Journal" addressed to her during his residence in London. We have allusions to her in his most secret memoranda. We have the letters written in agony to Worrall, Stopford, and Sheridan, when he expected that every post would bring him news of her death. We have the prayers which he offered up at her bedside during her last hours; and we have the whole history of his acquaintance with her, written with his own hand while she was lying unburied in her coffin — a history intended for no eye but his own. Now, from the beginning to the end of these documents, there is not one line which could by any possibility be tortured into an indication that she was his wife. Throughout the language is the same. He addresses her as the 'kindest and wisest of his friends.' He described her in his "Memoir" as 'the truest, most virtuous and valuable friend that I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with.' In all his letters he alludes to her in similar terms. In the Diary at Holyhead she is his 'dearest friend.' At her bedside, when the end was hourly expected, he prays for her as his 'dear and useful friend.' 'There is not,' he writes to Dr. Stopford on the occasion of

Stella's fatal illness, 'a greater folly than that of entering into too strict and particular friendship, with the loss of which a man must be absolutely miserable, but especially at an age when it is too late to engage in a new friendship; besides, this was a person of my own rearing and instructing from childhood; but, pardon me, I know not what I am saying, but, believe me, that violent friendship is much more lasting and engaging than violent love.' If Stella was his wife, could hypocrisy go further? ¹ It is certain that he not only led all who were acquainted with him to believe that he was unmarried, but, whenever he spoke of wedlock he spoke of it as a thing utterly alien to his tastes and inclinations. 'I never yet,' he once said to a gentleman who was speaking to him about marriage, 'saw the woman I would wish to make my wife.' It would be easy to multiply instances, both in his correspondence and in his recorded conversation, in which, if

¹ Is it credible that a man could have addressed a woman who had, if the theory of the marriage is true, been his wife for four years, in lines like these—lines, we may add, intended for no eyes but her own? —

"Thou, Stella, wert no longer young
When first for thee my harp was strung
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes or bleeding hearts.
With friendship and esteem possess'd
I ne'er admitted love a guest.
In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new;
But his pursuits are at an end
Whom Stella chooses for a friend."

he was even formally a married man, he went out of his way to indulge in unnecessary hypocrisy. What, again, could be more improbable than that Esther Johnson, a woman of distinguished piety, nay, a woman whose detestation of falsehood formed, as Swift has himself told us, one of her chief attractions, would when on the point of death, preface her will with a wholly gratuitous lie? For not only is that will signed with her maiden name, but in the first clause she describes herself as an unmarried woman.

The external evidence against the marriage appears equally conclusive. If there was any person entitled to speak with authority on the subject, that person was assuredly Mrs. Dingley. For twenty-nine years, from the commencement, that is to say, of Swift's intimate connection with Stella till the day of Stella's death, she had been her inseparable companion, her friend and confidant. She had shared the same lodgings with her; it was understood that Swift and Esther were to have no secrets apart from her. When they met, they met in her presence; what they wrote, passed, by Swift's special request, through her hands. Now it is well known that Mrs. Dingley was convinced that no marriage had ever taken place. The whole story was, she said, an idle tale. Two of Stella's executors, Dr. Corbet and Mr. Rochford, distinctly stated that no suspicion of a marriage had ever even crossed their minds, though they had seen the Dean and Esther together a thousand times. Swift's housekeeper, Mrs. Brent, a shrewd and observant woman, who resided at the deanery during the whole

period of her master's intimacy with Miss Johnson, was satisfied that there had been no marriage. So said Mrs. Ridgeway, who succeeded her as house-keeper, and who watched over the Dean in his declining years. But no testimony could carry greater weight than that of Dr. John Lyon. He was one of Swift's most intimate friends, and, when the state of the Dean's health was such that it had become necessary to place him under surveillance, Lyon was the person selected to undertake the duty. He lived with him at the deanery ; he had full control over his papers ; he was consequently brought into contact with all who corresponded with him, and with all who visited him. He had thus at his command every contemporary source of information. Not long after the story was first circulated, he set to work to ascertain, if possible, the truth. The result of his investigations was to convince him that there was absolutely no foundation for it but popular gossip, unsupported by a particle of evidence.

Such is the testimony against the marriage. Let us now briefly review the evidence in its favour. The first writer who mentions it is Orrery, and his words are these: 'Stella was the concealed but undoubted wife of Dr. Swift, and if my informations are right, she was married to him in the year 1716 by Dr. Ash, then Bishop of Clogher.'¹ On this we need merely remark that he offers no proof whatever of what he asserts, though he must have known well enough that what he asserted was contrary to cur-

¹ "Remarks," p. 22.

rent tradition; that in thus expressing himself he was guilty of gross inconsistency, as he had nine years before maintained the opposite opinion;¹ and that there is every reason to believe that he resorted to this fiction, as he resorted to other fictions, with the simple object of seasoning his narrative with the piquant scandal in which he notoriously delighted. The next deponent is Delany,² whose independent testimony would undoubtedly have carried great weight with it. But Delany simply follows Orrery, without explaining his reason for doing so, without bringing forward anything in proof of what Orrery had stated, and without contributing a single fact on his own authority. Then comes Deane Swift.³ All that he contributes to the question is simply the statement that he was thoroughly persuaded that Swift was married to Stella in or about 1716. But he gives no explanation of what induced his persuasion, and admits that there was no evidence at all of the marriage. And, unsatisfactory as his testimony is, it is rendered more so by the fact that some years before he had, in a letter to Lord Orrery, stated that to many the marriage seemed based only 'on a buzz and rumors.'⁴ Such was the story in its first stage. In 1780 a new particular was added, and a new authority cited. The new particular was that the marriage took place in the garden; the new author-

¹ See his letter to Deane Swift, dated Dec. 4, 1742; Scott, xix. 336.

² "Observations on Orrery's Remarks," p. 52 *seqq.*

³ "Essay on the Life and Writings of Swift," p. 92 *seqq.*

⁴ "Orrery Papers," quoted by Mr. Craik.

ity was Dr. Samuel Madden, and the narrator was Dr. Johnson. Of Madden it may suffice to say that there is no proof that he was acquainted either with Swift himself or with any member of Swift's circle; that in temper and blood he was half French, half Irish; and that as a writer he is chiefly known as the author of a work wilder and more absurd than the wildest and most absurd of Whiston's prophecies or Asgill's paradoxes. On the value of the unsupported testimony of such a person there is surely no necessity for commenting. Next comes Sheridan's account, which, as it adds an incident very much to Swift's discredit, it is necessary to examine with some care. The substance of it is this:—that, at the earnest solicitation of Stella, Swift consented to marry her; that the marriage ceremony was performed without witnesses, and on two conditions—first, that they should continue to live separately; and secondly, that their union should remain a secret; that for some years these conditions were observed, but that on her death-bed Stella implored Swift to acknowledge her as his wife; that to this request Swift made no reply, but, turning on his heel, left the room, and never afterwards saw her. The first part of this story he professes to have derived from Mrs. Sican, the second part from his father. We have no right to charge Sheridan with deliberate falsehood, but his whole account of Swift's relations with Miss Johnson teems with inconsistencies and improbabilities so glaring that it is impossible to place the smallest confidence in what he says. He

here tells us that the marriage had been kept a profound secret; in another place he tells us that Stella had herself communicated it to Miss Vanhomrigh. He admits that the only unequivocal proof of the marriage is the evidence of Dr. Sheridan, and yet in his account of the marriage he cites as his authority, not Dr. Sheridan, but Mrs. Sican. But a single circumstance is, perhaps, quite sufficient to prove the utterly untrustworthy character of his assertions. He informs us, on the authority of his father, that Stella was so enraged by Swift's refusal to acknowledge her his wife, that to spite and annoy him she bequeathed her fortune to a public charity. A reference to Swift's correspondence¹ will show that it was in accordance with his wishes that she thus disposed of her property. A reference to the will itself will show that, so far from expressing ill-will towards him, she left him her strong box and all her papers. Nor is this all. His statement is flatly contradicted both by Delany and by Deane Swift. Delany tells us that he had been informed by a friend that Swift had earnestly desired to acknowledge the marriage, but that Stella had wished it to remain a secret. Deane Swift assured Orrery, on the authority of Mrs. Whiteway, that Stella had told Sheridan 'that Swift had offered to declare the marriage to the world, but that she had refused.' Again, Sheridan asserts that his father, Dr. Sheridan, was present during the supposed conversation between Swift and Stella. Mrs. Whiteway, on the contrary, assured Deane

¹ See Swift's letter to Worrall, dated July 15, 1726.

Swift that Dr. Sheridan was not present on that occasion.¹

This brings us to the last deponent whose evidence is worth consideration. In 1789 Mr. Monck-Berkeley² brought forward the authority of a Mrs. Hearne, who was, it seems, a niece of Esther Johnson, to prove that the Dean had made Stella his wife. As nothing, however, is known of the history of Mrs. Hearne, and as she cited nothing in corroboration of her statement, except vaguely that it was a tradition among her relatives — a tradition which was, of course, just as likely to have had its origin from the narratives of Orrery and Delany as in any authentic communication — no importance whatever can be attached to it. But the evidence on which Monck-Berkeley chiefly relied was not that of Mrs. Hearne. ‘I was,’ he says, ‘informed by the relict of Bishop Berkeley that her husband had assured her of the truth of Swift’s marriage, as the Bishop of Clogher, who had performed the ceremony, had himself communicated the circumstance to him.’ If this could be depended on, it would, of course, settle the question; but, unfortunately for Monck-Berkeley and for Monck-Berkeley’s adherents, it can be conclusively proved that no such communication could have taken place. In 1715, a year before the supposed marriage was solemnized, Berkeley was in Italy where he remained till 1721. Between 1716 and 1717 it is cer-

¹ For Sheridan’s narrative, see section vi. of his “Life of Swift.”

² See Monck-Berkeley’s “Inquiry into the Life of Dean Swift,” prefixed to his “Literary Relics,” xxvi.-xxix.

tain that the Bishop of Clogher never left Ireland, and at the end of 1717 he died. As for the testimony on which Scott lays so much stress—the story, that is to say, about Mrs. Whiteway having heard Swift mutter to Stella that ‘if she wished, it should be owned,’ and of having heard Stella sigh back to Swift that ‘it was too late’—it need only be observed, first, that it was communicated about seventy years after the supposed words had been spoken, not by the son of Mrs. Whiteway, who, had he known of it or had he attached the smallest importance to it, would have inserted it in his “Memoirs of Swift,” but by her grandson, Theophilus Swift, who was the laughing-stock of all who knew him;¹ secondly, it was admitted that those words, and that those words only, had been heard, and that consequently there was nothing to indicate either that the words themselves, or that the conversation of which they formed a portion, had any reference to the marriage.

How, then, stands the case? Even thus. Against the marriage we have the fact that there is no documentary evidence of its having been solemnized; that, so far from there being any evidence of it deducible from the conduct of Swift and Stella, Orrery himself admits that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to prove, that they had ever been alone together during their whole lives. We have the fact that Esther John-

¹ Those who would understand what Theophilus Swift was would do well to turn to “The Touch-stone of Truth uniting Mr. Swift’s late Correspondence with the Rev. Dr. Dobbin and his Family.” Such another fool probably never existed out of fiction.

son, at a time when there could have been no possible motive for falsehood, emphatically asserted that she was unmarried: the fact that Swift led everyone to believe that he was unmarried: the fact that Esther Johnson's bosom friend and inseparable companion was satisfied that there had been no marriage: the fact that two of Swift's housekeepers, two of Stella's executors, and Dr. Lyon, were satisfied that there had been no marriage. It is easy to say that all that has been advanced merely proves that the marriage was a secret, and that the secret was well kept. But that is no answer. The question must be argued on evidence; and it is incumbent on those who insist, in the teeth of such evidence as has been adduced, that a marriage was solemnized, to produce evidence as satisfactory. This they have failed to do. Till they have done so, let us decline to charge Swift with mendacity and hypocrisy, and to convict him of having acted both meanly and treacherously in his dealings with the two women whose names will for all time be bound up with his. In itself it matters not two straws to any one whether Swift was or was not the husband of Stella. But the point of importance is this. If he was the husband of Stella, his conduct to Miss Vanhomrigh admits of no defence — it was unmanly and dishonourable. If he was not married to Stella, the fate of her rival leaves no stain on his memory. Moral courage in a man's relations with men is, it is true, quite compatible with moral cowardice in his relations with women, but that this deplorable anomaly finds illustration in Swift is at

present mere assumption. However, it is too late now to reverse, or even to modify, the verdict of the world. The story of Stella and Vanessa soon passed from essayists and biographers to novelists and poets. Not long after Swift's death appeared, dedicated to the Countess of Pembroke, a wretched fiction entitled "The Amours and Intrigues of a certain Irish Dean." Chauffepié, in his supplements to Bayle's "Dictionary," scattered, in an article on Swift, the traditions of Orrery, Delany, and Deane Swift broadcast over Europe. The romance arrested Lessing, who founded on it his famous domestic drama "Miss Sara Sampson." Then it was consecrated by the genius of Goethe, and his Stella made it a household word wherever German was spoken. It has formed the plot of more than one romance in French. It is now going the round of Mr. Mudie's readers in a three-volume novel.

WILLIAM JAMES: THE WILL TO BELIEVE

From "The Will to Believe and Other Essays in Popular Philosophy,"
New York and London, 1897, pp. 1-31.¹

This essay is for many reasons an admirable piece of argumentative writing. In the first place, it carefully defines its terms; and it defines them in such a way that the definition has a potent share in the argument: if the distinction between the different kinds of options between hypotheses be once accepted, the rest of the argument may be looked at as merely a shrewd and conclusive application of the definitions. In the second place, each step in the argument is carefully and distinctly labelled: every section begins with a specific connective which exactly explains the transition that is to be made. In the third place, the point at issue, on which hangs the validity of the explanation which Professor James offers, is explicitly stated and thrown into unmistakable clearness: see pp. 67 and 70. Furthermore, even in so abstract a subject the discussion is always warm with the rush of the personal feeling; in Professor James's writings ideas have more color and vitality than living men and women in most other people's; the universe is for him no cold abstraction necessary as a basis of philosophic thought, but a very real and concrete complex of sensations. Herein lies not only the charm but the power of his style: he has no words for pale unrealities of thought; he writes always in terms of the things which visibly and palpably impinge on the actual conduct of life. Accordingly the concreteness of his words stirs your feelings by putting abstract ideas into terms of physical sensation. Finally, in the substance of this argument is contained most of the wisdom of the whole art of argument.

¹ Copyright 1896, by Professor William James.

If you can make the option before your reader seem to him *living, forced, and momentous*, you have gone a long way to prove your point. And when Professor James says that "our passionate nature not only lawfully may, but must decide an option between propositions" he is stating the psychological cause of the part which the appeal to the feelings plays in argument. Indeed from this essay one can put together pretty much the whole psychological groundwork of argument.

The chapter on Reasoning in Professor James's "Principles of Psychology," Vol. II. p. 325, is also full of light for the maker of arguments.

IN the recently published life by Leslie Stephen of his brother, Fitz-James, there is an account of a school to which the latter went when he was a boy. The teacher, a certain Mr. Guest, used to converse with his pupils in this wise: "Gurney, what is the difference between justification and sanctification? — Stephen, prove the omnipotence of God!" etc. In the midst of our Harvard free-thinking and indifference we are prone to imagine that here at your good old orthodox College¹ conversation continues to be somewhat upon this order; and to show you that we at Harvard have not lost all interest in these vital subjects, I have brought with me to-night something like a sermon on justification by faith to read to you, — I mean an essay in justification of faith, a defence of our right to adopt a believing attitude in religious matters, in spite of the fact that our merely logical intellect may not have been coerced. 'The Will to Believe,' accordingly, is the title of my paper.

¹ [The Essay is an address which was delivered to the Philosophical Clubs of Yale and Brown Universities.]

I have long defended to my own students the lawfulness of voluntarily adopted faith; but as soon as they have got well imbued with the logical spirit, they have as a rule refused to admit my contention to be lawful philosophically, even though in point of fact they were personally all the time chock-full of some faith or other themselves. I am all the while, however, so profoundly convinced that my own position is correct, that your invitation has seemed to me a good occasion to make my statements more clear. Perhaps your minds will be more open than those with which I have hitherto had to deal. I will be as little technical as I can, though I must begin by setting up some technical distinctions that will help us in the end.

I

Let us give the name of *hypothesis* to anything that may be proposed to our belief; and just as the electricians speak of live and dead wires, let us speak of any hypothesis as either *live* or *dead*. A live hypothesis is one which appeals as a real possibility to him to whom it is proposed. If I ask you to believe in the Mahdi, the notion makes no electric connection with your nature, — it refuses to scintillate with any credibility at all. As an hypothesis it is completely dead. To an Arab, however (even if he be not one of the Mahdi's followers), the hypothesis is among the mind's possibilities: it is alive. This shows that deadness and liveness in an hypothesis are not in-

trinsic properties, but relations to the individual thinker. They are measured by his willingness to act. The maximum of liveness in an hypothesis means willingness to act irrevocably. Practically, that means belief; but there is some believing tendency wherever there is willingness to act at all.

Next, let us call the decision between two hypotheses an *option*. Options may be of several kinds. They may be — 1, *living* or *dead*; 2, *forced* or *avoidable*; 3, *momentous* or *trivial*; and for our purposes we may call an option a *genuine* option when it is of the forced, living, and momentous kind.

1. A living option is one in which both hypotheses are live ones. If I say to you: "Be a theosophist or be a Mohammedan," it is probably a dead option, because for you neither hypothesis is likely to be alive. But if I say: "Be an Agnostic or be a Christian," it is otherwise: trained as you are, each hypothesis makes some appeal, however small, to your belief.

2. Next, if I say to you: "Choose between going out with your umbrella or without it," I do not offer you a genuine option, for it is not forced. You can easily avoid it by not going out at all. Similarly, if I say, "Either love me or hate me," "Either call my theory true or call it false," your option is avoidable. You may remain indifferent to me, neither loving nor hating, and you may decline to offer any judgment as to my theory. But if I say, "Either accept this truth or go without it," I put on you a forced option, for there is no standing place outside of the alternative. Every dilemma based on a complete logical disjunc-

tion, with no possibility of not choosing, is an option of this forced kind.

3. Finally, if I were Dr. Nansen and proposed to you to join my North Pole expedition, your option would be momentous; for this would probably be your only similar opportunity, and your choice now would either exclude you from the North Pole sort of immortality altogether or put at least the chance of it into your hands. He who refuses to embrace a unique opportunity loses the prize as surely as if he tried and failed. *Per contra*, the option is trivial when the opportunity is not unique, when the stake is insignificant, or when the decision is reversible if it later prove unwise. Such trivial options abound in the scientific life. A chemist finds an hypothesis live enough to spend a year in its verification: he believes in it to that extent. But if his experiments prove inconclusive either way, he is quit for his loss of time, no vital harm being done.

It will facilitate our discussion if we keep all these distinctions well in mind.

II

The next matter to consider is the actual psychology of human opinion. When we look at certain facts, it seems as if our passional and volitional nature lay at the root of all our convictions. When we look at others, it seems as if they could do nothing when the intellect had once said its say. Let us take the latter facts up first.

Does it not seem preposterous on the very face of it to talk of our opinions being modifiable at will? Can our will either help or hinder our intellect in its perceptions of truth? Can we, by just willing it, believe that Abraham Lincoln's existence is a myth, and that the portraits of him in "McClure's Magazine" are all of some one else? Can we, by any effort of our will, or by any strength of wish that it were true, believe ourselves well and about when we are roaring with rheumatism in bed, or feel certain that the sum of the two one dollar bills in our pocket must be a hundred dollars? We can *say* any of these things, but we are absolutely impotent to believe them; and of just such things is the whole fabric of the truths that we do believe in made up, — matters of fact, immediate or remote, as Hume said, and relations between ideas, which are either there or not there for us if we see them so, and which if not there cannot be put there by any action of our own.

In Pascal's "Thoughts" there is a celebrated passage known in literature as Pascal's wager. In it he tries to force us into Christianity by reasoning as if our concern with truth resembled our concern with the stakes in a game of chance. Translated freely his words are these: You must either believe or not believe that God is — which will you do? Your human reason cannot say. A game is going on between you and the nature of things which at the day of judgment will bring out either heads or tails. Weigh what your gains and your losses would be if you should stake all you have on heads, or God's

existence: if you win in such case, you gain eternal beatitude; if you lose, you lose nothing at all. If there were an infinity of chances, and only one for God in this wager, still you ought to stake your all on God; for though you surely risk a finite loss by this procedure, any finite loss is reasonable, even a certain one is reasonable, if there is but the possibility of infinite gain. Go, then, and take holy water, and have masses said; belief will come and stupefy your scruples — *Cela vous fera croire et vous abêtira*. Why should you not? At bottom what have you to lose?

You probably feel that when religious faith expresses itself thus, in the language of the gaming-table, it is put to its last trumps. Surely Pascal's own personal belief in masses and holy water had far other springs; and this celebrated page of his is but an argument for others, a last desperate snatch at a weapon against the hardness of the unbelieving heart. We feel that a faith in masses and holy water adopted wilfully after such a mechanical calculation would lack the inner soul of faith's reality; and if we were ourselves in the place of the Deity, we should probably take particular pleasure in cutting off believers of this pattern from their infinite reward. It is evident that unless there be some pre-existing tendency to believe in masses and holy water, the option offered to the will by Pascal is not a living option. Certainly no Turk ever took to masses and holy water on its account; and even to us Protestants these means of salvation seem such foregone impossibilities that Pascal's logic, invoked for them specifically,

leaves us unmoved. As well might the Mahdi write to us, saying, "I am the Expected One whom God has created in his effulgence. You shall be infinitely happy if you confess me; otherwise you shall be cut off from the light of the sun. Weigh, then, your infinite gain if I am genuine against your finite sacrifice if I am not!" His logic would be that of Pascal; but he would vainly use it on us, for the hypothesis he offers us is dead. No tendency to act on it exists in us to any degree.

The talk of believing by our volition seems, then, from one point of view, simply silly. From another point of view, it is worse than silly, it is vile. When one turns to the magnificent edifice of the physical sciences, and sees how it was reared; what thousands of disinterested moral lives of men lie buried in its mere foundations; what patience and postponement, what choking down of preference, what submission to the icy laws of outer fact are wrought into its very stones and mortar; how absolutely impersonal it stands in its vast augustness, — then how besotted and contemptible seems every little sentimentalist who comes blowing his voluntary smoke-wreaths, and pretending to decide things from out of his private dream! Can we wonder if those bred in the rugged and manly school of science should feel like spewing such subjectivism out of their mouths? The whole system of loyalties which grow up in the schools of science go dead against its toleration; so that it is only natural that those who have caught the scientific fever should pass over to the opposite extreme, and write some-

times as if the incorruptibly truthful intellect ought positively to prefer bitterness and unacceptableness to the heart in its cup.

“ It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so — ”

sings Clough, while Huxley exclaims: “ My only consolation lies in the reflection that, however bad our posterity may become, so far as they hold by the plain rule of not pretending to believe what they have no reason to believe, because it may be to their advantage so to pretend [the word ‘pretend’ is surely here redundant], they will not have reached the lowest depth of immorality.” And that delicious *enfant terrible* Clifford writes: “ Belief is desecrated when given to unproved and unquestioned statements for the solace and private pleasure of the believer. . . . Whoso would deserve well of his fellows in this matter will guard the purity of his belief with a very fanaticism of jealous care, lest at any time it should rest on an unworthy object, and catch a stain which can never be wiped away. . . . If [a] belief has been accepted on insufficient evidence [even though the belief be true, as Clifford on the same page explains] the pleasure is a stolen one. . . . It is sinful because it is stolen in defiance of our duty to mankind. That duty is to guard ourselves from such beliefs as from a pestilence which may shortly master our own body and then spread to the rest of the town. . . . It is wrong always, everywhere, and for every one, to believe anything upon insufficient evidence.”

III

All this strikes one as healthy, even when expressed, as by Clifford, with somewhat too much of robustious pathos in the voice. Free-will and simple wishing do seem, in the matter of our credences, to be only fifth wheels to the coach. Yet if any one should thereupon assume that intellectual insight is what remains after wish and will and sentimental preference have taken wing, or that pure reason is what then settles our opinions, he would fly quite as directly in the teeth of the facts.

It is only our already dead hypotheses that our willing nature is unable to bring to life again. But what has made them dead for us is for the most part a previous action of our willing nature of an antagonistic kind. When I say 'willing nature,' I do not mean only such deliberate volitions as may have set up habits of belief that we cannot now escape from, — I mean all such factors of belief as fear and hope, prejudice and passion, imitation and partisanship, the circumpressure of our caste and set. As a matter of fact we find ourselves believing, we hardly know how or why. Mr. Balfour gives the name of 'authority' to all those influences, born of the intellectual climate, that make hypotheses possible or impossible for us, alive or dead. Here in this room, we all of us believe in molecules and the conservation of energy, in democracy and necessary progress, in Protestant Christianity and the duty of fighting for the 'doc-

trine of the immortal Monroe,' all for no reasons worthy of the name. We see into these matters with no more inner clearness, and probably with much less, than any disbeliever in them might possess. His unconventionality would probably have some grounds to show for its conclusions; but for us, not insight, but the *prestige* of the opinions, is what makes the spark shoot from them and light up our sleeping magazines of faith. Our reason is quite satisfied, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of every thousand of us, if it can find a few arguments that will do to recite in case our credulity is criticised by some one else. Our faith is faith in some one else's faith, and in the greatest matters this is most the case. Our belief in truth itself, for instance, that there is a truth, and that our minds and it are made for each other, — what is it but a passionate affirmation of desire, in which our social system backs us up? We want to have a truth; we want to believe that our experiments and studies and discussions must put us in a continually better and better position towards it; and on this line we agree to fight out our thinking lives. But if a pyrrhonistic sceptic asks us *how we know* all this, can our logic find a reply? No! certainly it cannot. It is just one volition against another, — we willing to go in for life upon a trust or assumption which he, for his part, does not care to make.¹

As a rule we disbelieve all facts and theories for

¹ Compare the admirable page 310 in S. H. Hodgson's "Time and Space," London, 1865.

which we have no use. Clifford's cosmic emotions find no use for Christian feelings. Huxley belabors the bishops because there is no use for sacerdotalism in his scheme of life. Newman, on the contrary, goes over to Romanism, and finds all sorts of reasons good for staying there, because a priestly system is for him an organic need and delight. Why do so few 'scientists' even look at the evidence for telepathy, so called? Because they think, as a leading biologist, now dead, once said to me, that even if such a thing were true, scientists ought to band together to keep it suppressed and concealed. It would undo the uniformity of Nature and all sorts of other things without which scientists cannot carry on their pursuits. But if this very man had been shown something which as a scientist he might *do* with telepathy, he might not only have examined the evidence, but even have found it good enough. This very law which the logicians would impose upon us — if I may give the name of logicians to those who would rule out our willing nature here — is based on nothing but their own natural wish to exclude all elements for which they, in their professional quality of logicians, can find no use.

Evidently, then, our non-intellectual nature does influence our convictions. There are passional tendencies and volitions which run before and others which come after belief, and it is only the latter that are too late for the fair; and they are not too late when the previous passional work has been already in their own direction. Pascal's argument, instead of

being powerless, then seems a regular clincher, and is the last stroke needed to make our faith in masses and holy water complete. The state of things is evidently far from simple, and pure insight and logic, whatever they might do ideally, are not the only things that really do produce our creeds.

IV

Our next duty, having recognized this mixed-up state of affairs, is to ask whether it be simply reprehensible and pathological, or whether, on the contrary, we must treat it as a normal element in making up our minds. The thesis I defend is, briefly stated, this: *Our passional nature not only lawfully may, but must, decide an option between propositions, whenever it is a genuine option that cannot by its nature be decided on intellectual grounds; for to say, under such circumstances, "Do not decide, but leave the question open," is itself a passional decision,—just like deciding yes or no,—and is attended with the same risk of losing the truth.* The thesis thus abstractly expressed will, I trust, soon become quite clear. But I must first indulge in a bit more of preliminary work.

V

It will be observed that for the purposes of this discussion we are on 'dogmatic' ground, — ground, I mean, which leaves systematic philosophical scepti-

cism altogether out of account. The postulate that there is truth, and that it is the destiny of our minds to attain it, we are deliberately resolving to make, though the sceptic will not make it. We part company with him, therefore, absolutely, at this point. But the faith that truth exists, and that our minds can find it, may be held in two ways. We may talk of the *empiricist* way and of the *absolutist* way of believing in truth. The absolutists in this matter say that we not only can attain to knowing the truth, but we can *know when* we have attained to knowing it; while the empiricists think that, although we may attain it, we cannot infallibly know when. To *know* is one thing, and to know for certain *that* we know is another. One may hold to the first being possible without the second; hence the empiricists and the absolutists, although neither of them is a sceptic in the usual philosophic sense of the term, show very different degrees of dogmatism in their lives.

If we look at the history of opinions, we see that the empiricist tendency has largely prevailed in science, while in philosophy the absolutist tendency has had everything its own way. The characteristic sort of happiness, indeed, which philosophies yield has mainly consisted in the conviction felt by each successive school or system that by it bottom-certitude had been attained. "Other philosophies are collections of opinions, mostly false; *my* philosophy gives standing-ground forever," — who does not recognize in this the key-note of every system worthy of the name? A system, to be a system at all, must come as a

closed system, reversible in this or that detail, perchance, but in its essential features never!

Scholastic orthodoxy, to which one must always go when one wishes to find perfectly clear statement, has beautifully elaborated this absolutist conviction in a doctrine which it calls that of 'objective evidence.' If, for example, I am unable to doubt that I now exist before you, that two is less than three, or that if all men are mortal then I am mortal too, it is because these things illumine my intellect irresistibly. The final ground of this objective evidence possessed by certain propositions is the *adæquatio intellectûs nostri cum rê*. The certitude it brings involves an *aptitudinem ad extorquendum certum assensum* on the part of the truth envisaged, and on the side of the subject a *quietem in cognitione*, when once the object is mentally received, that leaves no possibility of doubt behind; and in the whole transaction nothing operates but the *entitas ipsa* of the object and the *entitas ipsa* of the mind. We slouchy modern thinkers dislike to talk in Latin, — indeed, we dislike to talk in set terms at all; but at bottom our own state of mind is very much like this whenever we uncritically abandon ourselves: You believe in objective evidence, and I do. Of some things we feel that we are certain: we know, and we know that we do know. There is something that gives a click inside of us, a bell that strikes twelve, when the hands of our mental clock have swept the dial and meet over the meridian hour. The greatest empiricists among us are only empiricists on reflection: when left to their instincts, they

dogmatize like infallible popes. When the Cliffords tell us how sinful it is to be Christians on such 'insufficient evidence,' insufficiency is really the last thing they have in their mind. For them the evidence is absolutely sufficient, only it makes the other way. They believe so completely in an anti-christian order of the universe that there is no living option: Christianity is a dead hypothesis from the start.

VI

But now, since we are all such absolutists by instinct, what in our quality of students of philosophy ought we to do about the fact? Shall we espouse and indorse it? Or shall we treat it as a weakness of our nature from which we must free ourselves, if we can?

I sincerely believe that the latter course is the only one we can follow as reflective men. Objective evidence and certitude are doubtless very fine ideals to play with, but where on this moonlit and dream-visited planet are they found? I am, therefore, myself a complete empiricist so far as my theory of human knowledge goes. I live, to be sure, by the practical faith that we must go on experiencing and thinking over our experience, for only thus can our opinions grow more true; but to hold any one of them—I absolutely do not care which—as if it never could be re-interpretable or corrigible, I believe to be a tremendously mistaken attitude, and I think that the whole history of philosophy will bear me out. There is but one indefectibly certain truth, and that

is the truth that pyrrhonic scepticism itself leaves standing, — the truth that the present phenomenon of consciousness exists. That, however, is the bare starting-point of knowledge, the mere admission of a stuff to be philosophized about. The various philosophies are but so many attempts at expressing what this stuff really is. And if we repair to our libraries what disagreement do we discover! Where is a certainly true answer found? Apart from abstract propositions of comparison (such as two and two are the same as four), propositions which tell us nothing by themselves about concrete reality, we find no proposition ever regarded by any one as evidently certain that has not either been called a falsehood, or at least had its truth sincerely questioned by some one else. The transcending of the axioms of geometry, not in play but in earnest, by certain of our contemporaries (as Zöllner and Charles H. Hinton), and the rejection of the whole Aristotelian logic by the Hegelians, are striking instances in point.

No concrete test of what is really true has ever been agreed upon. Some make the criterion external to the moment of perception, putting it either in revelation, the *consensus gentium*, the instincts of the heart, or the systematized experience of the race. Others make the perceptive moment its own test, — Descartes, for instance, with his clear and distinct ideas guaranteed by the veracity of God; Reid with his ‘common-sense;’ and Kant with his forms of synthetic judgment *a priori*. The inconceivability of the opposite; the capacity to be verified by sense;

the possession of complete organic unity or self-relation, realized when a thing is its own other, — are standards which, in turn, have been used. The much lauded objective evidence is never triumphantly there; it is a mere aspiration or *Grenzbegriff*, marking the infinitely remote ideal of our thinking life. To claim that certain truths now possess it, is simply to say that when you think them true and they *are* true, then their evidence is objective, otherwise it is not. But practically one's conviction that the evidence one goes by is of the real objective brand, is only one more subjective opinion added to the lot. For what a contradictory array of opinions have objective evidence and absolute certitude been claimed! The world is rational through and through, — its existence is an ultimate brute fact; there is a personal God, — a personal God is inconceivable; there is an extra-mental physical world immediately known, — the mind can only know its own ideas; a moral imperative exists, — obligation is only the resultant of desires; a permanent spiritual principle is in every one, — there are only shifting states of mind; there is an endless chain of causes, — there is an absolute first cause; an eternal necessity, — a freedom; a purpose, — no purpose; a primal One, — a primal Many; a universal continuity, — an essential discontinuity in things; an infinity, — no infinity. There is this, — there is that; there is indeed nothing which some one has not thought absolutely true, while his neighbor deemed it absolutely false; and not an absolutist among them seems ever to have

considered that the trouble may all the time be essential, and that the intellect, even with truth directly in its grasp, may have no infallible signal for knowing whether it be truth or no. When, indeed, one remembers that the most striking application to life of the doctrine of objective certitude has been the conscientious labors of the Holy Office of the Inquisition, one feels less tempted than ever to lend the doctrine a respectful ear.

But please observe, now, that when as empiricists we give up the doctrine of objective certitude, we do not thereby give up the quest or hope of truth itself. We still pin our faith on its existence, and still believe that we gain an ever better position towards it by systematically continuing to roll up experiences and think. Our great difference from the scholastic lies in the way we face. The strength of his system lies in the principles, the origin, the *terminus a quo* of his thought; for us the strength is in the outcome, the upshot, the *terminus ad quem*. Not where it comes from but what it leads to is to decide. It matters not to an empiricist from what quarter an hypothesis may come to him: he may have acquired it by fair means or by foul; passion may have whispered or accident suggested it; but if the total drift of thinking continues to confirm it, that is what he means by its being true.

VII

One more point, small but important, and our preliminaries are done. There are two ways of looking

at our duty in the matter of opinion, — ways entirely different, and yet ways about whose difference the theory of knowledge seems hitherto to have shown very little concern. *We must know the truth*; and *we must avoid error*, — these are our first and great commandments as would-be knowers; but they are not two ways of stating an identical commandment, they are two separable laws. Although it may indeed happen that when we believe the truth A, we escape as an incidental consequence from believing the falsehood B, it hardly ever happens that by merely disbelieving B we necessarily believe A. We may in escaping B fall into believing other falsehoods, C or D, just as bad as B; or we may escape B by not believing anything at all, not even A.

Believe truth! Shun error! — these, we see, are two materially different laws; and by choosing between them we may end, coloring differently our whole intellectual life. We may regard the chase for truth as paramount, and the avoidance of error as secondary; or we may, on the other hand, treat the avoidance of error as more imperative, and let truth take its chance. Clifford, in the instructive passage which I have quoted, exhorts us to the latter course. Believe nothing, he tells us; keep your mind in suspense forever, rather than by closing it on insufficient evidence incur the awful risk of believing lies. You, on the other hand, may think that the risk of being in error is a very small matter when compared with the blessings of real knowledge, and be ready to be duped many times in your investigation rather than

postpone indefinitely the chance of guessing true. I myself find it impossible to go with Clifford. We must remember that these feelings of our duty about either truth or error are in any case only expressions of our passional life. Biologically considered, our minds are as ready to grind out falsehood as veracity, and he who says, "Better go without belief forever than believe a lie!" merely shows his own preponderant private horror of becoming a dupe. He may be critical of many of his desires and fears, but this fear he slavishly obeys. He cannot imagine any one questioning its binding force. For my own part, I have also a horror of being duped; but I can believe that worse things than being duped may happen to a man in this world: so Clifford's exhortation has to my ears a thoroughly fantastic sound. It is like a general informing his soldiers that it is better to keep out of battle forever than to risk a single wound. Not so are victories either over enemies or over nature gained. Our errors are surely not such awfully solemn things. In a world where we are so certain to incur them in spite of all our caution, a certain lightness of heart seems healthier than this excessive nervousness on their behalf. At any rate, it seems the fittest thing for the empiricist philosopher.

VIII

And now, after all this introduction, let us go straight at our question. I have said, and now repeat it, that not only as a matter of fact do we find

our passional nature influencing us in our opinions, but that there are some options between opinions in which this influence must be regarded both as an inevitable and as a lawful determinant of our choice.

I fear here that some of you, my hearers, will begin to scent danger, and lend an inhospitable ear. Two first steps of passion you have indeed had to admit as necessary — we must think so as to avoid dupery, and we must think so as to gain truth; but the surest path to those ideal consummations, you will probably consider, is from now onwards to take no further passional step.

Well, of course, I agree as far as the facts will allow. Wherever the option between losing truth and gaining it is not momentous, we can throw the chance of *gaining truth* away, and at any rate save ourselves from any chance of *believing falsehood*, by not making up our minds at all till objective evidence has come. In scientific questions, this is almost always the case; and even in human affairs in general, the need of acting is seldom so urgent that a false belief to act on is better than no belief at all. Law courts, indeed, have to decide on the best evidence attainable for the moment, because a judge's duty is to make law as well as to ascertain it, and (as a learned judge once said to me) few cases are worth spending much time over: the great thing is to have them decided on *any* acceptable principle and got out of the way. But in our dealings with objective nature we obviously are recorders, not makers, of the truth; and decisions for the mere sake of deciding promptly and getting on

to the next business would be wholly out of place. Throughout the breadth of physical nature facts are what they are quite independently of us, and seldom is there any such hurry about them that the risks of being duped by believing a premature theory need be faced. The questions here are always trivial options, the hypotheses are hardly living (at any rate not living for us spectators), the choice between believing truth or falsehood is seldom forced. The attitude of sceptical balance is therefore the absolutely wise one if we would escape mistakes. What difference, indeed, does it make to most of us whether we have or have not a theory of the Röntgen rays, whether we believe or not in mind-stuff, or have a conviction about the causality of conscious states? It makes no difference. Such options are not forced on us. On every account it is better not to make them, but still keep weighing reasons *pro et contra* with an indifferent hand.

I speak, of course, here of the purely judging mind. For purposes of discovery such indifference is to be less highly recommended, and science would be far less advanced than she is if the passionate desires of individuals to get their own faiths confirmed had been kept out of the game. See for example the sagacity which Spencer and Weismann now display. On the other hand, if you want an absolute duffer in an investigation, you must, after all, take the man who has no interest whatever in its results: he is the warranted incapable, the positive fool. The most useful investigator, because the most sensitive observer, is

always he whose eager interest in one side of the question is balanced by an equally keen nervousness lest he become deceived.¹ Science has organized this nervousness into a regular *technique*, her so-called method of verification; and she has fallen so deeply in love with the method that one may even say she has ceased to care for truth by itself at all. It is only truth as technically verified that interests her. The truth of truths might come in merely affirmative form, and she would decline to touch it. Such truth as that, she might repeat with Clifford, would be stolen in defiance of her duty to mankind. Human passions, however, are stronger than technical rules. "Le cœur a ses raisons," as Pascal says, "que la raison ne connaît pas"; and however indifferent to all but the bare rules of the game the umpire, the abstract intellect, may be, the concrete players who furnish him the materials to judge of are usually, each one of them, in love with some pet 'live hypothesis' of his own. Let us agree, however, that wherever there is no forced option, the dispassionately judicial intellect with no pet hypothesis, saving us, as it does, from dupery at any rate, ought to be our ideal.

The question next arises: Are there not somewhere forced options in our speculative questions, and can we (as men who may be interested at least as much in positively gaining truth as in merely escaping dupery) always wait with impunity till the coer-

¹ Compare Wilfrid Ward's Essay, "The Wish to Believe," in his "Witnesses to the Unseen," Macmillan & Co., 1893.

cive evidence shall have arrived? It seems *a priori* improbable that the truth should be so nicely adjusted to our needs and powers as that. In the great boarding house of nature, the cakes and the butter and the syrup seldom come out so even and leave the plates so clean. Indeed, we should view them with scientific suspicion if they did.

IX

Moral questions immediately present themselves as questions whose solution cannot wait for sensible proof. A moral question is a question not of what sensibly exists, but of what is good, or would be good if it did exist. Science can tell us what exists; but to compare the *worths*, both of what exists and of what does not exist, we must consult not science, but what Pascal calls our heart. Science herself consults her heart when she lays it down that the infinite ascertainment of fact and correction of false belief are the supreme goods for man. Challenge the statement, and science can only repeat it oracularly, or else prove it by showing that such ascertainment and correction bring man all sorts of other goods which man's heart in turn declares. The question of having moral beliefs at all or not having them is decided by our will. Are our moral preferences true or false, or are they only odd biological phenomena, making things good or bad for *us*, but in themselves indifferent? How can your pure intellect decide? If your heart does not *want* a world of moral reality, your

head will assuredly never make you believe in one. Mephistophelian scepticism, indeed, will satisfy the head's play-instincts much better than any rigorous idealism can. Some men (even at the student age) are so naturally cool-hearted that the moralistic hypothesis never has for them any pungent life, and in their supercilious presence the hot young moralist always feels strangely ill at ease. The appearance of knowingness is on their side, of *naïveté* and gullibility on his. Yet, in the inarticulate heart of him, he clings to it that he is not a dupe, and that there is a realm in which (as Emerson says) all their wit and intellectual superiority is no better than the cunning of a fox. Moral scepticism can no more be refuted or proved by logic than intellectual scepticism can. When we stick to it that there *is* truth (be it of either kind), we do so with our whole nature, and resolve to stand or fall by the results. The sceptic with his whole nature adopts the doubting attitude; but which of us is the wiser, Omniscience only knows.

Turn now from these wide questions of good to a certain class of questions of fact, questions concerning personal relations, states of mind between one man and another. *Do you like me or not?* — for example. Whether you do or not depends, in countless instances, on whether I meet you half-way, am willing to assume that you must like me, and show you trust and expectation. The previous faith on my part in your liking's existence is in such cases what makes your liking come. But if I stand aloof, and refuse to budge an inch until I have objective evidence, until

you shall have done something apt, as the absolutists say, *ad extorquendum assensum meum*, ten to one your liking never comes. How many women's hearts are vanquished by the mere sanguine insistence of some man that they *must* love him ! he will not consent to the hypothesis that they cannot. The desire for a certain kind of truth here brings about that special truth's existence ; and so it is in innumerable cases of other sorts. Who gains promotions, boons, appointments, but the man in whose life they are seen to play the part of live hypotheses, who discounts them, sacrifices other things for their sake before they have come, and takes risks for them in advance ? His faith acts on the powers above him as a claim, and creates its own verification.

A social organism of any sort whatever, large or small, is what it is because each member proceeds to his own duty with a trust that the other members will simultaneously do theirs. Wherever a desired result is achieved by the co-operation of many independent persons, its existence as a fact is a pure consequence of the precursive faith in one another of those immediately concerned. A government, an army, a commercial system, a ship, a college, an athletic team, all exist on this condition, without which not only is nothing achieved, but nothing is even attempted. A whole train of passengers (individually brave enough) will be looted by a few highwaymen, simply because the latter can count on one another, while each passenger fears that if he makes a movement of resistance, he will be shot

before any one else backs him up. If we believed that the whole car-full would rise at once with us, we should each severally rise, and train-robbing would never even be attempted. There are, then, cases where a fact cannot come at all unless a preliminary faith exists in its coming. *And where faith in a fact can help create the fact*, that would be an insane logic which should say that faith running ahead of scientific evidence is the 'lowest kind of immorality' into which a thinking being can fall. Yet such is the logic by which our scientific absolutists pretend to regulate our lives!

X

In truths dependent on our personal action, then, faith based on desire is certainly a lawful and possibly an indispensable thing.

But now, it will be said, these are all childish human cases, and have nothing to do with great cosmical matters, like the question of religious faith. Let us then pass on to that. Religions differ so much in their accidents that in discussing the religious question we must make it very generic and broad. What, then, do we now mean by the religious hypothesis? Science says things are; morality says some things are better than other things; and religion says essentially two things.

First, she says that the best things are the more eternal things, the overlapping things, the things in the universe that throw the last stone, so to speak,

and say the final word. "Perfection is eternal," — this phrase of Charles Secrétan seems a good way of putting this first affirmation of religion, an affirmation which obviously cannot yet be verified scientifically at all.

The second affirmation of religion is that we are better off even now if we believe her first affirmation to be true.

Now, let us consider what the logical elements of this situation are *in case the religious hypothesis in both its branches be really true*. (Of course, we must admit that possibility at the outset. If we are to discuss the question at all, it must involve a living option. If for any of you religion be a hypothesis that cannot, by any living possibility be true, then you need go no farther. I speak to the 'saving remnant' alone.) So proceeding, we see, first, that religion offers itself as a *momentous* option. We are supposed to gain, even now, by our belief, and to lose by our non-belief, a certain vital good. Secondly, religion is a *forced* option, so far as that good goes. We cannot escape the issue by remaining sceptical and waiting for more light, because, although we do avoid error in that way *if religion be untrue*, we lose the good, *if it be true*, just as certainly as if we positively chose to disbelieve. It is as if a man should hesitate indefinitely to ask a certain woman to marry him because he was not perfectly sure that she would prove an angel after he brought her home. Would he not cut himself off from that particular angel-possibility as decisively as if he went and mar-

ried some one else? Scepticism, then, is not avoidance of option ; it is option of a certain particular kind of risk. *Better risk loss of truth than chance of error*, — that is your faith-vetoer's exact position. He is actively playing his stake as much as the believer is ; he is backing the field against the religious hypothesis, just as the believer is backing the religious hypothesis against the field. To preach scepticism to us as a duty until ' sufficient evidence ' for religion be found, is tantamount therefore to telling us, when in presence of the religious hypothesis, that to yield to our fear of its being error is wiser and better than to yield to our hope that it may be true. It is not intellect against all passions, then ; it is only intellect with one passion laying down its law. And by what, forsooth, is the supreme wisdom of this passion warranted? Dupery for dupery, what proof is there that dupery through hope is so much worse than dupery through fear? I, for one, can see no proof ; and I simply refuse obedience to the scientist's command to imitate his kind of option, in a case where my own stake is important enough to give me the right to choose my own form of risk. If religion be true and the evidence for it be still insufficient, I do not wish, by putting your extinguisher upon my nature (which feels to me as if it had after all some business in this matter), to forfeit my sole chance in life of getting upon the winning side, — that chance depending, of course, on my willingness to run the risk of acting as if my passional need of taking the world religiously might be prophetic and right.

All this is on the supposition that it really may be prophetic and right, and that, even to us who are discussing the matter, religion is a live hypothesis which may be true. Now, to most of us religion comes in a still further way that makes a veto on our active faith even more illogical. The more perfect and more eternal aspect of the universe is represented in our religions as having personal form. The universe is no longer a mere *It* to us, but a *Thou*, if we are religious; and any relation that may be possible from person to person might be possible here. For instance, although in one sense we are passive portions of the universe, in another, we show a curious autonomy, as if we were small active centres on our own account. We feel, too, as if the appeal of religion to us were made to our own active good-will, as if evidence might be forever withheld from us unless we met the hypothesis half-way. To take a trivial illustration: just as a man who in a company of gentlemen made no advances, asked a warrant for every concession, and believed no one's word without proof, would cut himself off by such churlishness from all the social rewards that a more trusting spirit would earn,—so here, one who should shut himself up in snarling logicity and try to make the gods extort his recognition willy-nilly, or not get it at all, might cut himself off forever from his only opportunity of making the gods' acquaintance. This feeling, forced on us we know not whence, that by obstinately believing that there are gods (although not to do so would be so easy both for our

logic and our life) we are doing the universe the deepest service we can, seems part of the living essence of the religious hypothesis. If the hypothesis *were* true in all its parts, including this one, then pure intellectualism, with its veto on our making willing advances, would be an absurdity; and some participation of our sympathetic nature would be logically required. I, therefore, for one, cannot see my way to accepting the agnostic rules for truth-seeking, or wilfully agree to keep my willing nature out of the game. I cannot do so for this plain reason, that *a rule of thinking which would absolutely prevent me from acknowledging certain kinds of truth if those kinds of truth were really there, would be an irrational rule.* That for me is the long and short of the formal logic of the situation, no matter what the kinds of truth might materially be.

I confess I do not see how this logic can be escaped. But sad experience makes me fear that some of you may still shrink from radically saying with me, *in abstracto*, that we have the right to believe at our own risk any hypothesis that is live enough to tempt our will. I suspect, however, that if this is so, it is because you have got away from the abstract logical point of view altogether, and are thinking (perhaps without realizing it) of some particular religious hypothesis which for you is dead. The freedom to 'believe what we will' you apply to the case of some patent superstition; and the faith you think of is the faith defined by the school-boy when

he said, "Faith is when you believe something that you know ain't true." I can only repeat that this is misapprehension. *In concreto*, the freedom to believe can only cover living options which the intellect of the individual cannot by itself resolve; and living options never seem absurdities to him who has them to consider. When I look at the religious question as it really puts itself to concrete men, and when I think of all the possibilities which both practically and theoretically it involves, then this command that we shall put a stopper on our heart, instincts, and courage, and *wait* — acting of course meanwhile more or less as if religion were *not* true¹ — till doomsday, or till such time as our intellect and senses working together may have raked in evidence enough, — this command, I say, seems to me the queerest idol ever manufactured in the philosophic cave. Were we scholastic absolutists, there might be more excuse. If we had an infallible intellect with its objective certitudes, we might feel ourselves disloyal to such a perfect organ of knowledge in not trusting to it exclusively, in not waiting for its releasing word.

¹ Since belief is measured by action, he who forbids us to believe religion to be true, necessarily also forbids us to act as we should if we did believe it to be true. The whole defence of religious faith hinges upon action. If the action required or inspired by the religious hypothesis is in no way different from that dictated by the naturalistic hypothesis, then religious faith is a pure superfluity, better pruned away, and controversy about its legitimacy is a piece of idle trifling, unworthy of serious minds. I myself believe, of course, that the religious hypothesis gives to the world an expression which specifically determines our reactions, and makes them in a large part unlike what they might be on a purely naturalistic scheme of belief.

But if we are empiricists, if we believe that no bell in us tolls to let us know for certain when truth is in our grasp, then it seems a piece of idle fantasticality to preach so solemnly our duty of waiting for the bell. Indeed, we *may* wait if we will, — I hope you do not think that I am denying that, — but if we do so, we do so at our peril as much as if we believed. In either case we *act*, taking our life in our hands. No one of us ought to issue vetoes to the other, nor should we bandy words of abuse. We ought, on the contrary, delicately and profoundly to respect one another's mental freedom: then only shall we bring about the intellectual republic; then only shall we have that spirit of inner tolerance without which all our outer tolerance is soulless, and which is empiricism's glory; then only shall we live and let live, in speculative as well as in practical things.

I began by a reference to Fitz-James Stephen; let me end by a quotation from him. "What do you think of yourself? What do you think of the world? . . . These are questions with which all must deal as it seems good to them. They are riddles of the Sphinx, and in some way or other we must deal with them. . . . In all important transactions of life we have to take a leap in the dark. . . . If we decide to leave the riddles unanswered, that is a choice; if we waver in our answer, that, too, is a choice: but whatever choice we make, we make it at our peril. If a man chooses to turn his back altogether on God and the future, no one can prevent him; no one can show beyond reasonable doubt

that he is mistaken. If a man thinks otherwise and acts as he thinks, I do not see that any one can prove that *he* is mistaken. Each must act as he thinks best; and if he is wrong, so much the worse for him. We stand on a mountain pass in the midst of whirling snow and blinding mist, through which we get glimpses now and then of paths which may be deceptive. If we stand still we shall be frozen to death. If we take the wrong road we shall be dashed to pieces. We do not certainly know whether there is any right one. What must we do? ‘Be strong and of good courage.’ Act for the best, hope for the best, and take what comes. . . . If death ends all, we cannot meet death better.”¹

¹ “Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,” p. 353, 2d edition. London, 1874.

J. H. CHOATE: AN INCOME TAX A DIRECT TAX

From the stenographic report of the argument before the Supreme Court of the United States in the Income Tax Cases, pp. 1-37.

I have discussed and analyzed this argument so fully in the Introduction, that I need not say much here. The analytical brief of the argument which follows shows the logical power with which, though an oral argument, it was thought out. Its force rests even more on the systematic and thorough explanation of the law than on the eloquence.

The case arose under the Act of August 15th, 1894, which provided, among other things, that "there shall be assessed, levied, collected, and paid annually upon the gain, profits, and income received in the preceding calendar year by every citizen of the United States — whether said gains, profits, or income be derived from any kind of property, rents, interest, dividends, or salaries, or from any profession, trade, employment, or vocation — a tax of two per centum on the amount — over and above four thousand dollars." A full statement of the facts may be found in the official report, in 157 U. S. Reports, p. 429; they are of interest chiefly to lawyers.

The portions of the argument enclosed in the square brackets are omitted by the official report — 157 U. S. Reports, 429 — either as not essential to the reasoning (see the Introduction, p. 80), or from the point of view which the Court took, as irrelevant. They may fairly be considered, therefore, as pure persuasion, automatically, as it were, and impersonally, set apart from the logical body of the argument. The words printed in italics and enclosed in parentheses are used in the official report in the process of condensation. At the end of this part of the argument Mr. Choate passed on to a discussion of the cases

already decided by the Court which bore on the point before him; and then to the discussion of another constitutional point.

The argument may be analyzed as follows:—

- A. *Introduction*: (1) This Court is not to be influenced by popular wrath (p. 319); for
 - (2) it is created to maintain the Constitution against Congress (p. 319).
- I. There are private rights of property to be protected (p. 320).
 - (1) The neglect of these rights leads to communism (p. 320).
- II. The result of this law will be to make four States pay nine-tenths of the whole tax (p. 321).
 - (1) This result is in violation of two of the restraints of the Constitution (p. 323);
 - (2) and if sustained, Congress is left free to confiscate with no redress under the Constitution (p. 324).
- III. Civilized government rests on the preservation of the rights of private property (p. 325).
- IV. There is no doubt of the power of Congress to lay taxes (p. 327).
- V. But Congress has no power to confiscate (p. 327).
- B. I. This tax is void because it is a direct tax not imposed by the rule of apportionment (p. 328).
 - (1) The rule rests on the distinction of the Constitution between direct taxes and duties, imposts and excises (p. 329).
 - (2) It therefore leaves free inexhaustible sources of taxation both by the rule of uniformity and by the rule of apportionment (p. 330).
- II. The Constitution provides that (1) representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned (p. 332);
 - (2) that Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises (p. 332);
 - (3) but that "all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States" (p. 332).
- a. The omission of the word "taxes" in the last clause shows that the Constitution had already provided for their regulation by the rule of apportionment (p. 333).
- b. Between the two provisions there is no room for any unforeseen tax (p. 334).
- c. It was the purpose of the framers to restrain the taxing power on all kinds of property (p. 336).

III. A tax upon income is under the Constitution a direct tax (p. 337).

(1) The document itself shows, apart from what we know of its transactions, how important was the distinction between taxation by apportionment and by uniformity (p. 338).

a. Real estate was undoubtedly the subject of a direct tax (p. 339).

(1) whether improved or unimproved (p. 340).

b. A tax on the rent of real estate is indistinguishable from a tax on the real estate itself (p. 341).

(1) For this court always goes for the substance (p. 342);

(2) and the tax on the rent cannot be escaped except by abandoning the land (p. 343).

(3) If the Constitution had forbidden a tax on real estate there could have been no tax on the rents (p. 344).

(4) The common law refuses to distinguish between real estate and the rents and profits of it (p. 345).

(5) This doctrine has been declared by this court (p. 346).

c. So, a tax on the income of personal property is indistinguishable from a tax on the corpus of the personal estate (p. 349).

(1) Since there is no means of avoiding the tax except by abandoning the property (p. 349).

IV. a. By taxes in the first clause of Section 8 are meant taxes which are collected under a general assessment (p. 350).

(1) The exemption of incomes under \$4000 does not avoid this provision, for (p. 351)

(2) it is provided by the act that the collection shall extend throughout the country (p. 351).

b. The corpus of the personal estate must therefore fall under a direct tax only (p. 351).

c. Since taxation of the income of personal property can destroy the value of the property itself, the tax on the income is also a direct tax (p. 352).

V. a. It was intended by the makers of the Constitution that the rule of apportionment should be unequal (p. 353).

(1) It was the result of the compromise by which the seaboard States gave up the right of impost in return for exemption from the danger of unjust direct taxes (p. 353).

b. Moreover, the States were fearful of just such taxation without proportional representation as is found in this bill (p. 356).

[If the Court please: After Jupiter had thundered all around the sky, and had levelled everything and

everybody by his prodigious bolts, Mercury came out from his hiding-place, and looked around to see how much damage had been done. He was quite familiar with the weapons of his learned Olympian friend ; he had often felt their force, but he knew that it was largely stage thunder, manufactured for the particular occasion, and he went his round among the inhabitants of Olympus restoring the consciousness, and dispelling the fears, and raising the spirits both of gods and men who had been prostrated by the crash. It is in that spirit that I follow my distinguished friend ; but I shall not undertake to cope with him by means of the same weapons, because I am not master of them.

It never would have occurred to me to present either as an opening or closing argument to this great and learned Court, that if in your wisdom you found it necessary to protect a suitor who sought here to cling to the ark of the covenant and invoke the protection of the Constitution which was created for us all, it was an argument against your furnishing such relief and protection that possibly the popular wrath might sweep the Court away. It is the first time I have ever heard that argument presented to this or any other court, and I trust that it will be the last.

Now, I have had some surprises this morning. I thought until to-day that there was a Constitution of the United States, and that the business of the executive arm of this Government was to uphold that Constitution. I thought that this Court was created for the purpose of maintaining the Constitution

against unlawful conduct on the part of Congress. It is news to me that Congress is the sole judge of the measure of the powers confided to it by the Constitution, and it is also news to me that the great fundamental principle which underlies the Constitution, namely, the equality of all men before the law, has ceased to exist.

If your Honors please,] I look upon this case with very different eyes from those of either the learned Attorney-General or his distinguished associate who has just closed. I believe there are private rights of property here to be protected; that we have a right to come to this Court and ask for their protection, and that this Court has a right, without asking leave of the Attorney-General or of any counsel, to hear our plea.

[No longer ago, if the Court please, than the day of the funeral procession of General Sherman in New York, it was my fortune to spend many hours with one of the ex-Presidents of the United States, who has since followed that great warrior to the bourne to which we were then bearing him. President Hayes expressed great solicitude as to the future fortunes of this people. In his retirement he had been watching the tendency of political and social purposes and events. He had observed how in recent years the possessors of political power had been learning to use it for the first time for the promotion of social and personal ends. He said to me, "You will probably live to see the day when in case of the death of any man of large wealth the State will take for itself all

above a certain prescribed limit of his fortune and divide it, or apply it to the equal use of all the people, so as to punish the rich man for his wealth, and to divide it among those who, whatever may have been their sins, at least have not committed that." I looked upon it as the wanderings of a dreaming man; and yet if I had known that within less than five short years afterwards I should be standing before this tribunal to contest the validity of an alleged act of Congress, of a so-called law, which was defended here by the authorized legal representatives of the Federal Government upon the plea that it was a tax levied only upon classes and extremely rich men, I should have given altogether a different heed and ear to the warnings of that distinguished statesman.

It does seem to me now, if the Court please, that it is time for us to learn a little more about the real nature of this] (*The*) act of Congress which we are impugning before you. [It] is [far more] communistic in its purposes and tendencies [than anything President Hayes apprehended. It] (*and*) is defended here upon principles as communistic, socialistic — what shall I call them — populistic as ever have been addressed to any political assembly in the world.

Now, what is this law? My learned friend, Mr. Carter, has said that in the convention which created the Constitution there was one ever-present fear. There was; I agree with him as to that. It was that by a combination of States an unjust tax might be put upon a single State or upon a small group of States. Let us see about this act which, exempting

all incomes under \$4,000 of individuals, but denying the exemption to corporations and to persons drawing their income from corporations, seeks to raise a sum, as has been stated here, of from \$30,000,000 to \$50,000,000. There are sources of information as to how such a law will strike, to which I wish to direct the attention of the Court.

There was formerly an income-tax law, and the last year it was in force was the year 1873. The exemption then was \$2,000. In that year the collections for that tax were such in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New Jersey that even then, with that exemption, those four States paid four-fifths of the entire tax. What is their political power? What is their political representation in the lower House of Congress, which only can initiate and secure the passage of revenue bills? Eighty-three out of three hundred and fifty-six, or a little less than one-quarter. Anybody who knows anything about the operation of these income-tax laws and as to the effect of changing the exemption from \$2,000 to \$4,000, knows that that inequality of burden will, under the act of 1894, press upon those four States with vastly greater force. [So that Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania under this enactment, if it is allowed to stand, will pay not less than nine-tenths of the entire tax, a tax imposed upon them by other States, which, as the learned Chief Justice has quickly seen, as shown by his questions in the course of the argument, will hardly bear a dollar of it.

Now, what we come here to say is that] this most iniquitous result has been brought about by an express violation of two of the leading restraints of the Constitution — [restraints upon the powers of Congress, arranged, and carefully arranged, in the compromise that resulted in the creation of the Constitution itself, and without which this nation never could have been brought into being.

The learned Attorney-General says, and his associate re-echoes the proposition, that this is a state of things which cannot be helped — that no matter how far wrong Congress goes, there is no help for it; but we think that there is, if Congress has exercised a power not granted to it by the Constitution, or has exercised it in a manner which the provisions of the Constitution forbid.

Have your Honors observed the argument — the main argument — that has been presented in support of this law by the gentleman who has just closed? It is that the men upon whom this tax is imposed are too rich. The constitutional argument presented to justify it is that they are too rich. In Cromwell's time there was a sect of people that arose in the land from which our fathers came who were called "Levellers," and their platform was to level all existing ranks of society and all estates to an equality. The question is whether Congress can stand upon that platform and exercise that mission under the Constitution of the United States.

But I desire, if the Court please, to ask one or two questions.] Did your Honors observe what the

learned counsel claimed, namely, that \$20,000 might have been made the minimum of exemption of taxation of this law, and there would have been no help for it? [Have you read his brief, in which he says that, although Congress cannot tax John Jones by name, however rich he be, it can make a class which shall consist of him and so tax him?

Now,] if you approve this law, with this iniquitous exemption of \$4,000, and this communistic march goes on and five years hence a statute comes to you with an exemption of \$20,000 and a tax of 20 per cent upon all having incomes in excess of that amount, how can you meet it in view of the decision which my opponents ask you now to render? There is protection now or never. If it goes out as the edict of this judicial tribunal that a combination of States, however numerous, however unanimous, can unite against the safeguards provided by the Constitution in imposing a tax which is to be paid by the people in four States or in three States or in two States, but of which the combination is to pay almost no part, while in the spending of it they are to have the whole control, it will be impossible to take any backward step. You cannot hereafter exercise any check if you now say that Congress is untrammelled and uncontrollable. My learned friend says you cannot enforce any limit. He says no matter what Congress does, if in its views of so-called — what did he call it? — sociology, political economy, it established a limit of a minimum of \$20,000 or a minimum of \$100,000, this Court will have nothing to say

about it. I agree that it will have nothing to say about it if it now lets go its hold upon this law — upon a law passed for such a purpose, accomplishing such a result and by such means.

[One more preliminary word before I proceed to discuss this act in detail, not as a question of political economy — I do not propose to discuss it as such, or of sociology, whatever that is, or of speculative philosophy — but, as a question of constitutional law, one word more.] I have thought that one of the fundamental objects of all civilized government was the preservation of the rights of private property. I have thought that it was the very keystone of the arch upon which all civilized government rests, and that this once abandoned, everything was at stake and in danger. [I was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel.] That is what Mr. Webster said in 1820, at Plymouth, and I supposed that all educated, civilized men believed in that. According to the doctrines that have been propounded here this morning, even that great fundamental principle has been scattered to the winds.

[There was never any set of men more sensitive to the rights of property — more consecrated to the preservation of private right as the essential foundation of all public law — than the framers of this very Constitution which you are here to protect and enforce. Among them all, there were no two men who, though not lawyers, were more alive to that sacred principle than Washington, who presided over its deliberations, and Franklin, who was its oldest

and most revered member. Do your Honors remember what took place when the last discussion had ended, the last vote had been taken, and the last name had been signed? Franklin, standing at the table on which this sacred instrument rested, then at last complete, looking over the head of Washington, who was in the chair, at the painted sun that was upon the wall of that immortal chamber in Philadelphia, said: "I have debated many times in my own mind during the discussions of this convention whether that was a rising or a setting sun, but now I know for sure that it is a rising sun." Those two men did, as I believe, more to bring about the compromises that resulted in that Constitution than any other men. If either of those great men could have foreseen that in a short time in the life of the Republic,—for what are one hundred and eight years in the life of such a nation as they projected,—it would be claimed here, in this Court, that, not in spite of that Constitution, but by means of that Constitution which they had helped to create, a combination of States, seeing that four other States were wealthier, stronger, richer, could combine and pass a law for the purpose of breaking into the strong boxes of the citizens of those States and giving out the wealth of everybody worth more than \$100,000 for general distribution and use throughout the country, would they not both have sprung forward to erase their signatures from an instrument that would result in such consequences?

Now, if the Court please, after what my learned

friend has said, I may say, as a part of the preface of my argument, that the eyes of the whole country are fastened on this Court, the eyes especially of those who sympathized with the passage of such a bill and enacted it into law; that spirit which invaded the halls of Congress is now seeking, as we see by its representatives here this morning, to throw up its intrenchments in this Court. They are watching for the result of this case. If they carry this, they will carry their first parallel, and then how easy it will be for the whole fortress upon which the rights of the people depend to be overcome.]

It is not any part of our mission here to question the power of Congress to raise money by taxation. We believe that Congress has plenary power in the last exigencies of the Government to reach every man, every dollar, every inch of ground, to secure the common defence and the general welfare; that it was the purpose of the convention that created the Constitution to give Congress that power, and that it is one of the absolute essentials of a great sovereignty which was to cover a continent and to last for untold ages. There is no doubt about that. We are perfectly aware, too, of the difficulties that lie in our way; that it is necessary for us to show, in the first place, either that the power to pass this act was not conferred upon Congress, or that in passing it Congress has exceeded the power entrusted to it by the Constitution.

One thing is certain, absolutely certain, that although the power was given Congress to tax, no

power was given it to confiscate ; and that the learned Attorney-General and his associates all admit. If this is a confiscation under the forms of law, there is no power given to Congress in the Constitution that could by any possibility enable it to enact such a law.

[I now desire to call the attention of the Court to the distribution of the taxing powers as between the States and the Federal Government imposed by the Constitution. The particular views that I propose to present differ somewhat from those which have been presented by my distinguished friends, Mr. Edmunds and Mr. Seward, but are exactly as stated in that portion of our brief which was not opened by Mr. Guthrie, who confined his argument to the point of uniformity. The precise grounds are stated in our brief, which has been in the hands of our adversaries for the last fortnight.] I can add nothing to the wealth of argument, the force and power of the claim that was presented by my two distinguished associates, namely, that this tax is wholly void because absolutely in all its parts a direct tax not imposed by the rule of apportionment. But, [if the Court please,] (*as*) we may distrust, in view of the former decisions of this Court, the willingness of the Court to come to such a conclusion as that an income tax in all its extent, levied upon all callings, levied upon all earnings as well as upon the rents of land and the income of personal property, is in the meaning of the Constitution a direct tax.

I, [therefore,] present the case as to direct taxes upon somewhat narrower grounds [distinctly stated in the brief], grounds consistent with every case that has yet been decided by this Court, grounds maintained by the uniform course of the Federal Government in its legislative capacity for over half a century after the adoption of the Constitution. If your Honors should conclude that it is not possible to condemn this entire tax law as unconstitutional because entirely a direct tax, my purpose is to present, then, the only safe and practicable alternative upon which your Honors can place, as I believe, any decision, and which is based upon the clear distinction, the distinction which we find in the Constitution itself, between direct taxes upon the one hand and duties, imposts, and excises upon the other.

Therefore, for the purposes of this argument, [I shall assume what my adversaries claim.] I shall assume that it may possibly be decided by this Court, as it has so often been decided before, that all duties, all excises, all imposts are shut out from the class of direct taxes by the necessary meaning and effect of the Constitution, and that they are to be administered by the rule of uniformity, as they ought to be in this law and are not. I shall claim, upon the other hand, that at any rate so far as regards the direct, inevitable, necessary income and outgrowth of real estate and of personal estate, the tax is a direct tax levied upon the proper subject of a direct tax within the meaning of the Constitution, and is therefore invalid. ♣

[I have said that it is not our desire, nothing could be further from our wish, than to cramp or belittle or confine the powers of taxation as confided to the Federal Government. Now, what will this leave to the Federal Government, as between the States and the Federal Government, as between the citizens of the States,—for whose protection we invoke your judgment,—and the Federal Government? It will leave to the Federal Government all customs duties, by which, in the main, since the foundation of the Government its expenses have been defrayed. It will leave all internal taxes upon what may be called, and have already been called this morning, consumable commodities, including manufactures. It will leave not only the manufactured article itself, the consumable commodity itself, but every process, every step, every agent involved in the creation of those consumable commodities or manufactured articles, from the first entering into them of the raw material down to their actual consumption by the consumer. Your Honors know what I mean—the commissions, the labor, the sales, the transmission, the transportation, storage, insurance, everything that has to be done about those consumable articles.

In the next place, it will leave to the Federal Government, to be applied by the rule of uniformity, all taxes on transportation of every kind, from the \$100,000,000 railroad down to the cart of the licensed vendor that crosses our path here upon the Avenue. It will leave for taxation by the rule of uniformity, all those great businesses that have furnished such

a fruitful field of revenue in all times — I mean distilling, insurance and banking, and every kind of trading. Then, finally, it will leave every possible occupation in which these 70,000,000 people can by any chance engage.

If I am right, if we succeed in the contention that I have presented to you, the hands of the Federal Government will be left open, free to impose all that class of taxes by the rule of uniformity, and they will still have plenary power over lands and the rents of lands, over accumulated personal property, and the income from personal property, but to be measured by the other rule — I mean that of apportionment according to the census.

If the Court please, at the adjournment of the Court yesterday, I was pointing out that there are ample sources of revenue from indirect taxes left open for the Federal Government to employ under the principle of uniformity without the need of resort to any direct taxation, and yet that, at the same time, under the right to collect direct taxes upon the principle of apportionment there is available the entire wealth of the country, real and personal, which in the last emergency may be absolutely exhausted for the common defence.

And now, before proceeding particularly with the views which I wish to lay before the Court regarding the question of direct taxes,] (*First*), I desire to call attention to the rules regulating the power and the methods of exercising the power of taxation, laid

down in the Constitution, which are absolutely imperative upon Congress and from which by no contrivance, by employing no name, can it possibly escape.

Under the provision of section 2 of article 1 of the Constitution, it had already been declared that representatives and direct taxes should be apportioned among the several States according to the census, according to numbers to be ascertained by an original census and by a decennial census from time to time, as years rolled on. The framers had not yet, so far as concerns the arrangement of sections in the Constitution as it was finally drawn, given to Congress the general power to tax. That first provision was a restraint upon what was intended to be given by a subsequent clause, all of course finally speaking with one voice. Then the framers came to the first clause of the eighth section, which prescribed the power of Congress, and naturally and necessarily gave to Congress plenary power of taxation, which might meet the exigencies, necessities, and demands of the Government at any period and under any stress. I agree with the learned Attorney-General that nothing could be more comprehensive ; that no other language could be used to include the entire power of taxation, which it was the evident, the obvious, the necessary purpose of the framers to bestow upon the new government. "Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises." They added, however, to that clause, "but all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform through the United States," which I

understand to mean exactly what it says — that all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform duties, uniform imposts, uniform excises throughout the United States.

The first question that suggests itself is why these words were added in that particular form, especially why the word “taxes” was included in the grant of power and excluded from this particular modification of it. I am not one of those who attribute ignorance or heedlessness or acting in the dark or in a maze to the men who, after sitting four months together, evolved this piece of work. I submit to your Honors that upon every reasonable rule of construction, in view of the nature and character of those men, in view of the light of the history of the Confederation and of English history in which they were acting, they intended by their prescription of methods of exercising the power to cover absolutely the whole subject of taxation, and that the reason why the limitation as to uniformity, the prescription of method as to uniformity, was applied only to duties, imposts, and excises was that the framers knew very well that they had already prescribed the measure for all other taxes under the term of direct taxes. [Anything less than that would impute to them the ignorance, the heedlessness, the striking in the dark which, I think, one of the briefs on the part of the other side has imputed to them in this regard. They had known all about the struggles of English-speaking people in respect to taxation and resistance to taxation and the necessity of regulating taxation. There was not one

of them to whom could be imputed ignorance of all that history had taught in that regard. So I submit to your Honors it is a fair and necessary construction that] the (*undoubted*) reason why the framers of the Constitution limited the provision of the method of uniformity for the measurement of taxes to duties, imposts, and excises was that they understood that they had already provided for the method for the measurement of all other taxes.

In respect to this, what the learned Attorney-General says regarding the uniform conduct of the Government from the beginning is entitled to our greatest respect, and I draw from it what appears to me to be a very strong argument and one that I do not remember to have heretofore seen suggested. Your Honors will remember that Mr. Justice Chase in the case of *Hylton v. United States* threw out the suggestion that there was some mystery¹ about the word "taxes" in the first clause of the eighth section; that all duties, imposts, and excises necessarily were taxes; and he hinted that possibly there might be some kind of a tax of which he could not then think, the nature of which he did not intimate, that might neither upon the one hand be a direct tax, nor upon the other be a duty, an impost, or an excise. That suggestion has lingered in the mind of the profession from about a hundred years ago until now, and you find it reproduced in the brief of the learned Attorney-General or of his associate. They say that there may be a tax which on one side is neither a direct tax nor on the

¹ U. S. Reports, *mistake*.

other side a duty, impost, or excise. [They do not venture to suggest that the tax under examination is such a tax, and nobody from the beginning under this Constitution has ever imagined what such a tax could be. In fact, as I understand the brief of the learned Attorney-General, he suggests that no such tax has ever been discovered.]

Now, for the argument that I draw from it: How about the corpus of personal property? If a tax upon that were such a tax, neither direct upon the one hand nor a duty, impost, or excise on the other, then what would follow? What Mr. Justice Chase suggested, that neither rule prescribed would apply; that it would not have to be levied either according to apportionment or according to uniformity. Would it not have suggested itself to some astute mind connected with the executive or legislative departments of the Government at some time since the adoption of the Constitution until now, in all the great exigencies and emergencies of the nation, that there was a tax unlimited in respect to measure, in the meting out of which there was no restraint upon Congress? Under that construction, under that theory or imagination, what has there been from the beginning to prevent Congress from raising all the money required for the purposes of the Government from the corpus of personal property throughout the United States without any rule of apportionment, without any rule of uniformity, laying it exactly as it pleased, and coming to every citizen, saying, "I find you are worth so much personal property; pay me two per cent of that."

No; this has never been dreamed of—it has never been suggested to this hour—and why not? It is because everybody who thought for a moment about this subject knew that the judgment I have ascribed to the framers of the Constitution was sound and right, namely, that in providing for direct taxes, and that direct taxes should be collected according to apportionment, they covered a tax upon personal property.

[I might be asked why, if personal property was included in direct taxes, has it never been made the subject of direct tax by this Government, as it never has? Is not the answer obvious, namely, that the inequality of effect produced by a levy, a collection according to apportionment among the different States according to representation, would be, in respect to the bulk of personal property, so great, so oppressive to the smaller and less wealthy States that it was impossible for any man in Congress or out to propose it for a moment? See how that would have operated as between New York, with its vast accumulation of personal property, and Florida, if you please, or any one of the poorer States regarding which the proportion of such a tax to be imposed upon its citizens should be measured by apportionment according to numbers? If the Court please, Mr. Langdon of New Hampshire understood that inequality perfectly well in the convention when this rule of apportioning direct taxes was submitted. Said he: “It will be very hard upon New Hampshire, but we will submit to it for the purpose of carrying this Constitution through.”

Why hard upon New Hampshire? Her property consisted of her farms and her granite hills, with no accumulation of personal property, but Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, and several of the other States had personal property vastly in excess of their proportionate numbers. If the Court please, do not these considerations fully confirm the necessary interpretation imposed upon you by the ordinary rules of construction with which I set out this morning, that you are to ascribe to the original makers of this Constitution exactly what everybody has ascribed to them ever since, namely, that they believed that they had, and by their language they certainly had, covered the restraint of the taxing power as to all manner of property and methods of exercising it?

Now, I come to establish my proposition that] the income of all accumulated property, whether it be the rent of lands or the interest of bonds or the immediate outgrowth of any other specific form of personal property, is necessarily, under the Constitution, the subject of a direct tax and of no other. [If I accomplish that it will not result in establishing the illegality upon that ground of all the provisions of this law. If those things which I mention can only be made the subject of an apportioned tax, it will make void this tax so far as it rests upon rents and upon the income of personal property. By what method is this to be established? By exploring the misty areas of political economy, about which, however thoroughly informed your Honors may be, I know next to nothing? I think not. I think it is to be established

and decided by the ordinary rules for the construction of statutes and constitutions.]

One thing is absolutely certain in this Constitution, and that is that the difference between the subjects of taxation by apportionment and taxation by the rule of uniformity was considered one of vast importance by the framers of the Constitution. It was no trifling thing. They did not think either branch of this question of taxation inconsiderable or unimportant. [By and by I shall be able to recall to your Honors' attention why they did not think so and that there was a wide gulf between them. The nature of the property and of the tax to which it was on the one hand to be subjected by apportionment, and the nature of the subject of taxation and of the tax to which it was to be subjected on the other hand by the rule of uniformity were absolutely distinct in their minds, whatever each may have included.

Now, if the Court please,] my proposition is that real estate itself and the rent of it, the bulk of personal property and the income from it, were what was in their minds under the subject of direct taxation. How do I ascertain that? I say by comparing and studying these clauses of the Constitution which I have already quoted and the other clauses of the Constitution and the whole scope and purpose of them. The mere talk of this man or that in the convention, mere talk of this man or that upon the bench of any court, unless it was a solemn adjudication upon his oath of office and the decision of a case,

is of very little weight. I have found from a careful study of it very little help upon this subject in the debates of the Federal convention, and I think there are two reasons why no conclusive force, as Justice Swayne said in the Springer case, can be drawn from them. In the first place, it was not a legislative body; it was merely a deliberative body, coming voluntarily together at the invitation of Virginia and of Congress, submitting its work to Congress with a suggestion that it finally be submitted for adoption to the conventions of the several States. In the second place, its deliberations were absolutely secret. [The seal of secrecy was set upon them and never taken off until after the death of Mr. Madison, in 1826. So absolute was the secrecy that you find in the personal journal of General Washington, who was president of the convention, that while he recorded everything else that happened to him, the dinners he attended, the men who were there, the women who were there, the rides and the drives, and the walks he took, he has this entry: "The convention having voted that its proceedings shall not transpire, no word as to what happens there will be found in this diary." So, while it is true that aid can be derived from the discussions in the State conventions to which this document was submitted, without another word from these framers, with not a word of explanation, you have to look to the document itself as your first and final guide.]

The first step which I take as the starting point of my argument in support of the proposition that I am

submitting is that, whatever else was or was not included in the term direct tax, real estate was included, real estate in the several States, real estate that was distributed equally everywhere, found everywhere, in every State, although necessarily differing in value and differing in acreage. [I take that not as a concession from anybody, not as a concession from Mr. Hamilton, or Mr. Justice Patterson, to be coupled with and limited by anything else they may have said in connection with it, but I take it from the universal assent of mankind, then and now, in Court, in Congress, in the executive department, everywhere.

I observed in the brief filed by my learned friend, Mr. Carter, that he says it was the naked land, and he draws a distinction between improved real estate and uncultivated, unproductive real estate; and he says, "Why a tax upon rented property is one thing, but a tax upon all land, including unproductive and unoccupied land, of which there was so much then and so much now, is quite another thing." If the Court please, appealing to the practical construction by the legislative branch of the Government] from the beginning, the power to tax land does not rest¹ upon theories of distinctions between [land and] the increment of land, the improvement of land, and the growth or value of land; but it applies² according to such practical construction, to improved and unimproved real estate. There have been three cases

¹ U. S. Reports, *has not been rested*.

² U. S. Reports, *has been applied*.

of a direct tax, which has never been imposed except in cases of great emergency: First, there was the direct tax law of 1798, when trouble with France was apprehended; then the land tax act of 1812, and the direct tax of 1861. All were of one type. They were not taxes on naked land; they were taxes arranged carefully upon improved and upon unimproved property, just as a land tax, if you please to call it so, a direct tax, may now be imposed upon rented property and unrented and unproductive property. What did Congress do? Take the first tax as a specimen of them all. It said, first, we will tax the houses. That is improved real property, is it not? That is real rented property, is it not? It taxed them according to their value, from \$3,000 ranging all the way up to \$30,000, at a differing rate. Then it taxed the slaves so much a head. I think it was fifty cents a head. Then it taxed all the rest of the land a dollar for a hundred acres or whatever the rule was. So I say there is an absolute consensus, confirmed by these hundred years of history, that a direct tax upon land was not a purely naked land tax, but it was a tax, as I have said, upon all possible improvements or outgrowth of the property [as well as upon the land itself].

Now, we come to the second proposition, which it seems to me is equally easy to establish, and that is that the rent of real estate issuing from it is indistinguishable from a tax on the real property itself. [I understood my learned friend, the Attorney-General, to say yesterday, "No, there is a difference; there is

this difference, that rent after it is in a man's pocket is turned into money, and they are taxing the money." I shall have something to say about that by and by in regard to the decisions of your Honors, decisions of this Court almost from the beginning. Then he said that it depends upon the will of Congress and the form or name of the tax whether they say we mean to tax these rents as personal property and not as real property. Is that possible? He says under some tax laws a tax on rents ought to be regarded as a tax on real estate from which it is indistinguishable in principle, quality, and character. But if Congress says, "We say this is a tax on personal property, although on rents," it ceases to be a tax on real estate and rents as such and becomes a tax on personal property. I thought that this Court in the investigation of constitutional questions always went for the substance and not the name, for the real purpose and not for any fictitious purpose, and held that what Congress was forbidden to do directly it could not do indirectly.

If the Court please], as to this matter of rent, is a tax on rent distinguishable from a tax on land? I say that a tax on land yielding income by whatever name, is in reality, in effect and substance, a tax upon the rental. I speak now, of course, of rented property. I am not foolish enough to argue that a tax on rents is the same thing as a tax on land which nobody rents. I am looking, however, at the nature of the tax; not the form, but the substance. Your Honors will observe that the tax laid by this law is

a yearly tax upon the yearly rental. Can that be distinguished from a tax on land? How [under Heaven] is a tax on land to be paid except out of the income? How is it possible? I mean in the common, ordinary, practical business of life which the Court is bound to look at. We are living under a constitutional government, are we not? We have regulated the measure of our taxation by the Constitution. Was it intended that, although Congress could not put an unapportioned tax upon real estate, it could put an unapportioned tax upon rent of real estate, and so eat all the real estate up? How can a man pay this five years' annual tax on the rent of real estate? Absolutely only out of the rental. Would any free people, if they had prohibited a land tax, submit to a tax on the rentals?

[We are lawyers, are we not, all of us?] We are deciding this as a question of law, not of political economy. I say that every time the courts ever passed upon the question of an annual tax on land, by whatever name you call it, whether you call it a real estate tax or a land tax or an income tax or whatever you please, it has been held to be a tax on the immediate ownership, upon the immediate freehold, and upon the man who is in possession thereof receiving the income. [Your Honors are all perfectly familiar with the cases which hold that as between tenant for life and remainderman such a tax as this rests necessarily upon the tenant for life. Now, is not that rule applicable? Is it not perfectly pertinent? Take another instance. We have got a piece

of land here, a house, a building that is worth \$100,000, and that pays \$10,000 rent, and there comes a five years' annual tax of half of one per cent upon the assessed value, if you please, or the appraised value or the value ascertained in any way. This would clearly be a direct tax. But instead of calling it a half of one per cent upon the value of the property we call it five per cent upon the rents, and so take \$500 per annum for the five years. Can anybody tell me that in substance, in merit, in virtue of the thing done as between the Government and the citizen, there is any difference between those two cases? Every material circumstance is the same — the first payment, the final bearing, the impossibility of escape except by abandoning the property and refusing to rent it. So I say, by whatever name you call it, it is the same thing; there is no difference as to either owner or government.

If the Court please, I shall put another case. We have been discussing the question upon the principle that an unapportioned tax upon real estate is forbidden absolutely by the Constitution. Suppose the Constitution instead of forbidding an unapportioned direct tax had specifically forbidden any tax by Congress upon the real estate of any inhabitants of a State. Let us see whether there is any difference between a tax upon the rent and a tax upon the body of the property. The Constitution has provided, we will assume, that Congress shall not levy any tax upon the real estate of any citizen of any State. Congress gets into a tight place and it says, "We want more money.

We cannot levy a tax upon the real estate of any citizen, but we will put an annual tax for five years or for ten years or for twenty years upon the rental income of the real estate." Would anybody say that that was permissible to Congress under such a Constitution? As the Constitution now stands, it is conceded that you cannot put any unapportioned tax upon real estate, and yet my opponents claim, and it is necessary for their argument to claim, that you can nevertheless tax all a man's real estate away by an annual tax upon his rents. It is scarcely necessary for me to follow up the last suggestion by arguing that that proposition, if true as applied to the prohibition to levy any tax upon real estate, is equally true as to my proposition in regard to the prohibition to levy any unapportioned tax upon real property.

Then, if the Court please, there are many other suggestions that crowd upon us. We have all been lawyers all our lives and followed scores, generations of lawyers dealing with the subject of the difference between real estate and the rent of real estate. Now,] what has been the law from the beginning of the common law? What do the old writers say?

"If a man seized of land in fee by his deed granteth to another the profit of those lands to have and to hold to him and his heires and maketh livery *secundum formam chartæ*, the whole land itselfe doth passe. For what is the land but the profits thereof?" That is from Coke upon Littleton. That has been

law ever since in every court in English Christendom. It is applied now just the same as it was in the time of Coke. It was applied in the State of New York to the matter of a devise. "A devise of the interest or of the rents and profits is a devise of the thing itself, out of which that interest or those rents and profits may issue." That is the law as administered by the Supreme Court of the State of New York when your late associate, Mr. Justice Nelson, was a member of it.

[If the Court please,] let me call your Honors' attention again to what the [learned] Attorney-General says. He says: "Well, when a man has got the money in his pocket it is no longer rent." One thing I would say about that is that if you are going after the rent as money, the tax is on personal property and should be apportioned, as I think I shall demonstrate by and by. But the answer is that the tax does not go after the rent as money in the taxpayer's pocket. The act of 1894 [(sec. 27)] specifies the rents as a cardinal part and element of this income return, and every man who goes up to make his return has to state under oath what rent he got last year.

This fiction — this difference between the name and the thing, between the substance and the shadow — urged by the Attorney-General is that, though you cannot tax rent, you can tax the money in the owner's pocket received from rent. If there is one factitious argument, one pretence of a reason, one attempt to make a distinction without a difference that this

Court has uniformly stamped upon with all its might, it is just that. [This Court has repeatedly decided that such an argument is wholly unsound. What did the Court mean in *Brown v. Maryland* when it held that a tax on the occupation of an importer is the same as a tax on imports, and is therefore void? It is the source, the substance that the act strikes at, that the Court always looks to, and always has looked to, in every form and case that has ever come before it until now. Chief Justice Marshall said — I read from the twenty-eighth page of our principal brief:

“It is possible to conceal from ourselves that this is varying the form without varying the substance. It is treating a prohibition which is general as if it were confined to a particular mode of doing the forbidden thing. All must perceive that a tax on the sale of an article imported only for sale is a tax on the article itself.”

What did the Court mean in *McCulloch v. Maryland* by saying that a State law levying a tax in the shape of a stamp upon bills issued by the Bank of the United States was a tax upon the bank? What did it mean in the case of *Osborn v. Bank of the United States* by declaring that a State law requiring a payment of \$5,000 or \$50,000 before a bank could begin business was a tax upon the actual powers of the Federal Government? The case of *Weston v. Charleston* is very conclusive on this point. There it was held that a tax upon the income of United States bonds was a tax upon the securities themselves and equally inad-

missible. Chief Justice Marshall and four of his associates held that, although Mr. Justice Thompson and Mr. Justice Johnson dissented, on the ground that it was palpably an income tax, which the learned Chief Justice did not contradict.

The case of *Dobbins v. Commissioners* is one of the most instructive cases on this very point ever decided. What was that? The Commissioners of Erie County, in Pennsylvania, had a revenue-cutter captain residing there, the captain of a Federal vessel. They were levying their annual taxes upon their citizens, and they said, "You have got this office from which you have received this salary, and we want \$10.50 from you for that." What was the plea then in the Court? Exactly the one now made here. It was insisted that it was not a tax upon his salary, that it was not a tax upon his office, but a tax upon the money in his pocket. What did this Court say? Mr. Justice Wayne was not in the habit of using strong language, but your Honors will find how sternly he condemned such a pretence as that.

In *Almy v. California*, it was held that a duty on a bill of lading was the same thing as a duty on the article which it represented. In *Railroad Company v. Jackson*, it was held that a tax upon the interest payable upon bonds was a tax not upon the debtor, but upon the security, the bonds. Have not your Honors held over and over again that a tax on a broker or an importer — that a licence fee before he could handle an imported article in its original package — was a tax on the imports which no State had a right to levy?

I need not weary your Honors further with cases. They are all set forth here on pages 28, 29, and 30 of our brief.

“The value of property results from the use to which it is put, and varies with the profitableness of that use.” (*Postal Telegraph Co. v. Adams*, 155 U. S. 688, 697.) A tax upon the profitableness of the use is, therefore, a tax falling directly upon the value of the property. So I submit that a tax on rents is in substance a tax on real estate and should be made the subject of apportionment, as required by the Constitution in respect of all direct taxes.

If your Honors please,] how in principle does the corpus of personal property differ from a piece of real estate? I own a house to-day and sell it to-morrow, and take as its consideration a mortgage on the same property for \$10,000, the value of the house. Is a tax upon the house one kind of a tax, and a tax upon the proceeds of the house another? It cannot be; it is impossible. There is no real or substantial difference between a general tax on personal and on real property. No such thing has ever been decided; no such thing has ever been hinted at. A tax on personalty has all the elements of a direct tax exactly as a tax upon real estate. It is directly imposed; it is presently paid; it is ultimately borne by the party owning it. There is no choice for him to escape from the tax but¹ to abandon the property. There is no volition about it, as there is in the case of

¹ U. S. Reports, *to run away*.

any consumable commodities upon which excises are laid.

[I recur now to what I said a little while ago as to the effect of the word "taxes" in the first clause of section 8 of article I., and I recall what Mr. Hamilton said and what Mr. Justice Patterson said and what Mr. Chief Justice Chase said when the subject came before them. They included in the subject of a direct tax the bulk of personal property under a general assessment. When they added the words "under a general assessment" there was no warrant for that in the Constitution or anywhere else. What they meant was a tax on personal property as it is levied and collected in the various States where the State comes directly to the owner of the personal property and taxes it as such.] Suppose a direct tax to be levied upon real and personal property in the States, could a man whose personal property was touched by it appeal to the Court with any hope of success and say, "That tax on my personal property is not a direct tax, but is an excise or a duty or impost. I will pay on my real property, but I will not pay and I shall appeal to the Supreme Court to free me from paying the portion of the tax that rests upon my personal property." The Court certainly would overrule such a contention. I say there is not the least distinction between such a case and that presented here.

[It has been alleged in the brief filed on the part of the Government in response to ours that this is not a general levy upon personal property in the words of

Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Justice Patterson and of Chief Justice Chase. Why not? The suggestion is, because we have exempted everybody below \$4000. It is because we have exempted certain favored companies that own hundreds and thousands of millions of personal and real property.

What does a general assessment mean? It means that the Government goes through the district and hunts up the property and sees how much the citizen has and lays the tax upon him. Section 34 of this act covers the whole subject of general assessment and general levy. That section provides for a general scheme by which it is made the duty of the collectors and deputy collectors in each department to journey through the district and find out what property each person has and make a list and levy the tax on that. If your Honors care to follow me (you will find a copy of the law among the papers submitted), on page 20, lines 19 and 20: "It shall be the duty of the collector or deputy collector to make such list or return, which being distinctly read, consented to, and signed," etc.]

I think your Honors¹ will have no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the corpus of personal property is included within the subject of a direct tax, and that a tax thereon must be apportioned. How about income derived therefrom? I am not speaking now [your Honors understand,] of the earnings and income from labor and from any calling, trade, profession, or business. I am talking about the direct

¹ U. S. Reports, *you*.

income of personal property, as illustrated by the interest on bonds. Thus the United States issues certain bonds and declares that the bonds shall not be subject to taxation by any State. I am looking at the question whether a tax on the interest of the bonds is the same in nature as a tax on the bond itself. A State levies a tax. The Legislature recognizes that the bond itself is protected and cannot be taxed; but it attempts to circumvent that inhibition by pretending to tax only the income after it has been collected on the plea that it has lost its identity and is part of the personal property of the owner of the bond. Would you say that, although the act of Congress said the bond should not be subject to tax, all the income therefrom and all its value might be eaten out by the State putting a tax upon the income of the bond? Of course, that would be an impossibility, and it is decisive of this question. The substance is what the Constitution provides for. The substance of right is what the Court is bound to protect. [What is a bond of the United States or of any corporation, payable thirty years hence to anybody who holds it, but for the provision that in the meantime it shall pay interest every six months at a certain rate? It is that which gives value to the bond. The interest is a part of that bond, is a part of that piece of personal property, just exactly in every sense as the principal that is payable thirty years hence. It seems unnecessary to dwell longer on that subject, for the Government and the appellees have had our brief for two weeks and not a word has been said against

this branch of the discussion therein, except the learned Attorney-General's suggestion that Congress was not taxing rents, but was only reaching the money collected in the form of rents.]

We may proceed now to inquire how the two rules, apportionment and uniformity, were intended by the makers of the Constitution to work in practical application to their respective subjects of taxation. It was then known perfectly well that apportionment was necessarily a rule of inequality. Nobody ever supposed or could contemplate that a tax levied by the rule of apportionment would result in equality of burden as to wealth, or, to state it in other words, that it would be found that the distribution of real and personal property was according to the population of the various States, or that a tax on real and personal property apportioned according to population would not bear more heavily on some than on other States.

You remember that the Confederation had no power to tax; that it had been the subject of an intense struggle since 1781, culminating finally in 1786, and that the Confederation was then on the point of absolute collapse when the constitutional convention came together. The Confederation had demanded the impost,¹ they had demanded the power of taxation in some form or other to save the nation, and the States never would consent. [Your Honors] all remember the quarrel about the impost, the getting of the impost and the not getting it, and


¹ U. S. Reports, *it.*

then came the compromise in the Constitution. It is not necessary to relate the history of the compromise; how it was arrived at.

[Everybody knows that the quarrel began about how representatives should be apportioned, and one morning Gouverneur Morris, then hailing from Pennsylvania, solved that difficulty by saying, "Let us say representation *and* direct taxes." This solved the difficulty, and no more quarrel was ever heard of, because those States that wanted more than a due proportion of their representation, as the others thought, must now pay a similar undue proportion of the taxes.]

Then, as the essential part of this compromise,¹ came the provisions in regard to the power of taxation to be vested in Congress, which we are here to-day to expound. First, there was a surrender by the States to Congress of the exclusive power to levy taxes on imports. That had been the great source of revenue to all the seaboard States; it was known to be an endless resource for Congress. The States gave it up absolutely, and with it the power to regulate foreign commerce. Then, too, the States surrendered forever afterwards the right that they had had of taxing and regulating commerce between the States. How much of revenue, how much of sources and subjects of taxing power that has amounted to, let your Honors' decisions for the last ten years on interstate commerce questions decide. That was one part of the compromise. Then came

¹ U. S. Reports, *accompanying this compromise*, etc.

the grant to Congress of power to lay indirect taxes, as we now call them—a grant to Congress of the power to levy, by the rule of uniformity, duties, imposts, and excises. 

I say that¹ the rule of apportionment by numbers was designed to operate exactly as it eventually did. What does it result in? It results, does it not, in a law of protection for the benefit of the holders of such property as was contemplated as the subject of the direct taxes? I own a house in New York. I study the Constitution and I see that it can be made the subject only of an apportioned tax. If that apportioned tax is applied my taxes will be less by half or a quarter or a fifth or a tenth, as the case may be, than if it were a tax applied by the law of uniformity. Is not that an absolute and infeasible right of the property owner in every State just as much as if the Constitution had provided as a part of this compromise that no taxes should be levied by the Federal Government upon real estate in any State?

[Of course there has occurred this accumulation of wealth per capita in certain States to a greater extent than in other States. This disproportion existed then as it exists now, only different in degree. It was just this disproportion that the provision as to apportionment was intended to protect. It was that which it has operated to protect, and ought to operate to protect. It was then understood perfectly well to be a rule of inequality on

¹ U. S. Reports, *This rule of apportionment was designed, etc*

the strength of which was bought the assent of the States then owning such property. The question to-day is whether that bargain shall be repudiated. Your Honors know what the seaboard States gave up for it. They gave up that inexhaustible source of revenue, customs duties, the whole regulation of commerce, and now the question is whether the other States, in whose behalf and for whose benefit that was given up, shall take back the price for which it was given. I cannot believe that your Honors will entertain any real doubt upon such a question as this.]

But there is another clause providing that representation and direct taxes shall go hand in hand. What did that mean? Why was it that the framers twice said it in the Constitution? And it is the only thing that they did say twice. They said it in section 2 of article 1, when they provided that representatives and direct taxes should be apportioned according to numbers. And they said it in the ninth section of the same article when they prescribed that no capitation or other direct tax should be levied except according to the census. [If the Court please,] they were fresh from the struggles about representation going hand in hand with taxation, and it was for the protection of this property, this accumulated property in the States, as against the inroad of the votes of mere numbers, that they stipulated and insisted upon the guaranty of apportionment—such was the fundamental condition of the States adopting the Constitution.

The purpose was as clear as if it had been written in so many words that when the representatives of any State voted in the House of Representatives, where only a tax could originate, upon a law to impose a direct tax upon the property or the income of property in any State, they should do it under the restraint that according as they possessed the political power to vote the tax, it should fall upon the citizens of the State that they represented. [Is there any doubt that that was the object, that that is how it was made a precaution and a guaranty? That is how it was made a safeguard of the Constitution, so that when a man came from a poor State to put a direct tax upon New York or upon Massachusetts or Pennsylvania, however poor his State might be, however small or great might be its population as compared with that of those richer and greater States, it should bear just that proportion of the tax, and that in voting to tax Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey he could not by any device exempt his own State from its proportionate share.]

What an object lesson this law is as to these subjects of direct tax that I have now spoken of, namely, the rents of land and the income of personal property. Here are the other forty States, all the States representing that region that has come in under the provision that new States might be carved out of the Territories, which have voted to put this direct tax under the pretence of an income tax upon these seaboard States, throwing to the winds the restraint

that the Constitution placed upon them, and practically exempting their own States. They have provided that New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and New Jersey shall pay, as I told you in the beginning, five times the amount they would pay if the rule of apportionment guaranteed by the Constitution had not been utterly disregarded.

HENRY JAMES: GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

From "Essays in London and Elsewhere," New York, 1893, pp. 138-150.¹

This excellent example of the interpretative, impressionistic criticism I have discussed pretty fully in the Introduction, pp. 98-100. It is worth while, however, to point out here that its excellence lies in its exquisite sensitiveness to the inner, emotional significance of fact, and in its power of setting forth the influence of the more subtle and impalpable kinds of fact on the responsive temperament of an artist. Such criticism demands, in the first place, untiring patience and placidity of rumination, in order that your feelings may crystallize themselves, and, in the second place, the finest delicacy of exposition.

It is only a reader here and there in all the wide world who understands to-day, or who ever understood, what Gustave Flaubert tried for; and it is only when such a reader is also a writer, and a tolerably tormented one, that he particularly cares. Poor Flaubert's great revenge, however, far beyond that of any editorial treachery, is that when this occasional witness does care he cares very peculiarly and very tenderly, and much more than he may be able successfully to say. Then the great irritated style-seeker becomes, in the embracing mind, an object of interest and honor; not so much for what he altogether achieved, as for the way he strove and for the inspir-

¹ Copyright, 1893, by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

ing image that he presents. There is no reasoning about him; the more we take him as he is the more he has a special authority. "Salammbô," in which we breathe the air of pure æsthetics, is as hard as stone; "L'Education," for the same reason, is as cold as death; "Saint-Antoine" is a medley of wonderful bristling metals and polished agates, and the drollery of "Bouvard et Pécuchet" (a work as sad as something perverse and puerile done for a wager) about as contagious as the smile of a keeper showing you through the wards of the madhouse. In "Madame Bovary" alone emotion is just sufficiently present to take off the chill. This truly is a qualified report, yet it leaves Flaubert untouched at the points where he is most himself, leaves him master of the province in which, for many of us, it will never be an idle errand to visit him. The way to care for him is to test the virtue of his particular exaggeration, to accept for the sake of his æsthetic influence the idiosyncrasies now revealed to us, his wild gesticulation, his plaintive, childish side, the side as to which one asks one's self what has become of ultimate good humor, of human patience, of the enduring *man*. He pays and pays heavily for his development in a single direction, for it is probable that no literary effort so great, accompanied with an equal literary talent, ever failed on so large a scale to be convincing. It convinces only those who are converted, and the number of such is very small. It is an appeal so technical that we may say of him still, but with more resignation, what he personally wailed over, that nobody takes his

great question seriously. This is indeed why there may be for each of the loyal minority a certain fine scruple against insistence. If he had had in his nature a contradiction the less, if his indifference had been more forgiving, this is surely the way in which he would have desired most to be preserved.

To no one, at any rate, need it be denied to say that the best way to appreciate him is, abstaining from the clumsy process of an appeal and the vulgar process of an advertisement, exclusively to *use* him, to feel him, to be privately glad of his message. In proportion as we swallow him whole and cherish him as a perfect example, his weaknesses fall into their place as the conditions about which, in estimating a man who has been original, there is a want of tact in crying out. There is, of course, always the answer that the critic is to be suborned only by originalities that fertilize; the rejoinder to which, of equal necessity, must ever be that even to the critics of unborn generations poor Flaubert will doubtless yield a fund of amusement. To the end of time there will be something flippant, something perhaps even "clever" to be said of his immense ado about nothing. Those for some of whose moments, on the contrary, this ado will be as stirring as music, will belong to the group that has dabbled in the same material and striven with the same striving. The interest he presents, in truth, can only be a real interest for fellowship, for initiation of the practical kind; and in that case it becomes a sentiment, a sort of mystical absorption or fruitful secret. The sweetest things in the world of

art or the life of letters are the irresponsible sympathies that seem to rest on divination. Flaubert's hardness was only the act of holding his breath in the reverence of his search for beauty; his universal renunciation, the long spasm of his too-fixed attention, was only one of the absurdest sincerities of art. To the participating eye these things are but details in the little square picture made at this distance of time by his forty years at the battered table at Croisset. Everything lives in this inward vision of the wide room on the river, almost the cell of a monomaniac, but consecrated ground to the faithful, which, as he tried and tried again, must so often have resounded with the pomp of a syntax addressed, in his code, peremptorily to the ear. If there is something tragi-comic in the scene, as of a tenacity in the void or a life laid down for grammar, the impression passes when we turn from the painful process to the sharp and splendid result. Then, since if we like people very much we end by liking their circumstances, the eternal chamber and the dry Benedictine years have a sufficiently palpable offset in the *repoussé* bronze of the books.

An incorruptible celibate and *dédaigneux des femmes* (as, in spite of the hundred and forty letters addressed to Madame Louise Colet, M. de Maupassant styles him and, in writing to Madame Sand, he confesses himself), it was his own view of his career that, as art was the only thing worth living for, he had made immense sacrifices to application, — sacrificed passions, joys, affections, curiosities, and

opportunities. He says that he shut his passions up in cages, and only at long intervals, for amusement, had a look at them. The *orgie de littérature*, in short, had been his sole form of excess. He knew best, of course, but his imaginations about himself (as about other matters) were, however justly, rich, and to the observer at this distance he appears truly to have been made of the very stuff of a Benedictine. He compared himself to the camel, which can neither be stopped when he is going nor moved when he is resting. He was so sedentary, so averse to physical exercise, which he speaks of somewhere as an *occupation funeste*, that his main alternative to the chair was, even by day, the bed, and so omnivorous in research that the act of composition, with him, was still more impeded by knowledge than by taste. "I have in me," he writes to the imperturbable Madame Sand, "a *fond d'ecclésiastique* that people don't know," — the clerical basis of the Catholic clergy. "We shall talk of it," he adds, "much better *vivâ voce* than by letter;" and we can easily imagine the thoroughness with which between the unfettered pair, when opportunity favored, the interesting subject was treated. At another time, indeed, to the same correspondent, who had given him a glimpse of the happiness of being a grandmother, he refers with touching sincerity to the poignancy of solitude to which the "radical absence of the feminine element" in his life condemned him. "Yet I was born with every capacity for tenderness. One does n't shape one's destiny, one undergoes it. I was pusillanimous in my youth

—I was *afraid* of life. We pay for everything.” Besides, it was his theory that a “man of style” should never stoop to action. If he had been afraid of life in fact, I must add, he was preserved from the fear of it in imagination by that great “historic start,” the sensibility to the *frisson historique*, which dictates the curious and beautiful outburst, addressed to Madame Colet, when he asks why it had not been his lot to live in the age of Nero. “How I would have talked with the Greek rhetors, travelled in the great chariots on the Roman roads, and in the evening, in the hostelries, turned in with the vagabond priests of Cybele! . . . I *have* lived, all over, in those directions; doubtless in some prior state of being. I’m sure I’ve been, under the Roman empire, manager of some troop of strolling players, one of the rascals who used to go to Sicily to buy women to make actresses, and who were at once professors, panders, and artists. These scoundrels have wonderful ‘mugs’ in the comedies of Plautus, in reading which I seem to myself to remember things.”

He was an extreme admirer of Apuleius, and his florid inexperience helps doubtless somewhat to explain those extreme sophistications of taste of which “*La Tentation de Saint-Antoine*” is so elaborate an example. Far and strange are the refuges in which such an imagination seeks oblivion of the immediate and the ugly. His life was that of a pearl-diver, breathless in the thick element while he groped for the priceless word, and condemned to plunge again and again. He passed it in reconstructing sentences,

exterminating repetitions, calculating and comparing cadences, harmonious *chutes de phrase*, and beating about the bush to deal death to the abominable assonance. Putting aside the particular ideal of style which made a pitfall of the familiar, few men surely have ever found it so difficult to deal with the members of a phrase. He loathed the smug face of facility as much as he suffered from the nightmare of toil; but if he had been marked in the cradle for literature it may be said without paradox that this was not on account of any native disposition to write, to write at least as he aspired and as he understood the term. He took long years to finish his books, and terrible months and weeks to deliver himself of his chapters and his pages. Nothing could exceed his endeavor to make them all rich and round, just as nothing could exceed the un-etherized anguish in which his successive children were born. His letters, in which, inconsequently for one who had so little faith in any rigor of taste or purity of perception save his own, he takes everybody into his most intimate literary confidence, the pages of the publication before us are the record of everything that retarded him. The abyss of reading answered to the abyss of writing; with the partial exception of "Madame Bovary" every subject that he treated required a rising flood of information. There are libraries of books behind his most innocent sentences. The question of "art" for him was so furiously the question of form, and the question of form was so intensely the question of rhythm, that from the beginning to the end of his correspondence we

scarcely ever encounter a mention of any beauty but verbal beauty. He quotes Goethe fondly as to the supreme importance of the "conception," but the conception remains for him essentially the plastic one.

There are moments when his restless passion for form strikes us as leaving the subject out of account altogether, as if he had taken it up arbitrarily, blindly, preparing himself the years of misery in which he is to denounce the grotesqueness, the insanity of his choice. Four times, with his *orgueil*, his love of magnificence, he condemned himself incongruously to the modern and familiar, groaning at every step over the horrible difficulty of reconciling "style" in such cases with truth and dialogue with surface. He wanted to do the battle of Thermopylæ, and he found himself doing "Bouvard et Pécuchet." One of the sides by which he interests us, one of the sides that will always endear him to the student, is his extraordinary ingenuity in lifting without falsifying, finding a middle way into grandeur and edging off from the literal without forsaking truth. This way was open to him from the moment he could look down upon his theme from the position of *une blague supérieure*, as he calls it, the amused freedom of an observer as irreverent as a creator. But if subjects were made for style (as to which Flaubert had a rigid theory: the idea was good enough if the expression was), so style was made for the ear, the last court of appeal, the supreme touchstone of perfection. He was perpetually demolishing his periods in the light of his merciless *gueulades*. He tried them on every one; his *gueulades* could

make him sociable. The horror, in particular, that haunted all his years was the horror of the *cliché*, the stereotyped, the thing usually said and the way it was usually said, the current phrase that passed muster. Nothing, in his view, passed muster but freshness, that which came into the world, with all the honors, for the occasion. To use the ready-made was as disgraceful as for a self-respecting cook to buy a tinned soup or a sauce in a bottle. Flaubert considered that the dispenser of such wares was indeed the grocer, and, producing his ingredients exclusively at home, he would have stabbed himself for shame, like Vatel. This touches on the strange weakness of his mind, his puerile dread of the grocer, the *bourgeois*, the sentiment that in his generation and the preceding misplaced, as it were, the spirit of adventure and the sense of honor, and sterilized a whole province of French literature. That worthy citizen ought never to have kept a poet from dreaming.

He had for his delectation and for satiric purposes a large collection of those second-hand and approximate expressions which begged the whole literary question. To light upon a perfect example was his nearest approach to natural bliss. "Bouvard et Pécuchet" is a museum of such examples, the cream of that "Dictionnaire des Idées Reçues" for which all his life he had taken notes and which eventually resolved itself into the encyclopædic exactitude and the lugubrious humor of the novel. Just as subjects were meant for style, so style was meant for images; therefore, as his own were numerous and

admirable, he would have contended, coming back to the source, that he was one of the writers to whom the significance of a work had ever been most present. This significance was measured by the amount of style and the quantity of metaphor thrown up. Poor subjects threw up a little, fine subjects threw up much, and the finish of his prose was the proof of his profundity. If you pushed far enough into language, you found yourself in the embrace of thought. There are, doubtless, many persons whom this account of the matter will fail to satisfy, and there will indeed be no particular zeal to put it forward even on the part of those for whom, as a writer, Flaubert most vividly exists. He is a strong taste, like any other that is strong, and he exists only for those who have a constitutional need to feel in some direction the particular æsthetic confidence that he inspires. That confidence rests on the simple fact that he carried execution so far and nailed it so fast. No one will care for him at all who does not care for his metaphors, and those moreover who care most for these will be discreet enough to admit that even a style rich in similes is limited when it renders only the visible. The invisible Flaubert scarcely touches; his vocabulary and all his methods were unadjusted and alien to it. He could not read his French Wordsworth, M. Sully-Prudhomme; he had no faith in the power of the moral to offer a surface. He himself offers such a flawless one that this hard concretion is success. If he is impossible as a companion, he is deeply refreshing as a reference; and all that his reputation

asks of you is an occasional tap of the knuckle at those firm, thin plates of gold which constitute the leaves of his books. This passing tribute will yield the best results when you have been prompted to it by some other prose.

In other words, with all his want of *portée*, as the psychological critics of his own country would say of him, poor Flaubert is one of the artists to whom an artist will always go back. And if such a pilgrim in the very act of acknowledgment, drops for an instant into the tenderness of compassion, it is a compassion singularly untainted with patronage or with contempt; full, moreover, of mystifications and wonderments, questions unanswered and speculations vain. Why was he so unhappy if he was so active; why was he so intolerant if he was so strong? Why should he not have accepted the circumstance that M. de Lamartine also wrote as his nature impelled, and that M. Louis Enault embraced a convenient opportunity to go to the East? The East, if we listen to him, should have been closed to one of these gentlemen and literature forbidden to the other. Why does the inevitable perpetually infuriate him, and why does he inveterately resent the ephemeral? Why does he, above all, in his private, in other words his continuous epistolary, despair, assault his correspondents with malodorous comparisons? The bad smell of the age was the main thing he knew it by. Naturally, therefore, he found life a *chose hideuse*. If it was his great merit and the thing we hold on to him for that the artist and the man were welded

together, what becomes, in the proof, of a merit that is so little illuminating for life? What becomes of the virtue of the beauty that pretends to be worth living for? Why feel, and feel genuinely, so much about "art," in order to feel so little about its privilege? Why proclaim it on the one hand the holy of holies, only to let your behavior confess it on the other a temple open to the winds? Why be angry that so few people care for the real thing, since this aversion of the many leaves a luxury of space? The answer to these too numerous questions is the final perception that the subject of our observations failed of happiness, failed of temperance, not through his excesses, but absolutely through his barriers. He passed his life in strange oblivion of the circumstance that, however incumbent it may be on most of us to do our duty, there is, in spite of a thousand narrow dogmatisms, nothing in the world that any one is under the least obligation to *like*,—not even (one braces one's self to risk the declaration) a particular kind of writing. Particular kinds of writing may sometimes, for their producers, have the good fortune to please; but these things are windfalls, pure luxuries, not resident even in the cleverest of us as natural rights. Let Flaubert always be cited as one of the devotees and even, when people are fond of the word, as one of the martyrs of the plastic idea; but let him be still more considerably preserved and more fully presented as one of the most conspicuous of the faithless. For it was not that he went too far, it was, on the contrary, that he stopped

too short. He hovered forever at the public door, in the outer court, the splendor of which very properly beguiled him, and in which he seems still to stand as upright as a sentinel and as shapely as a statue. But that immobility and even that erectness were paid too dear. The shining arms were meant to carry further, the other doors were meant to open. He should at least have listened at the chamber of the soul. This would have floated him on a deeper tide; above all, it would have calmed his nerves.

L. E. GATES: NEWMAN'S STYLE.

From "Three Studies in Literature," New York, 1899, pp. 88-108.¹

In this extract may be pointed out most of what is good in the various methods of criticism. In the first place there is the sensitive and sympathetic understanding of the author; there is the knowledge of literature and the times which makes possible a juster estimate by comparison with other writers; there is the firm but reasonable judgment; there is the skilful and discriminating comparison which is the master-word of the critical method; and finally, there is a delicacy and a range of expression always equal to the keenness and the exactness of the thought.

IV

FOR still another reason the lectures on the "Present Position of Catholics" are specially interesting to a student of Newman's methods; they illustrate exceptionally well his skill in the use of irony. To the genuine rhetorician there is something specially attractive in the duplicity of irony, because of the opportunity it offers of playing with points of view, of juggling with phrases, of showing virtuosity in the manipulation of both thoughts and words. Newman was too much of a rhetorician not to feel this fascination. Moreover, he had learned from his study of Copleston and Whately the possibilities of irony as a

¹ Copyright, 1899, by the Macmillan Company.

controversial weapon. Copleston's "Advice to a Young Reviewer," and Whately's "Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte" were typical specimens of academic irony, where, with impressive dignity and suavity and the most plausible simplicity and candour, the writers, while seemingly advocating a certain policy, or theory, or set of conclusions, were really sneering throughout at a somewhat similar policy or theory — that of their opponents — and laying it open to helpless ridicule.

One of the most noteworthy characteristics of Newman's irony — and in this point his irony resembled that of his masters — was its positive argumentative value. Often an elaborate piece of irony is chiefly destructive; it turns cleverly into ridicule the general attitude of mind of the writer's opponents, but makes no attempt to supply a substitute for the faith it destroys. Swift's irony is usually of this character. It is intensely ill-natured, even savage, and is so extravagant that it sometimes defeats its own end as argument. Its hauteur and bitterness produce a reaction in the mind of the reader, and force him to distrust the judgment and sanity of a man who can be so inveterately and fiercely insolent. Its indictment is so sweeping, and its mood so cynical, that the reader, though he is bullied out of any regard for the ideas that Swift attacks, is repelled from Swift himself, and made to hate his notions as much as he despises those of Swift's opponents. Moreover, full of duplicity and innuendo as it is, its innuendoes are often merely disguised sneers, and

not suggestions of genuinely valid reasons why the opinions or prejudices which the writer is assailing should be abandoned. In the "Modest Proposal" and the "Argument against Abolishing Christianity," for example, the irony reduces to one long sneer at the prejudice, the selfishness, and the cruelty of Yahoo human nature; there is very little positive argument in behalf of the oppressed Irish on the one hand, or in favour of Christianity on the other.

Newman's irony, on the contrary, is subtle, intellectual, and suggestive. It is positive in its insinuation of actual reasons for abandoning prejudice against Roman Catholics; it is tirelessly adroit, and adjusts itself delicately to every part of the opposing argument; it is suggestive of new ideas, and not only makes the reader see the absurdity of some time-worn prejudice, but hints at its explanation and is ready with a new opinion to take its place. In tone, too, it is very different from Swift's irony; it is not enraged and blindly savage, but more like the best French irony — self-possessed, suave, and oblique. Newman addresses himself with unfailing skill to the prejudices of those whom he is trying to move, and carries his readers with him in a way that Swift was too contemptuous to aim at. Newman's irony wins the wavering, while it routs the hostile. This is the double task it proposes to itself.

An example of his irony at its best may be found in the amusing piece of declamation against the British Constitution and John Bullism which Newman puts into the mouth of a Russian count. The

passage occurs in a lecture on the "Present Position of Catholics," which was delivered just before the war with Russia, when English jealousy of Russia and contempt for Russian prejudice and ignorance were most intense. It was, of course, on these feelings of jealousy and contempt that Newman skilfully played when he represented the Russian count as grotesquely misinterpreting the British Constitution and "Blackstone's Commentaries," and as charging them with irreligion and blasphemy. His satirical portrayal of the Russian and the clever manipulation by which he forces the count to exhibit his stores of ungente dulness and his stock of malignant prejudice delighted every ordinary British reader, and threw him into a pleasant glow of self-satisfaction, and of sympathy with the author; now, this was the very mood, as Newman was well aware, in which, if ever, the anti-Catholic reader might be led to question with himself whether, after all, he was perfectly informed about Roman Catholicism, or whether he did not, like the Russian count, take most of his knowledge at second-hand and inherit most of his prejudice. Throughout this passage the ingenuity is conspicuous with which Newman makes use of English dislike of Russia and loyalty to Queen and Constitution; the passage everywhere exemplifies the adroitness, the flexibility, the persuasiveness, and the far-reaching calculation of Newman's irony.

Indeed, this elaborateness and self-consciousness, and deliberateness of aim, are perhaps, at times, limitations on the success of his irony; it is some-

what too cleverly planned and a trifle over-elaborate. In these respects it contrasts disadvantageously with French irony, which, at its best, is so delightfully by the way, so airily unexpected, so accidental, and yet so dextrously fatal. It would be an instructive study in literary method to compare Newman's ironical defence of Roman Catholicism in the passage already referred to with Montesquieu's ironical attack upon the same system in the "*Lettres Persanes*."

V

When we turn from Newman's methods to his style in the narrower meaning of the term, we still find careful elaboration and ingenious calculation of effect, although here, again, the conscientious workmanship becomes evident only on reflection, and the general impression is that of easy and instinctive mastery. Nevertheless, Newman wrought out all that he wrote, with much patient recasting and revising. "It is simply the fact," he tells a friend in one of his letters, "that I have been obliged to take great pains with everything I have written, and I often write chapters over and over again, besides innumerable corrections and interlinear additions. . . . I think I have never written for writing's sake; but my one single desire and aim has been to do what is so difficult: viz., to express clearly and exactly my meaning; this has been the motive principle of all my corrections and rewritings."¹

¹ Letters, II. 476.

It is perhaps this sincerity of aim and this sacrifice of the decorative impulse in the strenuous search for adequacy of expression that keep out of Newman's writing every trace of artificiality. Sophisticated as is his style, it is never mannered. There is no pretence, no flourish, no exhibition of rhetorical resources for their own sake. The most impressive and the most richly imaginative passages in his prose come in because he is betrayed into them in his conscientious pursuit of all the aspects of the truth he is illustrating. Moreover, they are curiously congruous in tone with the most colloquial parts of his writing. There is no sudden jar perceptible when, in the midst of his ordinary discourse, one chances upon these passages of essential beauty; perfect continuity of texture is characteristic of his work. This perfect continuity of texture illustrates both the all-pervasive fineness and nobleness of Newman's temper, which constantly holds the elements of moral and spiritual beauty in solution, and which imprints a certain distinction upon even the commonplace, and also the flexibility and elasticity of his style, which enables him with such perfect gradation of effect to change imperceptibly from the lofty to the common. An admirable example of this exquisite gradation of values and continuity of texture may be found in the third chapter of Newman's "Rise and Progress of Universities," where he describes Athens and the region round about as the ideal site for a university. Alike in the earlier paragraphs that are merely expository, and in the later ones that portray the beauty

of Attica, his style is simple and easily colloquial; and when from the splendid imaginative picture that his descriptive sentences call up, he turns again suddenly to exposition, the transition causes no perceptible jar. The same flexibility and smoothness of style is exemplified in a passage in the third of the discourses on "University Teaching," where he defines his conception of the Science of Theology. In this passage the change from a scientific explanation of the duties of the theologian to the almost impassioned eloquence of the ascription of goodness and might to the Deity is effected with no shock or sense of discontinuity.

In its freedom from artificiality and in its perfect sincerity, Newman's style contrasts noticeably with the style of a great rhetorician from whom he nevertheless took many hints, — De Quincey. Of his careful study of De Quincey's style there can be no question. In the passage on the Deity, to which reference has just been made, there are unmistakable reminiscences of De Quincey in the iteration of emphasis on an important word, in the frequent use of inversions, in the rise and fall of the periods, and, indeed, in the subtle rhythmic effects throughout. The piece of writing, however, where the likeness to De Quincey and the imitation of his manner and music are most evident is the sermon on the "Fitness of the Glories of Mary," — that piece of Newman's prose, it should be noted, which is least defensible against the charge of artificiality and undue ornateness. A passage near the close of the sermon best illustrates the points in

question: "And therefore she died in private. It became Him, who died for the world, to die in the world's sight; it became the Great Sacrifice to be lifted up on high, as a light that could not be hid. But she, the Lily of Eden, who had always dwelt out of the sight of man, fittingly did she die in the garden's shade, and amid the sweet flowers in which she had lived. Her departure made no noise in the world. The Church went about her common duties, preaching, converting, suffering. There were persecutions, there was fleeing from place to place, there were martyrs, there were triumphs. At length the rumour spread abroad that the Mother of God was no longer upon earth. Pilgrims went to and fro; they sought for her relics, but they found them not; did she die at Ephesus? or did she die at Jerusalem? reports varied; but her tomb could not be pointed out, or if it was found, it was open; and instead of her pure and fragrant body, there was a growth of lilies from the earth which she had touched. So inquirers went home marvelling, and waiting for further light."¹

Though the cadences of Newman's prose are rarely as marked as here, a subtle musical beauty runs elusively through it all. Not that there is any of the sing-song of pseudo-poetic prose. The cadences are always wide-ranging and delicately shifting, with none of the halting iteration and feeble sameness of half-metrical work. Moreover, the rhythms, subtly pervasive as they are, and even symbolic of the

¹ "Discourses to Mixed Congregations," ed. 1892, p. 373.

mood of the passage as they often prove to be, never compel direct recognition, but act merely as a mass of undistinguished under- and over-tones like those which give to a human voice depth and tenderness and suggestiveness.

Newman understood perfectly the symbolic value of rhythm and the possibility of imposing upon a series of simple words, by delicately sensitive adjustment, a power over the feelings and the imagination like that of an incantation. Several of the passages already quoted or referred to illustrate his instinctive adaptation of cadence to meaning and tone ; another passage, in which this same adaptation is exemplified, occurs towards the close of the "Apologia," where Newman describes the apparent moral chaos in human history. For subtlety of modulation, however, and symbolic suggestiveness, perhaps the tender leave-taking with which the "Apologia" concludes is the most beautiful piece of prose that Newman has written : " I have closed this history of myself with St. Philip's name upon St. Philip's feast-day ; and having done so, to whom can I more suitably offer it, as a memorial of affection and gratitude, than to St. Philip's sons, my dearest brothers of this House, the Priests of the Birmingham Oratory, Ambrose St. John, Henry Austin Mills, Henry Bittleston, Edward Caswall, William Paine Neville, and Henry Ignatius Dudley Rider, who have been so faithful to me ; who have been so sensitive of my needs ; who have been so indulgent to my failings ; who have carried me through so many trials ; who have grudged no sacri-

fice, if I have asked for it ; who have been so cheerful under discouragements of my causing ; who have done so many good works, and let me have the credit of them ; — with whom I have lived so long, with whom I hope to die.

“ And to you especially, dear Ambrose St. John, whom God gave me, when he took every one else away ; who are the link between my old life and my new ; who have now for twenty-one years been so devoted to me, so patient, so zealous, so tender ; who have let me lean so hard upon you ; who have watched me so narrowly ; who have never thought of yourself, if I was in question.

“ And in you I gather up and bear in memory those familiar, affectionate companions and counsellors, who, in Oxford, were given to me, one after another, to be my daily solace and relief ; and all those others, of great name and high example, who were my thorough friends, and showed me true attachment in times long past ; and also those many younger men, whether I knew them or not, who have never been disloyal to me by word or deed ; and of all these, thus various in their relations to me, those more especially who have since joined the Catholic Church.

“ And I earnestly pray for this whole company, with a hope against hope, that all of us, who once were so united, and so happy in our union, may even now be brought at length, by the Power of the Divine Will, into One Fold and under One Shepherd.”

VI

The careful gradation of values in Newman's style and the far-reaching sweep of his periods connect themselves closely with another of his noteworthy characteristics — his breadth of handling. He manipulates with perfect ease and precision vast masses of facts, and makes them all contribute with unerring coöperation to the production of a single effect. However minute his detail, — and his liking for concreteness which will be presently illustrated often incites him to great minuteness, — he is careful not to confuse his composition, destroy the perspective, or lose sight of total effect. The largeness of his manner and the certainty of his handling place him at once among really great constructive artists.

Against this assertion it may be urged that in his fiction it is just this breadth of effect and constructive skill that are most noticeably lacking; that each of his novels, whatever its merits in places, is unsuccessful as a whole, and leaves a blurred impression. This must at once be granted. But, after all, it is in his theoretical, or moral, or historical work that the real Newman is to be found; in such work he is much more himself, much more thoroughly alive and efficient than in his stories, which, though cleverly turned out, were, after all, things by the way, were amateurish in execution, and never completely called forth his strength. Moreover, even in his novels, we find occasionally the integrating power of his

imagination remarkably illustrated. The description in "Callista" of the invading and ravaging locusts is admirably sure in its treatment of detail and even and impressive in tone; the episode of Gurta's madness is powerfully conceived, is swift and sure in its action, and is developed with admirable subordination and colouring of detail and regard to climax.

On the whole, however, it must be granted that in his fiction Newman's sense of total effect and his constructive skill are least conspicuous. In his abstract discussions they never fail him. First and foremost, they show themselves in the plan of each work as a whole. The treatment is invariably symmetrical and exhaustive; part answers to part with the precision and the delicacy of adjustment of a work of art. Each part is conscious of the whole, and has a vitally loyal relation to it, so that the needs and purposes of the whole organism seem present as controlling and centralizing instincts in every chapter, paragraph, and sentence.

In his use of elaborate illustrations for the sake of securing concreteness and sensuous beauty, Newman shows this same integrating power of imagination. In the long illustrations, which often take almost the proportions of episodes in the epical progress of his argument or exposition, the reader has no sense of bewilderment or uncertainty of aim; the strength of Newman's mind and purpose subdues his endlessly diverse material, and compels it into artistic coherence and vital unity; all details are coloured in harmony with the dominant tone of the

piece, and reinforce a predetermined mood. When a reader commits himself to one of Newman's discussions, he must resign himself to him body and soul, and be prepared to live and move and have his being in the medium of Newman's thought, and, moreover, in the special range of thought and the special mood that this particular discussion provokes. Perhaps this omnipresence of Newman in the minutest details of each discussion becomes ultimately to the careful student of his writing the most convincing proof of the largeness of his mind, of the intensity of his conception, and of the vigour and vitality of his imagination.

It may be urged that the copiousness of Newman at times becomes wearisome; that he is over-liberal of both explanation and illustration; and that his style, though never exuberant in ornament, is sometimes annoyingly luminous, and blinds with excess of light. This is probably the point in which Newman's style is most open to attack. It is a cloyingly explicit, rather than a stimulatingly suggestive, style; it does almost too much for the reader, and is almost inconsiderately generous. Yet these qualities of his style are so intimately connected with its peculiar personal charm that they can hardly be censured. And it may be noted that so strenuous an advocate of the austere style as Walter Pater has instanced Newman's "Idea of a University" as an example of "the perfect handling of a theory."

One characteristic of the purely suggestive style is certainly to be found in Newman's writing,—great

beauty and vigour of phrase. This fact is the more noteworthy because a writer who, like Newman, is impressive in the mass, and excels in securing breadth of effect, very often lacks the ability to strike out memorable epigrams. A few quotations, brought together at random, will show what point and terseness Newman could command when he chose. "Ten thousand difficulties do not make a doubt." "Great things are done by devotion to one idea." "Calculation never made a hero." "All aberrations are founded on, and have their life in, some truth or other." "Great acts take time." "A book, after all, cannot make a stand against the wild living intellect of man." "To be converted in partnership." "It is not at all easy (humanly speaking) to wind up an Englishman to a dogmatic level." "Paper logic." "One is not at all pleased when poetry, or eloquence, or devotion is considered as if chiefly intended to feed syllogisms." "Here below to live is to change, and to be perfect is to have changed often." In terseness and sententiousness these utterances could hardly be surpassed by the most acrimonious searcher after epigram, though of course they have not the glitter of paradox to which modern coiners of phrases aspire.

Of wit there is very little to be found in Newman's writings: it is not the natural expression of his temperament. Wit is too dryly intellectual, too external and formal, too little vital, to suit Newman's mental habit. To the appeal of humour he was distinctly more open. It is from the humorous incongruities of

imaginary situations that his irony secures its most persuasive effects. Moreover, whenever he is not necessarily preoccupied with the tragically serious aspects of life and of history, or forced by his subject-matter and audience into a formally restrained manner and method, he has, in treating any topic, that urbanity and half-playful kindness that come from a large-minded and almost tolerant recognition of the essential imperfections of life and human nature. The mood of the man of the world, sweetened and ennobled, and enriched by profound knowledge and deep feeling and spiritual seriousness, gives to much of Newman's work its most distinctive note. When he is able to be thoroughly colloquial, this mood and this tone can assert themselves most freely, and the result is a style through which a gracious kindness, which is never quite humour, and which yet possesses all its elements, diffuses itself pervasively and persuasively. Throughout the "Rise and Progress of Universities" this tone is traceable, and, to take a specific example, it is largely to its influence that the description of Athens, in the third chapter, owes its peculiar charm. What can be more deliciously incongruous than the agent of a London "mercantile firm" and the Acropolis? or more curiously ill-mated than his standards of valuation and the qualities of the Grecian landscape? Yet how little malicious is Newman's use of this incongruity or disproportion, and how unsuspectingly the "agent of a London Company" ministers to the quiet amusement of the reader, and also helps to heighten, by contrast, the

effect of beauty and romance and mystery that Newman is aiming at.

Several allusions have already been made to Newman's liking for concreteness, and in an earlier paragraph his distrust of the abstract was described and illustrated at length. These predilections of his have left their unmistakable mark on his style in ways more technical than those that have thus far been noted. His vocabulary is, for a scholar, exceptionally idiomatic and unliterary; the most ordinary and unparseable terms of every-day speech are inwrought into the texture of his style. In the "Apologia" he speaks of himself in one place as having had "a lounging, free-and-easy-way of carrying things on," and the phrase both defines and illustrates one characteristic of his style. Idioms that have the crude force of popular speech, the vitality without the vulgarity of slang, abound in his writings. Of his increasingly clear recognition, in 1839, of the weakness of the Anglican position, he says: "The *Via Media* was an impossible idea; it was what I had called 'standing on one leg.'" In describing his loss of control over his party in 1840 he declares: "I never had a strong wrist, but at the very time when it was most needed, the reins had broken in my hands." Of the ineradicableness of evil in human nature, he exclaims: "You do but play a sort of 'hunt the slipper,' with the fault of our nature, till you go to Christianity." Illustrations of this idiomatic and homely phrasing might be endlessly multiplied. Moreover, to the concreteness of colloquial phrasing, Newman adds the concreteness

of the specific word. Other things being equal, he prefers the name of the species to that of the genus, and the name of the class to that of the species ; he is always urged forward towards the individual and the actual ; his mind does not lag in the region of abstractions and formulas, but presses past the general term, or abstraction, or law, to the image or the example, and into the tangible, glowing, sensible world of fact. His imagery, though never obtrusive, is almost lavishly present, and though never purely decorative, is often very beautiful. It is so inevitable, however, springs so organically from the thought and the mood of the moment, that the reader accepts it unmindfully, and is conscious only of grasping, easily and securely, the writer's meaning. He must first look back through the sentences and study the style in detail before he will come to realize its continual, but decisive, divergence from the literal and commonplace, and its essential freshness and distinction.

On occasion, of course, Newman uses elaborate figures ; but commonly for purposes of exposition or persuasion. In such cases the reader may well note the thoroughness with which the figure adjusts itself to every turn and phase of the thought, and the surprising omnipresence and suggestiveness of the tropical phrasing. These qualities of Newman's style are illustrated in the following passage from the "Development of Christian Doctrine" : —

"Whatever be the risk of corruption from intercourse with the world around, such a risk must be encountered if a great idea is duly to be understood,

and much more if it is to be fully exhibited. It is elicited and expanded by trial, and battles into perfection and supremacy. Nor does it escape the collision of opinion even in its earlier years, nor does it remain truer to itself, and with a better claim to be considered one and the same, though externally protected from vicissitude and change. It is indeed sometimes said that the stream is clearest near the spring. Whatever use may fairly be made of this image, it does not apply to the history of a philosophy or belief, which, on the contrary, is more equable, and purer, and stronger, when its bed has become deep, and broad, and full. It necessarily rises out of an existing state of things, and for a time savours of the soil. Its vital element needs disengaging from what is foreign and temporary, and is employed in efforts after freedom which become more vigorous and hopeful as its years increase. Its beginnings are no measure of its capabilities, nor of its scope. At first no one knows what it is, or what it is worth. It remains perhaps for a time quiescent; it tries, as it were, its limbs, and proves the ground under it, and feels its way. From time to time it makes essays which fail, and are in consequence abandoned. It seems in suspense which way to go; it wavers, and at length strikes out in one definite direction. In time it enters upon strange territory; points of controversy alter their bearing; parties rise and fall around it; dangers and hopes appear in new relations; and old principles reappear under new forms. It changes with them in order to remain the same. In a higher world it is

otherwise, but here below to live is to change, and to be perfect is to have changed often.”¹ The image of the river pervades this passage throughout, and yet is never obtrusive and never determines or even constrains the progress of the thought. The imagery simply seems to insinuate the ideas into the reader’s mind with a certain novelty of appeal and half-sensuous persuasiveness. Another passage of much this kind has already been quoted, where Newman describes the adventurous investigator scaling the crags of truth.

Closely akin to this use of figures is Newman’s generous use of examples and illustrations. Whatever be the principle he is discussing, he is not content till he has realized it for the reader in tangible, visible form, until he has given it the cogency and intensity of appeal that only sensations or images possess. In all these ways, then, by his idiomatic and colloquial phrasing, by his specific vocabulary, by his delicately adroit use of metaphors, by his carefully elaborated imagery, and by his wealth of examples and illustrations, Newman keeps resolutely close to the concrete, and imparts everywhere to his style warmth, vividness, colour, convincing actuality.

¹ “Development of Christian Doctrine,” ed. 1891, pp. 39-40.

T. B. MACAULAY: THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

From "The History of England," London, 1855, vol. iii., ch. xvi., pp. 619-635.

This famous account of the Battle of the Boyne is an excellent example of that mingling of explanation and narrative which makes the best kind of history. The purpose is explanation, the method is narrative; the result is a vivid setting forth of events with their causes and consequences laid bare. The characteristic touch with which the extract ends, "till their King had fled," is the keynote. Though the narrative moves so swiftly and apparently so unconsciously it has all the deliberate selection and arrangement of exposition; all the touches of color and all the graphic detail are steadily subordinated to the larger purposes of the explanation. As a matter of style, it will be noticed how much vigor and swiftness Macaulay gained by the shortness of his sentences; this device, which in his other writings becomes sometimes a tiresome mannerism, is for his purpose here of invaluable service. I may point, too, to Macaulay's scrupulous care in referring to the authorities from which he drew his facts: this is the invariable habit of a scholarly mind.

ON the twenty-fourth of June, the tenth day after William's landing, he marched southward from Loughbrickland with all his forces. He was William marches southward. fully determined to take the first opportunity of fighting. Schomberg and some other officers recommended caution and delay. But the

King answered that he had not come to Ireland to let the grass grow under his feet. The event seems to prove that he judged rightly as a general. That he judged rightly as a statesman cannot be doubted. He knew that the English nation was discontented with the way in which the war had hitherto been conducted; that nothing but rapid and splendid success could revive the enthusiasm of his friends and quell the spirit of his enemies; and that a defeat could scarcely be more injurious to his fame and to his interests than a languid and indecisive campaign.

The country through which he advanced had, during eighteen months, been fearfully wasted both by soldiers and by Rapparees. The cattle had been slaughtered: the plantations had been cut down: the fences and houses were in ruins. Not a human soul was to be found near the road, except a few naked and meagre wretches who had no food but the husks of oats, and who were seen picking those husks, like chickens, from amidst dust and cinders.¹ Yet, even under such disadvantages, the natural fertility of the country, the rich green of the earth, the bays and rivers so admirably fitted for trade, could not but strike the King's observant eye. Perhaps he thought how different an aspect that unhappy region would have presented if it had been blessed with such a government and such a religion as had made his native Holland the wonder of the world; how endless a succession of pleasure houses, tulip gardens and dairy farms would have lined the road from Lisburn

¹ Story's Impartial Account.

to Belfast; how many hundred of barges would have been constantly passing up and down the Laggan; what a forest of masts would have bristled in the desolate port of Newry; and what vast warehouses and stately mansions would have covered the space occupied by the noisome alleys of Dundalk. "The country," he was heard to say, "is worth fighting for."

The original intention of James seems to have been to try the chances of a pitched field on the border between Leinster and Ulster.

The Irish army
retreats.

But this design was abandoned, in consequence, apparently, of the representations of Lauzun, who, though very little disposed and very little qualified to conduct a campaign on the Fabian system, had the admonitions of Louvois still in his ears.¹ James, though resolved not to give up Dublin without a battle, consented to retreat till he should reach some spot where he might have the vantage of ground. When therefore William's advanced guard reached Dundalk, nothing was to be seen of the Irish army, except a great cloud of dust which was slowly rolling southwards towards Ardee. The English halted one night near the ground on which Schomberg's camp had been pitched in the preceding year; and many sad recollections were awakened by the sight of that dreary marsh, the sepulchre of thousands of brave men.²

Still William continued to push forward, and still the Irish receded before him, till, on the morning of

¹ Lauzun to Louvois, June 23, 1690; Life of James, ii. 393, Orig. Mem.

² Story's Impartial Account; Dumont MS.

Monday the thirtieth of June, his army, marching in three columns, reached the summit of a rising ground near the southern frontier of the county of Louth. Beneath lay a valley, now so rich and so cheerful that the Englishman who gazes on it may imagine himself to be in one of the most highly favoured parts of his own highly favoured country. Fields of wheat, woodlands, meadows bright with daisies and clover, slope gently down to the edge of the Boyne. That bright and tranquil stream, the boundary of Louth and Meath, having flowed many miles between verdant banks crowned by modern palaces, and by the ruined keeps of old Norman barons of the pale, is here about to mingle with the sea. Five miles to the west of the place from which William looked down on the river, now stands, on a verdant bank, amidst noble woods, Slane Castle, the mansion of the Marquess of Conyngham. Two miles to the east, a cloud of smoke from factories and steam vessels overhangs the busy town and port of Drogheda. On the Meath side of the Boyne, the ground, still all corn, grass, flowers, and foliage, rises with a gentle swell to an eminence surmounted by a conspicuous tuft of ash trees which overshades the ruined church and desolate graveyard of Donore.¹

In the seventeenth century the landscape presented a very different aspect. The traces of art and industry were few. Scarcely a vessel was on the river

¹ Much interesting information respecting the field of battle and the surrounding country will be found in Mr. Wilde's pleasing volume entitled "The Beauties of the Boyne and Blackwater."

except those rude coracles of wickerwork covered with the skins of horses, in which the Celtic peasantry fished for trout and salmon. Drogheda, now peopled by twenty thousand industrious inhabitants, was a small knot of narrow, crooked and filthy lanes, encircled by a ditch and a mound. The houses were built of wood with high gables and projecting upper stories. Without the walls of the town, scarcely a dwelling was to be seen except at a place called Oldbridge. At Oldbridge the river was fordable; and on the south side of the ford were a few mud cabins, and a single house built of more solid materials.

When William caught sight of the valley of the Boyne, he could not suppress an exclamation and a gesture of delight. He had been apprehensive that the enemy would avoid

The Irish make a stand at the Boyne.

a decisive action, and would protract the war till the autumnal rains should return with pestilence in their train. He was now at ease. It was plain that the contest would be sharp and short. The pavilion of James was pitched on the eminence of Donore. The flags of the House of Stuart and of the House of Bourbon waved together in defiance on the walls of Drogheda. All the southern bank of the river was lined by the camp and batteries of the hostile army. Thousands of armed men were moving about among the tents; and every one, horse soldier or foot soldier, French or Irish, had a white badge in his hat. That colour had been chosen in compliment to the House of Bourbon. "I am glad to see you, gentlemen," said the King, as his keen eye surveyed the Irish

lines. "If you escape me now, the fault will be mine."¹

Each of the contending princes had some advantages over his rival. James, standing on the defensive, behind entrenchments, with a river before him, had the stronger position:² but his troops were inferior both in number and in quality to those which were opposed to him. He probably had thirty thousand men. About a third part of this force consisted of excellent French infantry and excellent Irish cavalry. But the rest of his army was the scoff of all Europe. The Irish dragoons were bad; the Irish infantry worse. It was said that their ordinary way of fighting was to discharge their pieces once, and then to run away bawling "Quarter" and "Murder." Their inefficiency was, in that age, commonly imputed, both by their enemies and by their allies, to natural poltroonery. How little ground there was for such an imputation has since been signally proved by many heroic achievements in every part of the globe. It ought,

¹ Memorandum in the handwriting of Alexander, Earl of Marchmont. He derived his information from Lord Selkirk, who was in William's army.

² James says (*Life*, ii. 393 Orig. Mem.) that the country afforded no better position. King, in a thanksgiving sermon which he preached at Dublin after the close of the campaign, told his hearers that "the advantage of the post of the Irish was, by all intelligent men, reckoned above three to one." See King's Thanksgiving Sermon, preached on Nov. 16, 1690, before Lords Justices. This is, no doubt, an absurd exaggeration. But M. de la Hoguette, one of the principal French officers who was present at the battle of the Boyne, informed Louvois that the Irish army occupied a good defensive position. Letter of La Hoguette from Limerick, July 31
Aug. 1, 1690.

indeed, even in the seventeenth century, to have occurred to reasonable men, that a race which furnished some of the best horse soldiers in the world would certainly, with judicious training, furnish good foot soldiers. But the Irish foot soldiers had not merely not been well trained: they had been elaborately ill trained. The greatest of our generals repeatedly and emphatically declared that even the admirable army which fought its way, under his command, from Torres Vedras to Toulouse, would, if he had suffered it to contract habits of pillage, have become, in a few weeks, unfit for all military purposes. What then was likely to be the character of troops who, from the day on which they enlisted, were not merely permitted, but invited, to supply the deficiencies of pay by marauding? They were, as might have been expected, a mere mob, furious indeed and clamorous in their zeal for the cause which they had espoused, but incapable of opposing a steadfast resistance to a well ordered force. In truth, all that the discipline, if it is to be so called, of James's army had done for the Celtic kerne had been to debase and enervate him. After eighteen months of nominal soldiership, he was positively farther from being a soldier than on the day on which he quitted his hovel for the camp.

William had under his command near thirty-six thousand men, born in many lands, and speaking many tongues. Scarcely one Protestant Church, scarcely one Protestant nation, was unrepresented in the army which a strange series

The army of
William.

of events had brought to fight for the Protestant religion in the remotest island of the west. About half the troops were natives of England. Ormond was there with the Life Guards, and Oxford with the Blues. Sir John Lanier, an officer who had acquired military experience on the Continent, and whose prudence was held in high esteem, was at the head of the Queen's regiment of horse, now the First Dragoon Guards. There were Beaumont's foot, who had, in defiance of the mandate of James, refused to admit Irish papists among them, and Hasting's foot, who had, on the disastrous day of Killiecrankie, maintained the military reputation of the Saxon race. There were the two Tangier battalions, hitherto known only by deeds of violence and rapine, but destined to begin on the following morning a long career of glory. The Scotch Guards marched under the command of their countryman James Douglas. Two fine British regiments, which had been in the service of the States General, and had often looked death in the face under William's leading, followed him in this campaign, not only as their general, but as their native King. They now rank as the fifth and sixth of the line. The former was led by an officer who had no skill in the higher parts of military science, but whom the whole army allowed to be the bravest of all the brave, John Cutts. Conspicuous among the Dutch troops were Portland's and Ginkell's Horse, and Solmes's Blue Regiment, consisting of two thousand of the finest infantry in Europe. Germany had sent to the field some warriors sprung from her

noblest houses. Prince George of Hesse Darmstadt, a gallant youth who was serving his apprenticeship in the military art, rode near the King. A strong brigade of Danish mercenaries was commanded by Duke Charles Frederic of Wirtemberg, a near kinsman of the head of his illustrious family. It was reported that of all the soldiers of William these were most dreaded by the Irish. For centuries of Saxon domination had not effaced the recollection of the violence and cruelty of the Scandinavian sea kings; and an ancient prophecy that the Danes would one day destroy the children of the soil was still repeated with superstitious horror.¹ Among the foreign auxiliaries were a Brandenburg regiment and a Finland regiment. But in that great array, so variously composed, were two bodies of men animated by a spirit peculiarly fierce and implacable,—the Huguenots of France thirsting for the blood of the French, and the Englishry of Ireland impatient to trample down the Irish. The ranks of the refugees had been effectually purged of spies and traitors, and were made up of men such as had contended in the preceding century against the power of the House of Valois and the genius of the House of Lorraine. All the boldest spirits of the unconquerable colony had repaired to William's camp. Mitchelburne was there with the stubborn defenders of Londonderry, and Wolseley with the warriors who had raised the unanimous shout of "Advance" on the day of Newton Butler. Sir Albert Conyngham, the ancestor of the noble family whose seat now

¹ Narcissus Luttrell's Diary, March, 1690.

overlooks the Boyne, had brought from the neighbourhood of Lough Erne a gallant regiment of dragoons which still glories in the name of Enniskillen, and which has proved on the shores of the Euxine that it has not degenerated since the day of the Boyne.¹

Walker, notwithstanding his advanced age and his peaceful profession, accompanied the men of Londonderry, and tried to animate their zeal by exhortation and by example. He was now a great prelate. Ezekiel Hopkins had taken refuge from Popish persecutors and Presbyterian rebels in the city of London, had brought himself to swear allegiance to the government, had obtained a cure, and had died in the performance of the humble duties of a parish priest.² William, on his march through Louth, learned that the rich see of Derry was at his disposal. He instantly made choice of Walker to be the new Bishop. The brave old man, during the few hours of life which remained to him, was overwhelmed with salutations and congratulations. Unhappily, he had, during the siege in which he had so highly distinguished himself, contracted a passion for war; and he easily persuaded himself that, in indulging this passion, he was discharging a duty to his country and his religion. He ought to have remembered that the peculiar circumstances which

¹ See the Historical records of the Regiments of the British army, and Story's list of the army of William as it passed in review at Finglass, a week after the battle.

² See his Funeral Sermon preached at the church of Saint Mary Aldermary on the 24th of June, 1690.

had justified him in becoming a combatant had ceased to exist, and that, in a disciplined army led by generals of long experience and great fame, a fighting divine was likely to give less help than scandal. The Bishop elect was determined to be wherever danger was; and the way in which he exposed himself excited the extreme disgust of his royal patron, who hated a meddler almost as much as a coward. A soldier who ran away from a battle and a gownsman who pushed himself into a battle were the two objects which most strongly excited William's spleen.

It was still early in the day. The King rode slowly along the northern bank of the river, and closely examined the position of the Irish, from whom he was sometimes separated by an interval of little more than two hundred feet. He was accompanied by Schomberg, Ormond, Sidney, Solmes, Prince George of Hesse, Coningsby, and others. "Their army is but small," said one of the Dutch officers. Indeed, it did not appear to consist of more than sixteen thousand men. But it was well known, from the reports brought by deserters, that many regiments were concealed from view by the undulations of the ground. "They may be stronger than they look," said William; "but, weak or strong, I will soon know all about them."¹

At length he alighted at a spot nearly opposite to Oldbridge, sate down on the turf to rest himself, and

¹ Story's Impartial History; History of the Wars in Ireland by an Officer of the Royal Army; Hop to the States General, June 30, July 10, 1690.

called for breakfast. The sumpter horses were unloaded: the canteens were opened; and a tablecloth was spread on the grass. The place is marked by an obelisk, built while many veterans who could well remember the events of that day were still living.

While William was at his repast, a group of horsemen appeared close to the water on the opposite shore.

William is
wound.

Among them his attendants could discern some who had once been conspicuous at reviews in Hyde Park and at balls in the gallery of Whitehall, the youthful Berwick, the small, fairhaired Lauzun, Tyrconnel, once admired by maids of honour as the model of manly vigour and beauty, but now bent down by years and crippled by gout, and, overtopping all, the stately head of Sarsfield.

The chiefs of the Irish army soon discovered that the person who, surrounded by a splendid circle, was breakfasting on the opposite bank, was the Prince of Orange. They sent for artillery. Two field pieces, screened from view by a troop of cavalry, were brought down almost to the brink of the river, and placed behind a hedge. William, who had just risen from his meal, and was again in the saddle, was the mark of both guns. The first shot struck one of the holsters of Prince George of Hesse, and brought his horse to the ground. "Ah!" cried the King; "the poor Prince is killed." As the words passed his lips, he was hit himself by a second ball, a six-pounder. It merely tore his coat, grazed his shoulder, and drew two or three ounces of blood. Both armies saw that the shot had taken effect; for the King sank down for

a moment on his horse's neck. A yell of exultation rose from the Irish camp. The English and their allies were in dismay. Solmes flung himself prostrate on the earth, and burst into tears. But William's deportment soon reassured his friends. "There is no harm done," he said; "but the bullet came quite near enough." Coningsby put his handkerchief to the wound: a surgeon was sent for: a plaster was applied; and the King, as soon as the dressing was finished, rode round all the posts of his army amidst loud acclamations. Such was the energy of his spirit that, in spite of his feeble health, in spite of his recent hurt, he was that day nineteen hours on horseback.¹

A cannonade was kept up on both sides till the evening. William observed with especial attention the effect produced by the Irish shots on the English regiments which had never been in action, and declared himself satisfied with the result. "All is right," he said; "they stand fire well." Long after sunset he made a final inspection of his forces by torchlight, and gave orders that everything should be ready for forcing a passage across the river on the morrow. Every soldier was to put a green bough in his hat. The baggage and greatcoats were to be left under guard. The word was Westminster.

The King's resolution to attack the Irish was not approved by all his lieutenants. Schomberg, in

¹ London Gazette, July 7, 1690; Story's Impartial History; History of the Wars in Ireland by an Officer of the Royal Army; Narcissus Luttrell's Diary; Lord Marchmont's Memorandum; Burnet, ii. 50, and Thanksgiving Sermon; Dumont MS.

particular, pronounced the experiment too hazardous, and, when his opinion was overruled, retired to his tent, in no very good humour. When the order of battle was delivered to him, he muttered that he had been more used to give such orders than to receive them. For this little fit of sullenness, very pardonable in a general who had won great victories when his master was still a child, the brave veteran made, on the following morning, a noble atonement.

The first of July dawned, a day which has never since returned without exciting strong emotions of very different kinds in the two populations which divide Ireland. The sun rose bright and cloudless. Soon after four both armies were in motion. William ordered his right wing, under the command of Meinhart Schomberg, one of the Duke's sons, to march to the bridge of Slane, some miles up the river, to cross there, and to turn the left flank of the Irish army. Meinhart Schomberg was assisted by Portland and Douglas. James, anticipating some such design, had already sent to the bridge a regiment of dragoons, commanded by Sir Neil O'Neil. O'Neil behaved himself like a brave gentleman: but he soon received a mortal wound: his men fled; and the English right wing passed the river.

This move made Lauzun uneasy. What if the English right wing should get into the rear of the army of James? About four miles south of the Boyne was a place called Duleek, where the road to Dublin

Battle of the
Boyne.

was so narrow that two cars could not pass each other, and where on both sides of the road lay a morass which afforded no firm footing. If Meinhart Schomberg should occupy this spot, it would be impossible for the Irish to retreat. They must either conquer, or be cut off to a man. Disturbed by this apprehension, the French general marched with his countrymen and with Sarsfield's horse in the direction of Slane Bridge. Thus the fords near Oldbridge were left to be defended by the Irish alone.

It was now near ten o'clock. William put himself at the head of his left wing, which was composed exclusively of cavalry, and prepared to pass the river not far above Drogheda. The centre of his army, which consisted almost exclusively of foot, was entrusted to the command of Schomberg, and was marshalled opposite to Oldbridge. At Oldbridge the whole Irish infantry had been collected. The Meath bank bristled with pikes and bayonets. A fortification had been made by French engineers out of the hedges and buildings; and a breastwork had been thrown up close to the water side.¹ Tyrconnel was there; and under him were Richard Hamilton and Antrim.

Schomberg gave the word. Solmes's Blues were the first to move. They marched gallantly, with the drums beating, to the brink of the Boyne. Then the drums stopped; and the men, ten abreast, descended into the water. Next plunged Londonderry and En-

¹ La Hoguette to Louvois, July 31
Aug. 10, 1690.

niskillen. A little to the left of Londonderry and Enniskillen, Caillemot crossed, at the head of a long column of French refugees. A little to the left of Caillemot and his refugees, the main body of the English infantry struggled through the river, up to their armpits in water. Still further down the stream the Danes found another ford. In a few minutes the Boyne, for a quarter of a mile, was alive with muskets and green boughs.

It was not till the assailants had reached the middle of the channel that they became aware of the whole difficulty and danger of the service in which they were engaged. They had as yet seen little more than half the hostile army. Now whole regiments of foot and horse seemed to start out of the earth. A wild shout of defiance rose from the whole shore: during one moment the event seemed doubtful: but the Protestants pressed resolutely forward; and in another moment the whole Irish line gave way. Tyrconnel looked on in helpless despair. He did not want personal courage: but his military skill was so small that he hardly ever reviewed his regiment in the Phoenix Park without committing some blunder; and to rally the ranks which were breaking all round him was no task for a general who had survived the energy of his body and of his mind, and yet had still the rudiments of his profession to learn. Several of his best officers fell while vainly endeavouring to prevail on their soldiers to look the Dutch Blues in the face. Richard Hamilton ordered a body of foot to fall on the French refugees, who were still deep in

water. He led the way, and, accompanied by several courageous gentlemen, advanced, sword in hand, into the river. But neither his commands nor his example could infuse courage into that mob of cowstealers. He was left almost alone, and retired from the bank in despair. Further down the river Antrim's division ran like sheep at the approach of the English column. Whole regiments flung away arms, colours and cloaks, and scampered off to the hills without striking a blow or firing a shot.¹

¹ That I have done no injustice to the Irish Infantry will appear from the accounts which the French officers who were at the Boyne sent to their government and their families. La Hogue, writing hastily to Louvois on the ⁴/_{14th} of July, says: "Je vous diray seulement, Monseigneur, que nous n'avons pas esté battus, mais que les ennemys ont chassés devant eux les troupes Irlandoises comme des moutons, sans avoir essayé un seul coup de mousquet."

Writing some weeks later more fully from Limerick, he says, "J'en meurs de honte." He admits that it would have been no easy matter to win the battle, at best. "Mais il est vray aussi," he adds, "que les Irlandois ne firent pas la moindre resistance, et plièrent sans tirer un seul coup." Zurlauben, Colonel of one of the finest regiments in the French service, wrote to the same effect, but did justice to the courage of the Irish horse, whom La Hogue does not mention.

There is at the French War Office a letter hastily scrawled by Boisseleau, Lauzun's second in command, to his wife after the battle. He wrote thus: "Je me porte bien, ma chère feme. Ne t'inquiète pas de moy. Nos Irlandois n'ont rien fait qui vaille. Ils ont tous lâché le pié."

Desgrigny, writing on the ¹⁰/₂₀ of July, assigns several reasons for the defeat. "La première et la plus forte est la fuite des Irlandois qui sont en vérité des gens sur lesquels il ne faut pas compter du tout." In the same letter he says: "Il n'est pas naturel de croire qu'une armée de vingt cinq mille hommes qui paroissoit de la meilleure volonté du monde, et qui à la vue des ennemis faisoit des cris de joye, dût être

It required many years and many heroic exploits to take away the reproach which that ignominious rout left on the Irish name. Yet, even before the day closed, it was abundantly proved that the reproach was unjust. Richard Hamilton put himself at the head of the cavalry, and, under his command, they made a gallant, though unsuccessful attempt to retrieve the day. They maintained a desperate fight in the bed of the river with Solmes's Blues. They drove the Danish brigade back into the stream. They fell impetuously on the Huguenot regiments, which, not being provided with pikes, then ordinarily used by foot to repel horse, began to give ground. Caillemot, while encouraging his fellow exiles, received a mortal wound in the thigh. Four of his men carried him back across the ford to his tent. As he passed, he continued to urge forward the rear ranks which were still up to the breast in the water.

"On; on; my lads: to glory; to glory." Schomberg, who had remained on the northern bank, and who had thence watched the progress of his troops with the eye of a general, now thought that the emergency required from him the personal exertion of a soldier. Those who stood about him besought him in vain to put on his cuirass. Without defensive armour he rode through the river, and rallied the refugees

entièrement défaite sans avoir tiré l'épée et un seul coup de mousquet. Il y a eu tel regiment tout entier qui a laissé ses habits, ses armes, et ses drapeaux sur le champ de bataille, et a gagné les montagnes avec ses officiers."

I looked in vain for the despatch in which Lauzun must have given Louvois a detailed account of the battle.

whom the fall of Caillemot had dismayed. "Come on," he cried in French, pointing to the Popish squadrons; "Come on, gentlemen: there are your persecutors." Those were his last words. As he spoke, a band of Irish horsemen rushed upon him and encircled him for a moment. When they retired, he was on the ground. His friends raised him; but he was already a corpse. Two sabre wounds were on his head; and a bullet from a carbine was lodged in his neck. Almost at the same moment Walker, while exhorting the colonists of Ulster to play the men, was shot dead. During near half an hour the battle continued to rage along the southern shore of the river. All was smoke, dust, and din. Old soldiers were heard to say that they had seldom seen sharper work in the Low Countries. But, just at this conjuncture, William came up with the left wing. He had found much difficulty in crossing. The tide was running fast. His charger had been forced to swim, and had been almost lost in the mud. As soon as the King was on firm ground he took his sword in his left hand,—for his right arm was stiff with his wound and his bandage,—and led his men to the place where the fight was the hottest. His arrival decided the fate of the day. Yet the Irish horse retired fighting obstinately. It was long remembered among the Protestants of Ulster that, in the midst of the tumult, William rode to the head of the Enniskilleners.

"What will you do for me?" he cried. He was not immediately recognized; and one trooper, taking

him for an enemy, was about to fire. William gently put aside the carbine. "What," said he, "do you not know your friends?" "It is His Majesty;" said the Colonel. The ranks of sturdy Protestant yeomen set up a shout of joy. "Gentlemen," said William, "you shall be my guards to-day. I have heard much of you. Let me see something of you." One of the most remarkable peculiarities of this man, ordinarily so saturnine and reserved, was that danger acted on him like wine, opened his heart, loosened his tongue, and took away all appearance of constraint from his manner. On this memorable day he was seen wherever the peril was greatest. One ball struck the cap of his pistol: another carried off the heel of his jackboot: but his lieutenants in vain implored him to retire to some station from which he could give his orders without exposing a life so valuable to Europe. His troops, animated by his example, gained ground fast. The Irish cavalry made their last stand at a house called Plottin Castle, about a mile and a half south of Oldbridge. There the Enniskilleners were repelled with the loss of fifty men, and were hotly pursued, till William rallied them and turned the chase back. In this encounter Richard Hamilton, who had done all that could be done by valour to retrieve a reputation forfeited by perfidy,¹ was severely wounded, taken prisoner, and instantly brought, through the smoke and over the

¹ Lauzun wrote to Seignelay, July ¹⁶/₂₆, 1690, "Richard Amilton a été fait prisonnier, faisant fort bien son devoir."

carnage, before the Prince, whom he had foully wronged. On no occasion did the character of William show itself in a more striking manner. "Is this business over?" he said; "or will your horse make more fight?" "On my honour, Sir," answered Hamilton, "I believe that they will." "Your honour!" muttered William; "your honour!" That half suppressed exclamation was the only revenge which he condescended to take for an injury for which many sovereigns, far more affable and gracious in their ordinary deportment, would have exacted a terrible retribution. Then, restraining himself, he ordered his own surgeon to look to the hurts of the captive.¹

And now the battle was over. Hamilton was mistaken in thinking that his horse would continue to

¹ My chief materials for the history of this battle are Story's Impartial Account and Continuation; the History of the War in Ireland by an Officer of the Royal Army; the despatches in the French War Office; the Life of James, Orig. Mem.; Burnet, ii. 50, 60; Narcissus Luttrell's Diary; the London Gazette of July 10, 1690; the despatches of Hop and Baden; a narrative probably drawn up by Portland, which William sent to the States General; Portland's private letter to Melville; Captain Richardson's Narrative and map of the battle; the Dumont MS., and the Bellingham MS. I have also seen an account of the battle in a Diary kept in bad Latin and in an almost undecipherable hand by one of the beaten army who seems to have been a hedge schoolmaster turned Captain. This Diary was kindly lent to me by Mr. Walker, to whom it belongs. The writer relates the misfortunes of his country in a style of which a short specimen may suffice: "1 July, 1690. O diem illum infandum, cum inimici potiti sunt pass apud Oldbridge et nos circumdederent et fregerunt prope Plottin. Hinc omnes fugimus Dublin versus. Ego mecum tuli Cap Moore et Georgium Ogle, et venimus hac nocte Dub."

fight. Whole troops had been cut to pieces. One fine regiment had only thirty unwounded men left. It was enough that these gallant soldiers had disputed the field till they were left without support, or hope, or guidance, till their bravest leader was a captive, and till their King had fled.

R. H. DANA JR. : BAD PROSPECTS.

From "Two Years Before the Mast," Boston, 1869, pp. 344.

This short extract from a famous book shows how interesting a perfectly unadorned and unpretending story may be, if only it seem real. The whole book, which is merely a journal, is full of the atmosphere of the sea and the feeling of adventure. It is crammed with sea terms which you do not understand, and which you do not need to understand: they serve their purpose in giving you the sense of the strangeness of things which is the charm of the life which Dana describes.

THERE began now to be a decided change in the appearance of things. The days became shorter and shorter; the sun running lower in its course each day, and giving less and less heat, and the night so cold as to prevent our sleeping on deck; the Magellan Clouds in sight, of a clear, moonless night; the skies looking cold and angry; and, at times, a long, heavy, ugly sea, setting in from the southward, told us what we were coming to. Still, however, we had a fine, strong breeze, and kept on our way under as much sail as our ship would bear. Toward the middle of the week, the wind hauled to the southward, which brought us upon a taut bowline, made the ship meet, nearly head-on, the heavy swell which rolled from that quarter; and there was something

not at all encouraging in the manner in which she met it. Being still so deep and heavy, she wanted the buoyancy which should have carried her over the seas, and she dropped heavily into them, the water washing over the decks; and every now and then, when an unusually large sea met her fairly upon the bows, she struck it with a sound as dead and heavy as that with which a sledge-hammer falls upon the pile, and took the whole of it in upon the fore-castle, and, rising, carried it aft in the scuppers, washing the rigging off the pins, and carrying along with it everything which was loose on deck. She had been acting in this way all of our forenoon watch below; as we could tell by the washing of the water over our heads, and the heavy breaking of the seas against her bows, only the thickness of the plank from our heads, as we lay in our berths, which are directly against the bows. At eight bells, the watch was called, and we came on deck, one hand going aft to take the wheel, and another going to the galley to get the grub for dinner. I stood on the fore-castle, looking at the seas, which were rolling high, as far as the eye could reach, their tops white with foam, and the body of them of a deep indigo blue, reflecting the bright rays of the sun. Our ship rose slowly over a few of the largest of them, until one immense fellow came rolling on, threatening to cover her, and which I was sailor enough to know, by the "feeling of her" under my feet, she would not rise over. I sprang upon the knight-heads, and, seizing hold of the fore-stay, drew myself up upon it. My feet were

just off the stanchion when the bow struck fairly into the middle of the sea, and it washed the ship fore and aft, burying her in the water. As soon as she rose out of it, I looked aft, and everything forward of the mainmast, except the long-boat, which was griped and double-lashed down to the ring-bolts, was swept off clear. The galley, the pigsty, the hen-coop, and a large sheep-pen which had been built upon the fore-hatch, were all gone in the twinkling of an eye,—leaving the deck as clean as a chin new reaped,—and not a stick left to show where anything had stood. In the scuppers lay the galley, bottom up, and a few boards floating about,—the wreck of the sheep-pen,—and half a dozen miserable sheep floating among them, wet through, and not a little frightened at the sudden change that had come upon them. As soon as the sea had washed by, all hands sprang up out of the fore-castle to see what had become of the ship; and in a few moments the cook and Old Bill crawled out from under the galley, where they had been lying in the water, nearly smothered, with the galley over them. Fortunately, it rested against the bulwarks, or it would have broken some of their bones. When the water ran off, we picked the sheep up, and put them in the long-boat, got the galley back in its place, and set things a little to rights; but, had not our ship had uncommonly high bulwarks and rail, everything must have been washed overboard, not excepting Old Bill and the cook. Bill had been standing at the galley-door, with the kid of beef in his hand for the fore-castle

mess, when away he went, kid, beef, and all. He held on to the kid to the last, like a good fellow, but the beef was gone, and when the water had run off we saw it lying high and dry, like a rock at low tide,—nothing could hurt that. We took the loss of our beef very easily, consoling ourselves with the recollection that the cabin had more to lose than we; and chuckled not a little at seeing the remains of the chicken-pie and pancakes floating in the scuppers. “This will never do!” was what some said, and every one felt. Here we were, not yet within a thousand miles of the latitude of Cape Horn, and our decks swept by a sea not one half so high as we must expect to find there. Some blamed the captain for loading his ship so deep when he knew what he must expect; while others said that the wind was always southwest, off the Cape, in the winter, and that, running before it, we should not mind the seas so much. When we got down into the fore-castle, Old Bill, who was somewhat of a croaker,—having met with a great many accidents at sea,—said that, if that was the way she was going to act, we might as well make our wills, and balance the books at once, and put on a clean shirt. “Vast there, you bloody old owl! you’re always hanging out blue lights! You’re frightened by the ducking you got in the scuppers, and can’t take a joke! What’s the use in being always on the lookout for Davy Jones?” “Stand by!” says another, “and we’ll get an afternoon watch below, by this scrape;” but in this they were disappointed, for at two bells all hands were called

and set to work, getting lashings upon everything on deck ; and the captain talked of sending down the long top-gallant-masts ; but as the sea went down toward night, and the wind hauled abeam, we left them standing, and set the studding-sails.

The next day all hands were turned-to upon unbending the old sails, and getting up the new ones ; for a ship, unlike people on shore, puts on her best suit in bad weather. The old sails were sent down, and three new topsails, and new fore and main courses, jib, and fore-topmast staysail, which were made on the coast and never had been used, were bent, with a complete set of new earings, robands, and reef-points ; and reef-tackles were rove to the courses, and spilling-lines to the topsails. These, with new braces and clew-lines fore and aft, gave us a good suit of running rigging.

The wind continued westerly, and the weather and sea less rough since the day on which we shipped the heavy sea, and we were making great progress under studding sails, with our light sails all set, keeping a little to the eastward of south ; for the captain, depending upon westerly winds off the Cape, had kept so far to the westward that, though we were within about five hundred miles of the latitude of Cape Horn, we were nearly seventeen hundred miles to the westward of it. Through the rest of the week we continued on with a fair wind, gradually, as we got more to the southward, keeping a more easterly course, and bringing the wind on our larboard quarter, until —

Sunday, June 26th, when, having a fine, clear day, the captain got a lunar observation, as well as his meridian altitude, which made us in lat. $47^{\circ} 50'$ S., lon. $113^{\circ} 49'$ W.; Cape Horn bearing, according to my calculations, E. S. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., and distant eighteen hundred miles.

R. L. STEVENSON: A CAMP IN THE DARK.

From "Travels With a Donkey," New York, 1895 (Thistle Edition),
pp. 171-182.

Here is an example of the good reading that can be made from even the simplest adventures by the man who is intelligent enough to observe the little things of life and not to despise his sensations. There is nothing that can be called plot here, for the incidents follow after each other in the accidental fashion of reality. Nevertheless the sketch has its definite composition, in that the episode leaves an effect of completeness on your mind. The search for *Cheyland* was nothing in itself: the chapter might have dealt as well with the "Beasts of *Gevaudan*": indeed merely finding a title for it probably settled all the form that was necessary; the structure takes care of itself. Of the use of sensations I have spoken in the Introduction, pp. 115-119.

THE next day (*Tuesday September 24th*), it was two o'clock in the afternoon before I got my journal written up and my knapsack repaired, for I was determined to carry my knapsack in the future and have no more ado with baskets; and half an hour afterwards I set out for *Le Cheylard l'Évêque*, a place on the borders of the forest of *Mercoire*. A man, I was told, should walk there in an hour and a half; and I thought it scarce too ambitious to suppose that a man encumbered with a donkey might cover the same distance in four hours.

All the way up the long hill from *Langogne* it rained and hailed alternately ; the wind kept freshening steadily, although slowly ; plentiful hurrying clouds — some dragging veils of straight rainshower, others massed and luminous as though promising snow — careered out of the north and followed me along my way. I was soon out of the cultivated basin of the *Allier*, and away from the ploughing oxen, and such-like sights of the country. Moor, heathery marsh, tracts of rock and pines, woods of birch all jewelled with the autumn yellow, here and there a few naked cottages and bleak fields, — these were the characters of the country. Hill and valley followed valley and hill: the little green and stony cattle-tracks wandered in and out of one another, split into three or four, died away in marshy hollows, and began again sporadically on hillsides or at the borders of a wood.

There was no direct road to *Cheyliard*, and it was no easy affair to make a passage in this uneven country and through this intermittent labyrinth of tracks. It must have been about four when I struck *Sagne-rousse*, and went on my way rejoicing in a sure point of departure. Two hours afterwards, the dusk rapidly falling, in a lull of the wind, I issued from a fir-wood where I had long been wandering, and found, not the looked-for village, but another marish bottom among rough-and-tumble hills. For some time past I had heard the ringing of cattle-bells ahead ; and now, as I came out of the skirts of the wood, I saw near upon a dozen cows and perhaps as many more black

figures, which I conjectured to be children, although the mist had almost unrecognizably exaggerated their forms. These were all silently following each other round and round in a circle, now taking hands, now breaking up with chains and reverences. A dance of children appeals to very innocent and lively thoughts; but, at nightfall on the marshes, the thing was eerie and fantastic to behold. Even I, who am well enough read in *Herbert Spencer*, felt a sort of silence fall for an instant on my mind. The next, I was pricking *Modestine* forward, and guiding her like an unruly ship through the open. In a path, she went doggedly ahead of her own accord, as before a fair wind; but once on the turf or among heather, and the brute became demented. The tendency of lost travellers to go round in a circle was developed in her to the degree of passion, and it took all the steering I had in me to keep even a decently straight course through a single field.

While I was thus desperately tacking through the bog, children and cattle began to disperse, until only a pair of girls remained behind. From these I sought direction on my path. The peasantry in general were but little disposed to counsel a wayfarer. One old devil simply retired into his house, and barricaded the door on my approach; and I might beat and shout myself hoarse, he turned a deaf ear. Another, having given me a direction which, as I found afterwards, I had misunderstood, complacently watched me going wrong without adding a sign. He did not care a stalk of parsley if I wandered all night upon the hills!

As for these two girls, they were a pair of impudent sly sluts, with not a thought but mischief. One put out her tongue at me, the other bade me follow the cows; and they both giggled and jogged each other's elbows. The Beast of *Gévaudan* ate about a hundred children of this district; I began to think of him with sympathy.

Leaving the girls, I pushed on through the bog, and got into another wood and upon a well-marked road. It grew darker and darker. *Modestine*, suddenly beginning to smell mischief, bettered the pace of her own accord, and from that time forward gave me no trouble. It was the first sign of intelligence I had occasion to remark in her. At the same time, the wind freshened into half a gale, and another heavy discharge of rain came flying up out of the north. At the other side of the wood I sighted some red windows in the dusk. This was the hamlet of *Fouzilhic*; three houses on a hillside, near a wood of birches. Here I found a delightful old man, who came a little way with me in the rain to put me safely on the road for *Cheyland*. He would hear of no reward; but shook his hands above his head almost as if in menace, and refused volubly and shrilly, in unmitigated *patois*.

All seemed right at last. My thoughts began to turn upon dinner and a fireside, and my heart was agreeably softened in my bosom. Alas, and I was on the brink of new and greater miseries! Suddenly, at a single swoop, the night fell. I have been abroad in many a black night, but never in a blacker. A

glimmer of rocks, a glimmer of the track where it was well beaten, a certain fleecy density, or night within night, for a tree,—this was all that I could discriminate. The sky was simply darkness overhead; even the flying clouds pursued their way invisibly to human eyesight. I could not distinguish my hand at arm's length from the track, nor my goad, at the same distance, from the meadows or the sky.

Soon the road that I was following split, after the fashion of the country, into three or four in a piece of rocky meadow. Since *Modestine* had shown such a fancy for beaten roads, I tried her instinct in this predicament. But the instinct of an ass is what might be expected from the name; in half a minute she was clambering round and round among some boulders, as lost a donkey as you would wish to see. I should have camped long before had I been properly provided; but as this was to be so short a stage, I had brought no wine, no bread for myself, and a little over a pound for my lady friend. Add to this, that I and *Modestine* were both handsomely wetted by the showers. But now, if I could have found some water, I should have camped at once in spite of all. Water, however, being entirely absent, except in the form of rain, I determined to return to *Fouzilhic*, and ask a guide a little further on my way — “a little farther lend thy guiding hand.”

The thing was easy to decide, hard to accomplish. In this sensible roaring blackness, I was sure of nothing but the direction of the wind. To this I

set my face; the road had disappeared, and I went across country, now in marshy opens, now baffled by walls unscalable to *Modestine*, until I came once more in sight of some red windows. This time they were differently disposed. It was not *Fouzilhic*, but *Fouzilhac*, a hamlet little distant from the other in space, but worlds away in the spirit of its inhabitants. I tied *Modestine* to a gate, and groped forward, stumbling among rocks, plunging mid-leg in bog, until I gained the entrance of the village. In the first lighted house there was a woman who would not open to me. She could do nothing, she cried to me through the door, being alone and lame; but if I would apply at the next house, there was a man who could help me if he had a mind.

There came to the next door in force, a man, two women, and a girl, and brought a pair of lanterns to examine the wayfarer. The man was not ill-looking, but had a shifty smile. He leaned against the doorpost, and heard me state my case. All I asked was a guide as far as *Cheyldard*.

“*C'est que, voyez-vous, il fait noir,*” said he.

I told him that was just my reason for requiring help.

“I understand that,” said he, looking uncomfortable; “*mais — c'est — de la peine.*”

I was willing to pay, I said. He shook his head. I rose as high as ten francs; but he continued to shake his head. “Name your own price, then,” said I.

“*Ce n'est pas ça,*” he said at length, and with

evident difficulty ; “ but I am not going to cross the door — *mais je ne sortirai pas de la porte.*”

I grew a little warm, and asked him what he proposed that I should do.

“ Where are you going beyond *Cheyland?*” he asked by way of answer.

“ That is no affair of yours,” I returned, for I was not going to indulge his bestial curiosity ; “ it changes nothing in my present predicament.”

“ *C'est vrai, ça,*” he acknowledged, with a laugh ; “ *oui, c'est vrai. Et d'où venez-vous ?*”

A better man than I might have felt nettled.

“ Oh,” said I, “ I am not going to answer any of your questions, so you may spare yourself the trouble of putting them. I am late enough already ; I want help. If you will not guide me yourself, at least help me to find some one else who will.”

“ Hold on,” he cried, suddenly. “ Was it not you who passed in the meadow while it was still day ?”

“ Yes, yes,” said the girl, whom I had not hitherto recognized ; “ it was monsieur ; I told him to follow the cow.”

“ As for you, mademoiselle,” said I, “ you are a *farceuse.*”

“ And,” added the man, “ what the devil have you done to be still here ?”

What the devil, indeed ! But there I was. “ The great thing,” said I, “ is to make an end of it ;” and once more proposed that he should help me to find a guide.

“ *C'est que,*” he said again, “ *c'est que — il fait noir.*”

"Very well," said I; "take one of your lanterns."

"No," he cried, drawing a thought backward, and again intrenching himself behind one of his former phrases; "I will not cross the door."

I looked at him. I saw unaffected terror struggling on his face with unaffected shame; he was smiling pitifully and wetting his lip with his tongue, like a detected school-boy. I drew a brief picture of my state, and asked him what I was to do.

"I don't know," he said; "I will not cross the door."

Here was the Beast of *Gévaudan*, and no mistake.

"Sir," said I, with my most commanding manners, "you are a coward!"

And with that I turned my back upon the family party, who hastened to retire within their fortifications; and the famous door was closed again, but not till I had overheard the sound of laughter. *Filia barbara pater barbarior*. Let me say it in the plural: the Beasts of *Gévaudan*.

The lanterns had somewhat dazzled me, and I ploughed distressfully among stones and rubbish-heaps. All the other houses in the village were both dark and silent; and though I knocked at here and there a door, my knocking was unanswered. It was a bad business; I gave up *Fouzilhac* with my curses. The rain had stopped, and the wind, which still kept rising, began to dry my coat and trousers. "Very well," thought I, "water or no water, I must camp." But the first thing was to return to *Modestine*. I am pretty sure I was twenty minutes groping for my lady

in the dark ; and if it had not been for the unkindly services of the bog, into which I once more stumbled, I might have still been groping for her at the dawn. My next business was to gain the shelter of the wood, for the wind was cold as well as boisterous. How, in this well-wooded district, I should have been so long in finding one, is another of the insoluble mysteries of this day's adventures ; but I will take my oath that I put near an hour to the discovery.

At last black trees began to show upon my left, and, suddenly crossing the road, made a cave of unmitigated blackness right in front. I call it a cave without exaggeration ; to pass below that arch of leaves was like entering a dungeon. I felt about until my hand encountered a stout branch, and to this I tied *Modestine*, a haggard, drenched, desponding donkey. Then I lowered my pack, laid it along the wall on the margin of the road, and unbuckled the straps. I knew well enough where the lantern was ; but where were the candles ? I groped and groped among the tumbled articles, and, while I was thus groping, suddenly I touched the spirit-lamp. Salvation ! This would serve my turn as well. The wind roared unwearyingly among the trees ; I could hear the boughs tossing and the leaves churning through half a mile of forest ; yet the scene of my encampment was not only as black as the pit, but admirably sheltered. At the second match the wick caught flame. The light was both livid and shifting ; but it cut me off from the universe, and doubled the darkness of the surrounding night.

I tied *Modestine* more conveniently for herself, and broke up half the black bread for her supper, reserving the other half against the morning. Then I gathered what I should want within reach, took off my wet boots and gaiters, which I wrapped in my waterproof, arranged my knapsack for a pillow under the flap of my sleeping-bag, insinuated my limbs into the interior, and buckled myself in like a bambino. I opened a tin of Bologna sausage and broke a cake of chocolate, and that was all I had to eat. It may sound offensive, but I ate them together, bite by bite, by way of bread and meat. All I had to wash down this revolting mixture was neat brandy; a revolting beverage in itself. But I was rare and hungry; ate well, and smoked one of the best cigarettes in my experience. Then I put a stone in my straw hat, pulled the flap of my fur cap over my neck and eyes, put my revolver ready to my hand, and snuggled well down among the sheepskins.

I questioned at first if I were sleepy, for I felt my heart beating faster than usual, as if with an agreeable excitement to which my mind remained a stranger. But as soon as my eyelids touched, that subtle glue leaped between them, and they would no more come separate. The wind among the trees was my lullaby. Sometimes it sounded for minutes together with a steady even rush, not rising nor abating; and again it would swell and burst like a great crashing breaker, and the trees would patter me all over with big drops from the rain of the afternoon. Night after night, in my own bedroom in the country, I have

given ear to this perturbing concert of the wind among the woods ; but whether it was a difference in the trees, or the lie of the ground, or because I was myself outside and in the midst of it, the fact remains that the wind sang to a different tune among these woods of *Gévaudan*. I hearkened and hearkened ; and meanwhile sleep took gradual possession of my body and subdued my thoughts and senses ; but still my last waking effort was to listen and distinguish, and my last conscious state was one of wonder at the foreign clamor in my ears.

Twice in the course of the dark hours — once when a stone galled me underneath the sack, and again when the poor patient *Modestine*, growing angry, pawed and stamped upon the road — I was recalled for a brief while to consciousness, and saw a star or two overhead, and the lace-like edge of the foliage against the sky. When I awoke for the third time (*Wednesday, September 25th*), the world was flooded with a blue light, the mother of the dawn. I saw the leaves laboring in the wind and the ribbon of the road ; and, on turning my head, there was *Modestine* tied to a beech, and standing half across the path in an attitude of inimitable patience. I closed my eyes again, and set to thinking over the experience of the night. I was surprised to find how easy and pleasant it had been, even in this tempestuous weather. The stone which annoyed me would not have been there, had I not been forced to camp blind-fold in the opaque night ; and I had felt no other inconvenience except when my feet encountered the lantern or the second

volume of *Peyrat's Pastors of the Desert* among the mixed contents of my sleeping-bag; nay more, I had felt not a touch of cold, and awakened with unusually lightsome and clear sensations.

With that, I shook myself, got once more into my boots and gaiters, and, breaking up the rest of the bread for *Modestine*, strolled about to see in what part of the world I had awakened. *Ulysses*, left on *Ithaca*, and with a mind unsettled by the goddess, was not more pleasantly astray. I have been after an adventure all my life, a pure dispassionate adventure, such as befell early and heroic voyagers; and thus to be found by morning in a random woodside nook in *Gévaudan*—not knowing north from south, as strange to my surroundings as the first man upon the earth, an inland castaway—was to find a fraction of my day-dreams realized. I was on the skirts of a little wood of birch, sprinkled with a few beeches; behind, it adjoined another wood of fir; and in front, it broke up and went down in open order into a shallow and meadowy dale. All around there were bare hill-tops, some near, some far away, as the perspective closed or opened, but none apparently much higher than the rest. The wind huddled the trees. The golden specks of autumn in the birches tossed shiveringly. Over-head the sky was full of strings and shreds of vapor, flying, vanishing, reappearing, and turning about an axis like tumblers, as the wind hounded them through heaven. It was wild weather and famishing cold. I ate some chocolate, swallowed a mouthful of brandy, and smoked a cigarette before

the cold should have time to disable my fingers. And by the time I had got all this done, and had made my pack and bound it on the pack-saddle, the day was tiptoe on the threshold of the east. We had not gone many steps along the lane, before the sun, still invisible to me, sent a glow of gold over some cloud mountains that lay ranged along the eastern sky.

The wind had us on the stern, and hurried us bitingly forward. I buttoned myself into my coat, and walked on in a pleasant frame of mind with all men, when suddenly at a corner, there was *Fouzilhic* once more in front of me. Nor only that, but there was the old gentleman who had escorted me so far the night before, running out of his house at sight of me, with hands upraised in horror.

“My poor boy,” he cried, “what does this mean?”

I told him what had happened. He beat his old hands like clappers in a mill, to think how lightly he had let me go; but when he heard of the man of *Fouzilhac*, anger and depression seized upon his mind.

“This time, at least,” said he, “there shall be no mistake.”

And he limped along, for he was very rheumatic, for about half a mile, and until I was almost within sight of *Cheyland*, the destination I had hunted for so long.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT: FAME'S LITTLE DAY

From the "Life of Nancy," Boston, 1895, pp. 43.¹

I have asked permission to reprint this little story here because it is an example of the best kind of realism, of the realism which turns for its material to the homely events of every-day life and brings out the essential soundness and sweetness of that every-day life. It is not the easiest kind of realism: there is a morbid streak in human nature which makes the sordidness and brutality of Mr. Thomas Hardy's later people more interesting and perhaps convincing to a great many readers; a satisfying portrayal of such people is therefore, other things being equal, an easier task than the portrayal of people who, as in this story, are also commonplace but not weak or evil-minded. The story shows, moreover, how unnecessary it is to go far afield for material when the world is as full as it is of all the varieties of human nature.

I

NOBODY ever knew, except himself, what made a foolish young newspaper reporter, who happened into a small old-fashioned hotel in New York, observe Mr. Abel Pinkham with deep interest, listen to his talk, ask a question or two of the clerk, and then go away and make up an effective personal paragraph for one of the morning papers. He must have had a heart full of fun, this young reporter, and something honestly rustic and pleasing must

¹ Copyright, 1895, by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

have struck him in the guest's demeanor, for there was a flavor in the few lines he wrote that made some of his fellows seize upon the little paragraph, and copy it, and add to it, and keep it moving. Nobody knows what starts such a thing in journalism, or keeps it alive after it is started, but on a certain Thursday morning the fact was made known to the world that among the notabilities then in the city, Abel Pinkham, Esquire, a distinguished citizen of Wetherford, Vermont, was visiting New York on important affairs connected with the maple-sugar industry of his native State. Mr. Pinkham had expected to keep his visit unannounced, but it was likely to occasion much interest in business and civic circles. This was something like the way that the paragraph started ; but here and there a kindred spirit of the original journalist caught it up and added discreet lines about Mr. Pinkham's probable stay in town, his occupation of an apartment on the fourth floor of the Ethan Allen Hotel, and other circumstances so uninteresting to the reading public in general that presently in the next evening edition, one city editor after another threw out the item, and the young journalists, having had their day of pleasure, passed on to other things.

Mr. and Mrs. Pinkham had set forth from home with many forebodings, in spite of having talked all winter about taking this journey as soon as the spring opened. They would have caught at any reasonable excuse for giving it up altogether, because when the time arrived it seemed so much easier to

stay at home. Mrs. Abel Pinkham had never seen New York; her husband himself had not been to the city for a great many years; in fact, his reminiscences of the former visit were not altogether pleasant, since he had foolishly fallen into many snares, and been much gulled in his character of honest young countryman. There was a tarnished and worthless counterfeit of a large gold watch still concealed between the outer boarding and the inner lath and plaster of the lean-to bedroom which Mr. Abel Pinkham had occupied as a bachelor; it was not the only witness of his being taken in by city sharpers, and he had winced ever since at the thought of their wiles. But he was now a man of sixty, well-to-do, and of authority in town affairs; his children were all well married and settled in homes of their own, except a widowed daughter, who lived at home with her young son, and was her mother's lieutenant in household affairs.

The boy was almost grown, and at this season, when the maple-sugar was all made and shipped, and it was still too early for spring work on the land, Mr. Pinkham could leave home as well as not, and here he was in New York, feeling himself to be a stranger and foreigner to city ways. If it had not been for that desire to appear well in his wife's eyes, which had buoyed him over the bar of many difficulties, he could have found it in his heart to take the next train back to Wetherford, Vermont, to be there rid of his best clothes and the stiff rim of his heavy felt hat. He could not let his wife discover

that the noise and confusion of Broadway had the least power to make him flinch: he cared no more for it than for the woods in snow-time. He was as good as anybody, and she was better. They owed nobody a cent; and they had come on purpose to see the city of New York.

They were sitting at the breakfast table in the Ethan Allen Hotel, having arrived at nightfall the day before. Mrs. Pinkham looked a little pale about the mouth. She had been kept awake nearly all night by the noise, and had enjoyed but little the evening she had spent in the stuffy parlor of the hotel, looking down out of the window at what seemed to her but garish scenes, and keeping a reproachful and suspicious eye upon some unpleasantly noisy young women of forward behavior who were her only companions. Abel himself was by no means so poorly entertained in the hotel office and smoking-room. He felt much more at home than she did, being better used to meeting strange men than she was to strange women, and he found two or three companions who had seen more than he of New York life. It was there, indeed, that the young reporter found him, hearty and country-fed, and loved the appearance of his best clothes, and the way Mr. Abel Pinkham brushed his hair, and loved the way that he spoke in a loud and manful voice the beliefs and experience of his honest heart.

In the morning at breakfast time the Pinkhams were depressed. They missed their good bed at home; they were troubled by the roar and noise of

the streets that hardly stopped over night before it began again in the morning. The waiter did not put what mind he may have had to the business of serving them; and Mrs. Abel Pinkham, whose cooking was the triumph of parish festivals at home, had her own opinion about the beefsteak. She was a woman of imagination, and now that she was fairly here, spectacles and all, it really pained her to find that the New York of her dreams, the metropolis of dignity and distinction, of wealth and elegance, did not seem to exist. These poor streets, these unlovely people, were the end of a great illusion. They did not like to meet each other's eyes, this worthy pair. The man began to put on an unbecoming air of assertion, and Mrs. Pinkham's face was full of lofty protest.

"My gracious me, Mary Ann! I *am* glad I happened to get the 'Tribune' this mornin'," said Mr. Pinkham, with sudden excitement. "Just you look here! I'd like well to know how they found out about our comin'!" and he handed the paper to his wife across the table. "There—there 'tis; right by my thumb," he insisted. "Can't you see it?" and he smiled like a boy as she finally brought her large spectacles to bear upon the important paragraph.

"I guess they think somethin' of us, if you don't think much o' them," continued Mr. Pinkham, grandly, "oh, they know how to keep the run o' folks who are somebody to home! Draper and Fitch knew we was comin' this week: you know I sent word I was comin' to settle with them myself. I suppose they

send folks around to the hotels, these newspapers, but I should n't thought there 'd been time. Anyway, they 've thought 't was worth while to put us in!"

Mrs. Pinkham did not take the trouble to make a mystery out of the unexpected pleasure. "I want to cut it out an' send it right up home to daughter Sarah," she said, beaming with pride, and looking at the printed names as if they were flattering photographs. "I think 't was most too strong to say we was among the notables. But there! 't is their business to dress up things, and they have to print somethin' every day. I guess I shall go up and put on my best dress," she added, inconsequently; "this one's kind of dusty; it's the same I rode in."

"Le' me see that paper again," said Mr. Pinkham jealously. "I did n't more 'n half sense it, I was so taken aback. Well, Mary Ann, you did n't expect you was goin' to get into the papers when you came away. '*Abel Pinkham, Esquire, of Wetherford, Vermont.*' It looks well, don't it? But you might have knocked me down with a feather when I first caught sight of them words."

"I guess I shall put on my other dress," said Mrs. Pinkham, rising, with quite a different air from that with which she had sat down to her morning meal. "This one looks a little out o' style, as Sarah said, but when I got up this mornin' I was so homesick that it did n't seem to make any kind o' difference. I expect that saucy girl last night took us to be nobodies. I'd like to leave the paper round where she could n't help seein' it."

“Don’t take any notice of her,” said Abel, in a dignified tone. “If she can’t do what you want an’ be civil, we’ll go somewheres else. I wish I’d done what we talked of at first an’ gone to the Astor House, but that young man in the cars told me ’t was remote from the things we should want to see. The Astor House was the top o’ everything when I was here last, but I expected to find some changes. I want you to have the best there is,” he said, smiling at his wife as if they were just making their wedding journey. “Come, let’s be stirrin’; ’tis long past eight o’clock,” and he ushered her to the door, newspaper in hand.

II

Later that day the guests walked up Broadway, holding themselves erect, and feeling as if every eye was upon them. Abel Pinkham had settled with his correspondents for the spring consignments of maple sugar, and a round sum in bank-bills was stowed away in his vest pocket. One of the partners had been a Wetherford boy, so when there came a renewal of interest in maple sugar, and the best confectioners were ready to do it honor, the finest quality being at a large premium, this partner remembered that there never was any sugar made in Wetherford of such melting and delicious flavor as from the trees on the old Pinkham farm. He had now made a good bit of money for himself on this private venture, and was ready that morning to pay Mr. Abel Pinkham cash down, and to give him a handsome order for the next

season for all he could make. Mr. Fitch was also generous in the matter of such details as freight and packing; he was immensely polite and kind to his old friends, and begged them to come out and stay with him and his wife, where they lived now, in a not far distant New Jersey town.

"No, no, sir," said Mr. Pinkham promptly. "My wife has come to see the city, and our time is short. Your folks will be up this summer, won't they? We'll wait and visit them."

"You must certainly take Mrs. Pinkham up to the Park," said the commission merchant. "I wish I had time to show you round myself. I suppose you've been seeing some things already, haven't you? I noticed your arrival in the 'Herald.'"

"The 'Tribune' it was," said Mr. Pinkham, blushing through a smile and looking round at his wife.

"Oh no; I never read the 'Tribune,'" said Mr. Fitch. "There was quite an extended notice in my paper. They must have put you and Mrs. Pinkham into the 'Herald' too." And so the friends parted laughing. "I am much pleased to have a call from such distinguished parties," said Mr. Fitch, by way of final farewell, and Mr. Pinkham waved his hand grandly in reply.

"Let's get the 'Herald,' then," he said, as they started up the street. "We can go an' sit over in that little square that we passed as we came along, and rest an' talk things over about what we'd better do this afternoon. I'm tired out a-trampin' and standin'. I'd rather have set still while we were

there, but he wanted us to see his store. Done very well, Joe Fitch has, but 'taint a business I should like."

There was a lofty look and sense of behavior about Mr. Pinkham of Wetherford. You might have thought him a great politician as he marched up Broadway, looking neither to right hand nor left. He felt himself to be a person of great responsibilities.

"I begin to feel sort of at home myself," said his wife, who always had a certain touch of simple dignity about her. "When we was comin' yesterday New York seemed to be all strange, and there was n't nobody expectin' us. I feel now just as if I'd been here before."

They were now on the edge of the better looking part of the town; it was still noisy and crowded, but noisy with fine carriages instead of drays, and crowded with well-dressed people. The hours for shopping and visiting were beginning, and more than one person looked with appreciative and friendly eyes at the comfortable pleased-looking elderly man and woman who went their easily beguiled and loitering way. The pavement peddlers detained them, but the cabmen beckoned them in vain; their eyes were busy with the immediate foreground. Mrs. Pinkham was embarrassed by the recurring reflection of herself in the great windows.

"I wish I had seen about a new bonnet before we came," she lamented. "They seem to be havin' on some o' their spring things."

"Don't you worry, Mary Ann. I don't see anybody

that looks any better than you do," said Abel, with boyish and reassuring pride.

Mr. Pinkham had now bought the "Herald" and also the "Sun," well recommended by an able news-boy, and presently they crossed over from that corner by the Fifth Avenue Hotel which seems like the heart of New York, and found a place to sit down on the Square, — an empty bench, where they could sit side by side and look the papers through, reading over each other's shoulder, and being impatient from page to page. The paragraph was indeed repeated, with trifling additions. Ederton of the "Sun" had followed the "Tribune" man's lead, and fabricated a brief interview, a marvel of art and discretion, but so general in its allusions that it could create no suspicion; it almost deceived Mr. Pinkham himself, so that he found unaffected pleasure in the fictitious occasion, and felt as if he had easily covered himself with glory. Except for the bare fact of the interview's being imaginary, there was no discredit to be cast upon Mr. Abel Pinkham's having said that he thought the country near Wetherford looked well for the time of year, and promised a fair hay crop, and that his income was augmented one-half to three-fifths by his belief in the future of maple sugar. It was likely to be the great coming crop of the Green Mountain State. Ederton suggested that there was talk of Mr. Pinkham's presence in the matter of a great maple sugar trust in which much of the capital of Wall Street would be involved.

"How they do hatch up these things, don't they?"

said the worthy man at this point. "Well, it all sounds well, Mary Ann."

"It says here that you are a very personable man," smiled his wife, "and have filled some of the most responsible town offices" (this was the turn taken by Goffey of the "Herald"). "Oh, and that you are going to attend the performance at Barnum's this evening, and occupy reserved seats. Why, I didn't know — who have you told about that? — who was you talkin' to last night, Abel?"

"I never spoke o' goin' to Barnum's to any livin' soul," insisted Abel, flushing. "I only thought of it two or three times to myself that perhaps I might go and take you. Now that is singular; perhaps they put that in just to advertise the show."

"Ain't it a kind of a low place for folks like us to be seen in?" suggested Mrs. Pinkham timidly. "People seem to be payin' us all this attention, an' I don't know 's 't would be dignified for us to go to one o' them circus places."

"I don't care; we shan't live but once. I ain't comin' to New York an' confine myself to evenin' meetin's," answered Abel, throwing away discretion and morality together. "I tell you I'm goin' to spend this sugar-money just as we've a mind to. You worked hard, an' counted a good while on comin', an' so've I; an' I ain't goin' to mince my steps an' pinch and screw for nobody. I'm goin' to hire one o' them hacks an' ride up to the Park."

"Joe Fitch said we could go right up in one o' the elevated railroads for five cents, and return when we

was ready," protested Mary Ann, who had a thriftier inclination than her husband; but Mr. Pinkham was not to be let or hindered, and they presently found themselves going up Fifth Avenue in a somewhat battered open landau. The spring sun shone upon them, and the spring breeze fluttered the black ostrich tip on Mrs. Pinkham's durable winter bonnet, and brought the pretty color to her faded cheeks.

"There! this is something like. Such people as we are can't go meechin' round; it ain't expected. Don't it pay for a lot o' hard work?" said Abel; and his wife gave him a pleased look for her only answer. They were both thinking of their gray farmhouse high on a long western slope, with the afternoon sun full in its face, the old red barn, the pasture, the shaggy woods that stretched far up the mountain side.

"I wish Sarah Ann an' little Abel was here to see us ride by," said Mary Ann Pinkham, presently. "I can't seem to wait to have 'em get that newspaper. I'm so glad we sent it right off before we started this mornin'. If Abel goes to the post-office comin' from school, as he always does, they'll have it to read to-morrow before supper-time."

III

This happy day in two plain lives ended, as might have been expected, with the great Barnum show. Mr. and Mrs. Pinkham found themselves in possession of countless advertising cards and circulars next

morning, and these added somewhat to their sense of responsibility. Mrs. Pinkham became afraid that the hotel-keeper would charge them double. "We've got to pay for it some way; there. I don't know but I'm more 'n willin'," said the good soul. "I never did have such a splendid time in all my life. Findin' you so respected way off here is the best of anything; and then seein' them dear little babies in their nice carriages, all along the streets and up to the Central Park! I never shall forget them beautiful little creatures. And then the houses, an' the hosses, an' the store-windows, an' all the rest of it! Well, I can't make my country pitcher hold no more, an' I want to get home an' think it over, goin' about my housework."

They were just entering the door of the Ethan Allen Hotel for the last time, when a young man met them and bowed cordially. He was the original reporter of their arrival, but they did not know it, and the impulse was strong within him to formally invite Mr. Pinkham to make an address before the members of the Produce Exchange on the following morning; but he had been a country boy himself, and their look of seriousness and self-consciousness appealed to him unexpectedly. He wondered what effect this great experience would have upon their after-life. The best fun, after all, would be to send marked copies of his paper and Ederton's to all the weekly newspapers in that part of Vermont. He saw before him the evidence of their happy increase of self-respect, and he would make all their neighbor-

hood agree to do them honor. Such is the dominion of the press.

“Who was that young man? He kind of bowed to you,” asked the lady from Wetherford, after the journalist had meekly passed; but Abel Pinkham, Esquire, could only tell her that he looked like a young fellow who was sitting in the office the evening that they came to the hotel. The reporter did not seem to these distinguished persons to be a young man of any consequence.

W. M. THACKERAY: ESMOND AND THE PRINCE

From "Henry Esmond," London, 1874, ch. xiii, pp. 391-400.

I shall assume that nearly everybody who is old enough to use this book has read "Henry Esmond;" and I shall therefore not spoil the pleasure of the few who do not yet know it by any bald summary of the story that leads up to this final chapter.

I print the passage here as an example of narrative at its very best. In the first place it is all action and speech: there are no stops to explain, to discuss, to point morals, or to show off cleverness in psychology or phrasemaking: the story moves swiftly, and with no effort but to show the action of living people in a stress of great events and strong feelings. In the second place, there can be no better example and proof of the value of the personal point of view to a story-teller; the fact that the chief actor is made to tell the story makes possible a verisimilitude of life that surpasses history; the little touch of feeling in the dropping into the first person in "I have never seen her from that day," is a final and convincing touch. And in the third place, the dignity and beauty of the style, the restrained but pulsating rhythm, the perfect adequacy of the words and language to the largeness of the events — what Matthew Arnold called in a word the *grand style* — raise the narrative to a place in the higher firmaments of literature.

AUGUST 1st, 1714.

"DOES my mistress know of this?" Esmond asked of Frank, as they walked along.

"My mother found the letter in the book, on the toilet-table. She had writ it ere she had left home,"

Frank said. "Mother met her on the stairs, with her hand upon the door, trying to enter, and never left her after that till she went away. He did not think of looking at it there, nor had Martin the chance of telling him. I believe the poor devil meant no harm, though I half killed him; he thought 't was to Beatrix's brother he was bringing the letter."

Frank never said a word of reproach to me for having brought the villain amongst us. As we knocked at the door I said, "When will the horses be ready?" Frank pointed with his cane, they were turning the street that moment.

We went up and bade adieu to our mistress; she was in a dreadful state of agitation by this time, and the Bishop was with her whose company she was so fond of.

"Did you tell him, my lord," says Esmond, "that Beatrix was at Castlewood?" The Bishop blushed and stammered: "Well," says he, "I . . ."

"You served the villain right," broke out Mr. Esmond, "and he has lost a crown by what you told him."

My mistress turned quite white: "Henry, Henry," says she, "do not kill him."

"It may not be too late," says Esmond; "he may not have gone to Castlewood; pray God, it is not too late." The Bishop was breaking out with some *banale* phrases about loyalty, and the sacredness of the Sovereign's person; but Esmond sternly bade him hold his tongue, burn all papers, and take care of Lady Castlewood; and in five minutes he and

Frank were in the saddle, John Lockwood behind them, riding towards Castlewood at a rapid pace.

We were just got to Alton, when who should meet us but old Lockwood, the porter from Castlewood, John's father, walking by the side of the Hexton flying-coach, who slept the night at Alton. Lockwood said his young mistress had arrived at home on Wednesday night, and this morning, Friday, had despatched him with a packet for my lady at Kensington, saying the letter was of great importance.

We took the freedom to break it, while Lockwood stared with wonder, and cried out his "Lord bless me's," and "Who'd a thought it's," at the sight of his young lord, whom he had not seen these seven years.

The packet from Beatrix contained no news of importance at all. It was written in a jocular strain, affecting to make light of her captivity. She asked whether she might have leave to visit Mrs. Tusher, or to walk beyond the court and the garden wall. She gave news of the peacocks and a fawn she had there. She bade her mother send her certain gowns and smocks by old Lockwood; she sent her duty to a certain person, if certain other persons permitted her to take such a freedom; how that, as she was not able to play cards with him, she hoped he would read good books, such as Doctor Atterbury's sermons and "Eikon Basiliké:" she was going to read good books; she thought her pretty mamma would like to know she was not crying her eyes out.

"Who is in the house besides you, Lockwood?" says the Colonel.

“There be the laundry-maid, and the kitchen-maid, Madam Beatrix’s maid, the man from London, and that be all; and he sleepeth in my lodge away from the maids,” says old Lockwood.

Esmond scribbled a line with a pencil on the note, giving it to the old man and bidding him go on to his lady. We knew why Beatrix had been so dutiful on a sudden, and why she spoke of “Eikon Basiliké.” She writ this letter to put the Prince on the scent, and the porter out of the way.

“We have a fine moonlight night for riding on,” says Esmond; “Frank, we may reach Castlewood in time yet.” All the way along they made inquiries at the post-houses, when a tall young gentleman in a grey suit, with a light brown periwig, just the colour of my lord’s, had been seen to pass. He had set off at six that morning, and we at three in the afternoon. He rode almost as quickly as we had done; he was seven hours ahead of us still when we reached the last stage.

We rode over Castlewood Downs before the breaking of dawn. We passed the very spot where the car was upset fourteen years since, and Mohun lay. The village was not up yet, nor the forge lighted, as we rode through it, passing by the elms, where the rooks were still roosting, and by the church, and over the bridge. We got off our horses at the bridge and walked up to the gate.

“If she is safe,” says Frank, trembling, and his honest eyes filling with tears, “a silver statue to Our Lady!” He was going to rattle at the great iron

knocker on the oak gate ; but Esmond stopped his kinsman's hand. He had his own fears, his own hopes, his own despairs and griefs, too ; but he spoke not a word of these to his companion, or showed any signs of emotion.

He went and tapped at the little window at the porter's lodge, gently, but repeatedly, until the man came to the bars.

"Who's there?" says he, looking out ; it was the servant from Kensington.

"My Lord Castlewood and Colonel Esmond," we said, from below. "Open the gate and let us in without any noise."

"My Lord Castlewood?" says the other ; "my lord's here, and in bed."

"Open, d—n you!" says Castlewood, with a curse.

"I shall open to no one," says the man, shutting the glass window, as Frank drew a pistol. He would have fired at the porter, but Esmond again held his hand.

"There are more ways than one," says he, "of entering such a great house as this." Frank grumbled that the west gate was half a mile round. "But I know of a way that's not a hundred yards off," says Mr. Esmond ; and leading his kinsman close along the wall, and by the shrubs, which had now grown thick on what had been an old moat about the house, they came to the buttress, at the side of which the little window was, which was Father Holt's private door. Esmond climbed up to this easily, broke a pane that had been mended, and touched the spring inside,

and the two gentlemen passed in that way, treading as lightly as they could: and so going through the passage into the court, over which the dawn was now reddening, and where the fountain plashed in the silence.

They sped instantly to the porter's lodge, where the fellow had not fastened his door that let into the court; and pistol in hand came upon the terrified wretch, and bade him be silent. Then they asked him (Esmond's head reeled, and he almost fell as he spoke) when Lord Castlewood had arrived? He said on the previous evening, about eight of the clock. — "And what then?" — His lordship supped with his sister. — "Did the man wait?" Yes, he and my lady's maid both waited: the other servants made the supper; and there was no wine, and they could give his lordship but milk, at which he grumbled; and — and Madam Beatrix kept Miss Lucy always in the room with her. And there being a bed across the court in the Chaplain's room, she had arranged my lord was to sleep there. Madam Beatrix had come downstairs laughing with the maids, and had locked herself in, and my lord had stood for a while talking to her through the door, and she laughing at him. And then he paced the court a while, and she came again to the upper window; and my lord implored her to come down and walk in the room; but she would not, and laughed at him again, and shut the window; and so my lord, uttering what seemed curses, but in a foreign language, went to the Chaplain's room to bed.

"Was this all?" — "All," the man swore upon his honour; all as he hoped to be saved. — "Stop, there was one thing more. My lord, on arriving, and once or twice during supper, did kiss his sister, as was natural, and she kissed him." At this Esmond ground his teeth with rage, and well nigh throttled the amazed miscreant who was speaking, whereas Castlewood, seizing hold of his cousin's hand, burst into a great fit of laughter. *

"If it amuses thee," says Esmond in French, "that your sister should be exchanging of kisses with a stranger, I fear poor Beatrix will give thee plenty of sport." — Esmond darkly thought how Hamilton, Ashburnham, had before been masters of those roses that the young Prince's lips were now feeding on. He sickened at that notion. Her cheek was desecrated, her beauty tarnished; shame and honour stood between it and him. The love was dead within him; had she a crown to bring him with her love, he felt that both would degrade him.

But this wrath against Beatrix did not lessen the angry feelings of the Colonel against the man who had been the occasion if not the cause of the evil. Frank sat down on a stone bench in the courtyard, and fairly fell asleep, while Esmond paced up and down the court, debating what should ensue. What mattered how much or how little had passed between the Prince and the poor faithless girl? They were arrived in time perhaps to rescue her person, but not her mind; had she not instigated the young Prince to come to her; suborned servants, dismissed others, so

that she might communicate with him? the treacherous heart within her had surrendered, though the place was safe; and it was to win this that he had given a life's struggle and devotion; this, that she was ready to give away for the bribe of a coronet or a wink of the Prince's eye.

When he had thought his thoughts out he shook up poor Frank from his sleep, who rose yawning, and said he had been dreaming of Clotilda. "You must back me," says Esmond, "in what I am going to do. I have been thinking that yonder scoundrel may have been instructed to tell that story, and that the whole of it may be a lie; if it be, we shall find it out from the gentleman who is asleep yonder. See if the door leading to my lady's rooms," (so we called the rooms at the northwest angle of the house), "see if the door is barred as he saith." We tried; it was indeed, as the lacquey had said, closed within.

"It may have been opened and shut afterwards," says poor Esmond; "the foundress of our family let our ancestor in in that way."

"What will you do, Harry, if — if what that fellow saith should turn out untrue?" The young man looked scared and frightened into his kinsman's face; I dare say it wore no very pleasant expression.

"Let us first go see whether the two stories agree," says Esmond; and went in at the passage and opened the door into what had been his own chamber now for well nigh five-and-twenty years. A candle was still burning, and the Prince asleep dressed on the bed — Esmond did not care for making a noise. The

Prince started up in his bed, seeing two men in his chamber: "Qui est là?" says he, and took a pistol from under his pillow.

"It is the Marquis of Esmond," says the Colonel, "come to welcome his Majesty to his house of Castlewood, and to report of what hath happened in London. Pursuant to the King's orders, I passed the night before last, after leaving his Majesty, in waiting upon the friends of the King. It is a pity that his Majesty's desire to see the country and to visit our poor house should have caused the King to quit London without notice yesterday, when the opportunity happened which in all human probability may not occur again; and had the King not chosen to ride to Castlewood, the Prince of Wales might have slept at St. James's."

"'Sdeath! gentlemen," says the Prince, starting off his bed, whereon he was lying in his clothes, "the Doctor was with me yesterday morning, and after watching by my sister all night, told me I might not hope to see the Queen."

"It would have been otherwise," says Esmond with another bow; "as, by this time, the Queen may be dead in spite of the Doctor. The Council was met, a new Treasurer was appointed, the troops were devoted to the King's cause; and fifty loyal gentlemen of the greatest names of this kingdom were assembled to accompany the Prince of Wales, who might have been the acknowledged heir of the throne, or the possessor of it by this time, had your Majesty not chosen to take the air. We were ready; there was only one person that failed us, your Majesty's gracious —"

“Morbleu, monsieur, you give me too much Majesty,” said the Prince, who had now risen up and seemed to be looking to one of us to help him to his coat. But neither stirred.

“We shall take care,” says Esmond, “not much oftener to offend in that particular.”

“What mean you, my lord?” says the Prince, and muttered something about a *guet-à-pens*, which Esmond caught up.

“The snare, sir,” said he, “was not of our laying; it is not we that invited you. We came to avenge, and not to compass the dishonour of our family.”

“Dishonour! Morbleu, there has been no dishonour,” says the Prince, turning scarlet, “only a little harmless playing.”

“That was meant to end seriously.”

“I swear,” the Prince broke out impetuously, “upon the honour of a gentleman, my lords —”

“That we arrived in time. No wrong hath been done, Frank,” says Colonel Esmond, turning round to young Castlewood, who stood at the door as the talk was going on. “See! here is a paper whereon his Majesty hath deigned to commence some verses in honour, or dishonour, of Beatrix. Here is ‘Madame’ and ‘Flamme,’ ‘Cruelle’ and ‘Rebelle,’ and ‘Amour’ and ‘Jour,’ in the Royal writing and spelling. Had the Gracious lover been happy, he had not passed his time in sighing.” In fact, and actually as he was speaking, Esmond cast his eyes down towards the table, and saw a paper on which my young Prince

had been scrawling a madrigal, that was to finish his charmer on the morrow.

“Sir,” says the Prince, burning with rage (he had assumed his Royal coat unassisted by this time), “did I come here to receive insults?”

“To confer them, may it please your Majesty,” says the Colonel, with a very low bow, “and the gentlemen of our family are come to thank you.”

“*Malédiction!*” says the young man, tears starting into his eyes with helpless rage and mortification. “What will you with me, gentlemen?”

“If your Majesty will please to enter the next apartment,” says Esmond, preserving his grave tone, “I have some papers there which I would gladly submit to you, and by your permission I will lead the way;” and, taking the taper up, and backing before the Prince with very great ceremony, Mr. Esmond passed into the little Chaplain’s room, through which we had just entered into the house:—“Please to set a chair for his Majesty, Frank,” says the Colonel to his companion, who wondered almost as much at this scene, and was as much puzzled by it, as the other actor in it. Then going to the crypt over the mantel-piece, the Colonel opened it, and drew thence the papers which so long had lain there.

“Here, may it please your Majesty,” says he, “is the Patent of Marquis sent over by your Royal Father at St. Germain to Viscount Castlewood, my father: here is the witnessed certificate of my father’s marriage to my mother, and of my birth and christening; I was christened of that religion of which your

sainted sire gave all through life so shining an example. 'These are my titles, dear Frank, and this what I do with them: here go Baptism and Marriage, and here the Marquisate and the August Sign Manual, with which your predecessor was pleased to honour our race.' And as Esmond spoke he set the papers burning in the brazier. "You will please, sir, to remember," he continued, "that our family hath ruined itself by fidelity to yours: that my grandfather spent his estate, and gave his blood and his son to die for your service; that my dear lord's grandfather (for lord you are now, Frank, by right and title too) died for the same cause; that my poor kinswoman, my father's second wife, after giving away her honour to your wicked perjured race, sent all her wealth to the King; and got in return that precious title that lies in ashes, and this inestimable yard of blue riband. I lay this at your feet and stamp upon it: I draw this sword, and break it and deny you; and, had you completed the wrong you designed us, by heaven I would have driven it through your heart, and no more pardoned you than your father pardoned Monmouth. Frank will do the same, won't you, cousin?"

Frank, who had been looking on with a stupid air at the papers, as they flamed in the old brazier, took out his sword and broke it, holding his head down:—"I go with my cousin," says he, giving Esmond a grasp of the hand. "Marquis or not, by —, I stand by him any day. I beg your Majesty's pardon for swearing; that is — that is — I'm for the Elector of

Hanover. It's all your Majesty's own fault. The Queen's dead most likely by this time. And you might have been King if you had n't come dangling after Trix."

"Thus to lose a crown!" says the young Prince, starting up, and speaking French in his eager way; "to lose the loveliest woman in the world; to lose the loyalty of such hearts as yours, is not this, my lords, enough of humiliation? — Marquis, if I go on my knees, will you pardon me? — No, I can't do that, but I can offer you reparation, that of honour, that of gentlemen. Favour me by crossing the sword with mine: yours is broke — see, yonder in the armoire are two;" and the Prince took them out as eager as a boy, and held them towards Esmond; — "Ah! you will? *Merçi, monsieur, merci!*"

Extremely touched by this immense mark of condescension and repentance for wrong done, Colonel Esmond bowed down so low as almost to kiss the gracious young hand that conferred on him such an honour, and took his guard in silence. The swords were no sooner met, than Castlewood knocked up Esmond's with the blade of his own, which he had broken off short at the shell; and the Colonel falling back a step dropped his point with another very low bow, and declared himself perfectly satisfied.

"Eh bien, *Vicomte!*" says the young Prince, who was a boy, and a French boy, "*il ne nous reste qu'une chose à faire;*" he placed his sword upon the table, and the fingers of his two hands upon his breast; — "We have one more thing to do," says he; "you do

not divine it?" He stretched out his arms:—" *Embrassons-nous!* "

The talk was scarce over when Beatrix entered the room:—What came she to seek there? She started and turned pale at the sight of her brother and kinsman, drawn swords, broken sword-blades, and papers yet smouldering in the brazier.

"Charming Beatrix," says the Prince, with a blush which became him very well, "these lords have come a-horseback from London, where my sister lies in a despaired state, and where her successor makes himself desired. Pardon me for my escapade of last evening. I had been so long a prisoner, that I seized the occasion of a promenade on horseback, and my horse naturally bore me towards you. I found you a Queen in your little court, where you deigned to entertain me. Present my homages to your maids of honour. I sighed as you slept, under the window of your chamber, and then retired to seek rest in my own. It was there that these gentlemen agreeably roused me. Yes, milords, for that is a happy day that makes a Prince acquainted, at whatever cost to his vanity, with such a noble heart as that of the Marquis of Esmond. Mademoiselle, may we take your coach to town? I saw it in the hangar, and this poor Marquis must be dropping with sleep."

"Will it please the King to breakfast before he goes?" was all Beatrix could say. The roses had shuddered out of her cheeks; her eyes were glaring; she looked quite old. She came up to Esmond and hissed out a word or two:—"If I did not love you

before, cousin," says she, "think how I love you now." If words could stab, no doubt she would have killed Esmond; she looked at him as if she could.

But her keen words gave no wound to Mr. Esmond; his heart was too hard. As he looked at her, he wondered that he could ever have loved her. His love of ten years was over: it fell down dead on the spot at the Kensington Tavern, where Frank brought him the note out of "Eikon Basiliké." The Prince blushed and bowed low, as she gazed at him, and quitted the chamber. I have never seen her from that day.

Horses were fetched and put to the chariot presently. My lord rode outside, and as for Esmond he was so tired that he was no sooner in the carriage than he fell asleep, and never woke till night, as the coach came into Alton.

As we drove to the "Bell" Inn comes a mitred coach with our old friend Lockwood beside the coachman. My Lady Castlewood and the Bishop were inside; she gave a little scream when she saw us. The two coaches entered the inn almost together; the landlord and people coming out with lights to welcome the visitors.

We in our coach sprang out of it, as soon as ever we saw the dear lady, and above all, the Doctor in his cassock. What was the news? Was there yet time? Was the Queen alive? These questions were put hurriedly, as Boniface stood waiting before his noble guests to bow them up the stair.

"Is she safe?" was what Lady Castlewood whispered in a flutter to Esmond.

“All’s well, thank God,” says he, as the fond lady took his hand and kissed it, and called him her preserver and her dear. She was n’t thinking of Queens and crowns.

The Bishop’s news was reassuring : at least all was not lost ; the Queen yet breathed, or was alive when they left London, six hours since. (“It was Lady Castlewood who insisted on coming,” the Doctor said.) Argyle had marched up regiments from Portsmouth, and sent abroad for more ; the Whigs were on the alert, a pest on them (I am not sure but the Bishop swore as he spoke), and so too were our people. And all might be saved, if only the Prince could be at London in time. We called for horses, instantly to return to London. We never went up poor crestfallen Boniface’s stairs, but into our coaches again. The Prince and his Prime Minister in one, Esmond in the other, with only his dear mistress as a companion.

Castlewood galloped forwards on horseback to gather the Prince’s friends and warn them of his coming. We travelled through the night, Esmond discoursing to his mistress of the events of the last twenty-four hours ; of Castlewood’s ride and his ; of the Prince’s generous behaviour and their reconciliation. The night seemed short enough ; and the starlit hours passed away serenely in that fond company.

So we came along the road ; the Bishop’s coach heading ours ; and with some delays in procuring horses, we got to Hammersmith about four o’clock on Sunday morning, the first of August, and half an

hour after, it being then bright day, we rode by my Lady Warwick's house, and so down the street of Kensington.

Early as the hour was, there was a bustle in the street, and many people moving to and fro. Round the gate leading to the Palace, where the guard is, there was especially a great crowd. And the coach ahead of us stopped, and the Bishop's man got down to know what the concourse meant.

There presently came from out of the gate — Horse Guards with their trumpets, and a company of heralds with their tabards. The trumpets blew, and the herald-at-arms came forward and proclaimed George, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith. And the people shouted " God save the King ! "

R L. STEVENSON: THE WOODS AND THE PACIFIC

From "Across the Plains," New York, 1895 (Thistle Edition), pp. 149-157.

Barring the occasional affectation of the vocabulary, this example from Stevenson is an admirable piece of description ; as in Mr. Lafarge's description of Yokohama, so here you find no attempt to do what a photograph might do, to make you see the outlines and exact topography of the place. After a clever device which gives you the general lie of the land, Stevenson at once goes to his main task of making you know what kind of a place Monterey is to live in. The result is so vivid because he tells you how the life there would appeal to all your senses, what the air feels like, what the smells and the sounds are, and all the other things that make continuous and persistent impressions on you. In structure the description seems at first sight almost formless ; but a real unity is gained by the insistence on and the return to the ever-present companionship of the ocean ; that sets the keynote and gives the touch of composition that keeps the whole from straggling to its end.

THE Bay of Monterey has been compared by no less a person than General Sherman to a bent fishing-hook ; and the comparison, if less important than the march through Georgia, still shows the eye of a soldier for topography. Santa Cruz sits exposed at the shank ; the mouth of the Salinas river is at the middle of the bend ; and Monterey itself is cosily ensconced beside the barb. Thus the ancient capital of California faces across the bay, while the Pacific Ocean,

though hidden by low hills and forest, bombards her left flank and rear with never-dying surf. In front of the town, the long line of sea-beach trends north and northwest, and then westward to enclose the bay. The waves which lap so quietly about the jetties of Monterey grow louder and larger in the distance; you can see the breakers leaping high and white by day; at night, the outline of the shore is traced in transparent silver by the moonlight and the flying foam; and from all round, even in quiet weather, the low, distant, thrilling roar of the Pacific hangs over the coast and the adjacent country like smoke above the battle.

These long beaches are enticing to the idle man. It would be hard to find a walk more solitary and at the same time more exciting to the mind. Crowds of ducks and sea-gulls hover over the sea. Sandpipers trot in and out by troops after the retiring waves, trilling together in a chorus of infinitesimal song. Strange sea-tangles, new to the European eye, the bones of whales, or sometimes a whole whale's carcase, white with carrion-gulls and poisoning the wind, lie scattered here and there along the sands. The waves come in slowly, vast and green, curve their translucent necks, and burst with a surprising uproar, that runs, waxing and waning, up and down the long keyboard of the beach. The foam of these great ruins mounts in an instant to the ridge of the sand glacis, swiftly fleets back again, and is met and buried by the next breaker. The interest is perpetually fresh. On no other coast that I know shall you enjoy, in calm,

sunny weather, such a spectacle of Ocean's greatness, such beauty of changing colour, or such degrees of thunder in the sound. The very air is more than usually salt by this Homeric deep.

Inshore, a tract of sand-hills borders on the beach. Here and there a lagoon, more or less brackish, attracts the birds and hunters. A rough, spotty undergrowth partially conceals the sand. The crouching, hardy, live-oaks flourish singly or in thickets — the kind of wood for murderers to crawl among — and here and there the skirt of the forest extends downward from the hills with a floor of turf and long aisles of pine-trees hung with Spaniard's Beard. Through this quaint desert the railway cars drew near to Monterey from the junction at Salinas City — though that and so many other things are now for ever altered — and it was from here that you had the first view of the old township lying in the sands, its white windmills bickering in the chill, perpetual wind, and the first fogs of the evening drawing drearily around it from the sea.

The one common note of all this country is the haunting presence of the ocean. A great faint sound of breakers follows you high up into the inland cañons ; the roar of water dwells in the clean, empty rooms of Monterey as in a shell upon the chimney ; go where you will you have but to pause and listen to hear the voice of the Pacific. You pass out of the town to the southwest, and mount the hill among pine woods. Glade, thicket, and grove surround you. You follow winding sandy tracks that lead now thither. You

see a deer; a multitude of quail arises. But the sound of the sea still follows you, as you advance, like that of wind among the trees, only harsher and stranger to the ear; and when at length you gain the summit, out breaks on every hand and with freshened vigour, that same unending, distant, whispering rumble of the ocean; for now you are on the top of Monterey peninsula, and the noise no longer only mounts to you from behind along the beach towards Santa Cruz, but from your right also, round by Chinatown and Pinos lighthouse, and from down before you to the mouth of the Carmello river. The whole woodland is begirt with thundering surges. The silence that immediately surrounds you where you stand is not so much broken as it is haunted by this distant, circling rumour. It sets your senses upon edge; you strain your attention; you are clearly and unusually conscious of small sounds near at hand; you walk listening like an Indian hunter; and that voice of the Pacific is a sort of disquieting company to you in your walk.

When once I was in these woods I found it difficult to turn homeward. All woods lure a Rambler onward; but in those of Monterey it was the surf that particularly invited me to prolong my walks. I would push straight for the shore where I thought it to be nearest. Indeed, there was scarce a direction that would not, sooner or later, have brought me forth on the Pacific. The emptiness of the woods gave me a sense of freedom and discovery in these excursions. I never in all my visits met but one man. He was a Mexican, very dark of hue, but smiling and fat, and

he carried an axe, though his true business at that moment was to seek for straying cattle. I asked him what o'clock it was, but he seemed neither to know nor care ; and when he in his turn asked me for news of his cattle, I showed myself equally indifferent. We stood and smiled upon each other for a few seconds, and then turned without a word and took our several ways across the forest.

One day — I shall never forget it — I had taken a trail that was new to me. After a while the woods began to open, the sea to sound nearer hand. I came upon a road, and, to my surprise, a stile. A step or two farther, and, without leaving the woods, I found myself among trim houses. I walked through street after street, parallel and at right angles, paved with sward and dotted with trees, but still undeniable streets, and each with its name posted at the corner, as in a real town. Facing down the main thoroughfare — “ Central Avenue,” as it was ticketed — I saw an open-air temple, with benches and sounding-board, as though for an orchestra. The houses were all tightly shuttered ; there was no smoke, no sound but of the waves, no moving thing. I have never been in any place that seemed so dreamlike. Pompeii is all in a bustle with visitors, and its antiquity and strangeness deceive the imagination ; but this town had plainly not been built above a year or two, and perhaps had been deserted overnight. Indeed, it was not so much like a deserted town as like a scene upon the stage by daylight, and with no one on the boards. The barking of a dog led me at last to the only

house still occupied, where a Scotch pastor and his wife pass the winter alone in this empty theatre. The place was "The Pacific Camp Grounds, the Christian Seaside Resort." Thither, in the warm season, crowds come to enjoy a life of teetotalism, religion, and flirtation, which I am willing to think blameless and agreeable. The neighbourhood at least is well selected. The Pacific booms in front. Westward is Point Pinos, with the lighthouse in a wilderness of sand, where you will find the lightkeeper playing the piano, making models and bows and arrows, studying dawn and sunrise in amateur oil-painting, and with a dozen other elegant pursuits and interests to surprise his brave, old-country rivals. To the east, and still nearer, you will come upon a space of open down, a hamlet, a haven among rocks, a world of surge and screaming sea-gulls. Such scenes are very similar in different climates; they appear homely to the eyes of all; to me this was like a dozen spots in Scotland. And yet the boats that ride in the haven are of strange, outlandish design; and, if you walk into the hamlet, you will behold costumes and faces and hear a tongue that are unfamiliar to the memory. The joss-stick burns, the opium pipe is smoked, the floors are strewn with slips of coloured paper — prayers, you would say, that had somehow missed their destination — and a man guiding his upright pencil from right to left across the sheet, writes home the news of Monterey to the Celestial Empire.

The woods and the Pacific rule between them the climate of this seaboard region. On the streets of

Monterey, when the air does not smell salt from the one, it will be blowing perfumed from the resinous treetops of the other. For days together a hot, dry air will overhang the town, close as from an oven, yet healthful and aromatic in the nostrils. The cause is not far to seek, for the woods are afire, and the hot wind is blowing from the hills. These fires are one of the great dangers of California. I have seen from Monterey as many as three at the same time, by day a cloud of smoke, by night a red coal of conflagration in the distance. A little thing will start them, and, if the wind be favorable, they gallop over miles of country faster than a horse. The inhabitants must turn out and work like demons, for it is not only the pleasant groves that are destroyed; the climate and the soil are equally at stake, and these fires prevent the rains of the next winter and dry up perennial fountains. California has been a land of promise in its time, like Palestine; but if the woods continue so swiftly to perish, it may become, like Palestine, a land of desolation.

To visit the woods while they are languidly burning is a strange piece of experience. The fire passes through the underbrush at a run. Every here and there a tree flares up instantaneously from root to summit, scattering tufts of flame, and is quenched, it seems, as quickly. But this last is only in semblance. For after this first squib-like conflagration of the dry moss and twigs, there remains behind a deep-rooted and consuming fire in the very entrails of the tree. The resin of the pitch-pine is principally condensed at the base of the bole and in the spreading roots. Thus,

after the light, showy, skirmishing flames, which are only as the match to the explosion, have already scampered down the wind into the distance, the true harm is but beginning for this giant of the woods. You may approach the tree from one side, and see it, scorched indeed from top to bottom, but apparently survivor of the peril. Make the circuit, and there, on the other side of the column, is a clear mass of living coal, spreading like an ulcer ; while underground, to their most extended fibre, the roots are being eaten out by fire, and the smoke is rising through the fissures to the surface. A little while, and, without a nod of warning, the huge pine-tree snaps off short across the ground and falls prostrate with a crash. Meanwhile the fire continues its silent business ; the roots are reduced to a fine ash ; and long afterwards, if you pass by, you will find the earth pierced with radiating galleries, and preserving the design of all these subterranean spurs, as though it were the mould for a new tree instead of the print of an old one. These pitch-pines of Monterey are, with the single exception of the Monterey cypress, the most fantastic of forest trees. No words can give an idea of the contortion of their growth ; they might figure without change in a circle of the nether hell as Dante pictured it ; and at the rate at which trees grow, and at which forest fires spring up and gallop through the hills of California, we may look forward to a time when there will not be one of them left standing in that land of their nativity. At least, they have not so much to fear from the axe, but perish by what may be called a natural although

a violent death ; while it is man in his short-sighted greed that robs the country of the nobler redwood. Yet a little while, and perhaps all the hills of seaboard California may be as bald as Tamalpais.

I have an interest of my own in these forest fires, for I came so near to lynching on one occasion, that a braver man might have retained a thrill from the experience. I wished to be certain whether it was the moss, that quaint funereal ornament of California forests, which blazed up so rapidly when the flame first touched the tree. I suppose I must have been under the influence of Satan, for instead of plucking off a piece for my experiment, what should I do but walk up to a great pine-tree in a portion of the wood which had escaped so much as scorching, strike a match, and apply the flame gingerly to one of the tassels. The tree went off simply like a rocket ; in three seconds it was a roaring pillar of fire. Close by I could hear the shouts of those who were at work combating the original conflagration. I could see the waggon that had brought them tied to a live oak in a piece of open ; I could even catch the flash of an axe as it swung up through the underwood into the sunlight. Had any one observed the result of my experiment my neck was literally not worth a pinch of snuff ; after a few minutes of passionate expostulation I should have been run up to a convenient bough.

To die for faction is a common evil ;

But to be hanged for nonsense is the devil.

I have run repeatedly, but never as I ran that day. At night I went out of town, and there was my own

particular fire, quite distinct from the other, and burning as I thought with even greater vigour.

But it is the Pacific that exercises the most direct and obvious power upon the climate. At sunset, for months together, vast, wet, melancholy fogs arise and come shoreward from the ocean. From the hill-top above Monterey the scene is often noble, although it is always sad. The upper air is still bright with sunlight; a glow still rests upon the Gabelano Peak; but the fogs are in possession of the lower levels; they crawl in scarves among the sand-hills; they float, a little higher, in clouds of a gigantic size and often of a wild configuration; to the south, where they have struck the seaward shoulder of the mountains of Santa Lucia, they double back and spire up skyward like smoke. Where their shadow touches, color dies out of the world. The air grows chill and deadly as they advance. The trade-wind freshens, the trees begin to sigh, and all the windmills in Monterey are whirling and creaking and filling their cisterns with the brackish water of the sands. It takes but a little while till the invasion is complete. The sea, in its lighter order, has submerged the earth. Monterey is curtained in for the night in thick, wet, salt, and frigid clouds, so to remain till day returns; and before the sun's rays they slowly disperse and retreat in broken squadrons to the bosom of the sea. And yet often when the fog is thickest and most chill, a few steps out of the town and up the slope, the night will be dry and warm and full of inland perfume.

JOHN LA FARGE: THE HARBOR OF YOKOHAMA

From "An Artist's Letters from Japan," New York, 1897, pp. 1-17.¹

I have spoken, p. 159 of the Introduction, of the way in which Mr. La Farge with his painter's instinct emphasizes in this bit of description everything which would catch your eye. Now I will merely point out that he makes no attempt to do what he could have done so readily in an illustration—to make you see what Yokohama looks like. On the other hand, he very successfully gives you the atmosphere of the place, what there is in it that makes Japan all so foreign; this he accomplishes by "getting at a meaning through every sense," by giving you the "subtle influences of odor, the sense of something very foreign, of the presence of another race." Such a description as this is, as I have pointed out in the Introduction, the only effective kind of description; and this example is worth studying to see what a variety of sensations and impressions are at your service if you can find the words for them.

YOKOHAMA, July 3, 1886.

ARRIVED yesterday. On the cover of the letter which I mailed from our steamer I had but time to write: "We are coming in; it is like the picture books. Anything that I can add will only be a filling in of detail."

We were in the great bay when I came up on deck in the early morning. The sea was smooth like the

• ¹ Copyright, 1897, by the Century Company.

brilliant blank paper of the prints; a vast surface of water reflecting the light of the sky as if it were thicker air. Far-off streaks of blue light, like finest washes of the brush, determined distances. Beyond, in a white haze, the square white sails spotted the white horizon and floated above it.

The slackened beat of the engine made a great noise in the quiet waters. Distant high hills of foggy green marked the new land; nearer us, junks of the shapes you know, in violet transparency of shadow, and five or six war-ships and steamers, red and black, or white, looking barbarous and out of place, but still as if they were part of us; and spread all around us a fleet of small boats, manned by rowers standing in robes flapping about them, or tucked in above their waists. There were so many that the crowd looked blue and white—the color of their dresses repeating the sky in prose. Still, the larger part were mostly naked, and their legs and arms and backs made a great novelty to our eyes, accustomed to nothing but our ship, and the enormous space, empty of life, which had surrounded us for days. The muscles of the boatmen stood out sharply on their small frames. They had almost all—at least those who were young—fine wrists and delicate hands, and a handsome setting of the neck. The foot looked broad, with toes very square. They were excitedly waiting to help in the coaling and unloading, and soon we saw them begin to work, carrying great loads with much good-humored chattering. Around us played the smallest boats with

rowers standing up and sculling. Then the market-boat came rushing to us, its standing rowers bending and rising, their thighs rounding and insteps sharpening, what small garments they had fluttering like scarfs, so that our fair missionaries turned their backs to the sight.

Two boys struggling at the great sculls in one of the small boats were called by us out of the crowd, and carried us off to look at the outgoing steamer, which takes our mail, and which added its own confusion and its attendant crowd of boats to all the animation on the water. Delicious and curious moment, this first sense of being free from the big prison of the ship; of the pleasure of directing one's own course; of not understanding a word of what one hears, and yet of getting at a meaning through every sense; of being close to the top of the waves on which we dance, instead of looking down upon them from the tall ship's sides; of seeing the small limbs of the boys burning yellow in the sun, and noticing how they recall the dolls of their own country in the expression of their eyes; how every little detail of the boat is different, and yet so curiously the same; and return to the first sensation of feeling while lying flat on the bottom of the boat, at the level of our faces the tossing sky-blue water dotted with innumerable orange copies of the sun. Then subtle influences of odor, the sense of something very foreign, of the presence of another race, came up with the smell of the boat.

We climbed up the side of the big steamer and found the Doctor there, who told us that he had been

expecting us for a whole month ; so that he soon took possession of us, and we found ourselves in the hotel launch, and at the wharf, and passing the custom house and its officers, who let everything go through quickly except my suspicious water-color blocks. Outside of the gate, in the street, we found the long-expected *jīnrīkisha*, an arrangement that you know probably as well as I do — a two-wheeled perambulator or gig, very small, with a hood that is usually lowered, and with a man in the shafts. Our fellows were in blue-black clothes, a big inscription on their backs ; and they wore apron-like vests, close-fitting trousers, and broad straw hats poised on their heads. But you know all about these ; and I have only to add that we were trundled off to our hotel, along the pretty quay which edges that part of the town, past European houses, unlike ours, and having a certain character which will probably appear very commonplace later, because it is not beautiful, but which is novel yet to us. Our hotel is also on the quay, just at a corner where a canal breaks in, and where we can see big walls and trees on the other side. Our rooms open on the water — that same blue water spangled with sunshine and fading into sky. There are men-of-war and steamers far out ; picturesque junks sailing past rapidly, flattened out into mere edges of shadow and light against the sea and the sky, their great hollow sterns with the rudder far inboard, and sails which are open at the seams. Not far from us was a little sharp-pointed boat with a man fishing, his big round hat as important as any part of the boat. It was

already late in the day. European children were out with their Japanese nurses; from time to time a phaeton or a curriele passed with European occupants, and even in this tremendous heat ladies rode out on horseback. But the human beings are not the novelty, not even the Japanese; what is absorbingly new is the light, its whiteness, its silvery milkiness. We have come into it as through an open door after fourteen gray days of the Pacific which ended only at sunrise this very morning. And we looked again at all the light outside, from the dining-room, where we lunched, where the waiters slipped about in black clothes like those of the runners, and where we were joined at table by a foreign gentleman with high cheek-bones, yellow face, and slanting eyes, and dressed in the latest European fashion with high collar, four-in-hand scarf, and pointed shoes. He was very courteous, and managed what little English he used as skilfully as he dresses. And he gave me a touch of the far East in the story of his being here; for he is under a cloud, an amiable exile whose return to his native land might involve his being boiled in oil, or other ingenious form of death. For well as he figured at luncheon with us, I hear that he has been obliged to leave because of his having poisoned too many of his guests one day at table,—former enemies of his,—and because of his having despatched with the sword those whose digestion had resisted his efforts at conciliation. However this may be, his extradition is demanded; to which he objects, invoking Western ideas of civilization, and protesting that

his excesses have been merely political. Then, late in the afternoon, we sauntered out into the Japanese quarter — walking, so that we might mingle with the gray, black, and blue crowd, and respectfully followed by our *jinrikisha* men, who slowly dragged our carriages behind them, like grooms following their masters. We stopped at little curio shops and bargained over miserable odds and ends, calling up, I feel sure, the unexpressed contempt of the Doctor, the great collector of precious lacquers; but it is so amusing to see things as they are, and not as they should be. We went into a show which had an enormous draped sign outside, and where, in uncertain darkness, an old, miserable, distorted dwarf played the part of a spider in a web, to the accompaniment of fiendish music and the declamation of the showman. Then we lingered outside of a booth in which a wrestling match was going on, but did not enter, and we saw the big wrestlers go in or come out, their shoulders far above the heads of a smaller race of men, and we turned at every moment to look at the children, many of whom are so pretty, and who seem to have an easy time of it. Men carry them in their arms as women do with us, and many a little elder sister walks about with the infant of the family slung behind her maternal shoulders. And then there are curious combinations of Western and Eastern dress — rarely successful. Our hats and shoes and umbrellas — all made here, are used, and our ugly shirts stiffen out the folds of the soft Japanese robes; but the multitude wear their usual dress and make no abuse of hats.

Wearied by the novelty, every detail of which, however, was known to us before, we walked back in the white, milky sunset, which was like a brilliant twilight.

July 5.

We made our first visit to town yesterday; that is to say, we went to Tokio, which is about twenty miles off. Of course we took our *jinrikishas* at the door of the hotel, and passing through the wide Yokohama streets, saw the semi-European houses, some with high garden walls in which are small doors: there are sidewalks, too, and European shops, and colonial buildings, post-office, and telegraph office; and the Japanese *kura*, or storehouses — heavy tile-roofed buildings with black and white earthen surfaces, the black polished to a glaze, as was done with Greek and Etruscan vases. They have deep windows or doors, recessed like our safes, with a great air of solidity, which contrasts with that temporary wooden structure, the usual Japanese house. I came near saying that the little railway station is like ours; but it is better than most of ours, with neat arrangements. We entered the little cars; I noticed, in the third class, Japanese curled up on the seats. The grade is as level as a table, the landscape is lovely, and we saw the shapes we know so well in the prints — the curious shapes of the Japanese pines; little temples on the hillside; and rice-fields with their network of causeways, occasionally a horse or a peasant threading them. The land is cultivated like a garden, the lotus leaves fill the ditches, and one or two pink flowers are

just out. From time to time we saw stretches of blue sea. And once, for an instant, as I looked up into the hazy, clouded sky, far beyond the hills, that were lost in the mist into which the rice-field stretched, I saw a pale, clear blue opening in which was an outline more distinct, something very pure, the edge of a mountain, looking as if it belonged to another world than the dewy moist one in which we are — the cone of Fusi-yama.

On passing through the station, very much like the other with its various arrangements for comfort and order, — first-, second-, and third-class rooms, and so forth, — we met a crowd of *jinrikishas* with their runners, or, as my friends tell me to call them, *kuruma* and *kurumaya*, every man clamoring for patronage in the usual way of the hackman.

We selected as a leader Chojiro, who speaks English — a little ; is a travelled man, having gone as far as Constantinople ; wears the old-fashioned queue, flattened forward over the top of his shaven head ; and whose naked feet were to run through the day over newly-macadamized roads, for which a horse would need to be well shod. A little way from us, on the square, stood the car of the tramway, which runs as far as Asakusa, to the great popular temples of protecting divinities, Kuwanon and Jizo — and Benten, from whose shrine flowed one day copper coins as if from a fountain, — where Buddhist sermons are preached daily ; which are full of innumerable images, pictures, and ex-votos ; and where prayer-wheels, duly turned, helped the worshipper

to be free from annoying sins, or to obtain his desires.

How shall I describe our ride through the enormous city? We were going far across it to call on Professor F—, the great authority on Japanese art, and to be delighted and instructed by him through some fragments of his collection.

In the first street where the tramway runs there are semi-European façades to houses, and in their pilasters the Ionic capital has at length made the circle of the world. Then we took more Oriental and narrower streets, through the quarter of the *gei-sha*, the dancers and singers who go out perpetually to put a finishing touch on entertainments. At such early hours they are of course unseen. Where houses seemed more closed than usual servants were attending to household duties, and we heard the occasional strum of a guitar. Then great streets again, with innumerable low houses, the usual shops, like open sheds, with swinging signs carved, painted, and gilded, or with draperies of black cloth marked with white characters. Merchants sat on their mats among the crowded goods, girls at corners drew water from the wells; in a narrower street the black streak of a file of bulls peacefully dragging merchandise; where the crowd was thickest a black-lacquered palanquin, all closed, in which was shut some obstinate adherent to ancient fashions. Then bridges and canals, and great empty spaces, long white walls with black copings, and buildings that continued the walls, with gratings like those of barracks. These were the *yashikis*—

inclosed residences of princes who were formerly obliged to spend part of the year at the seat of government with small armies of retainers. Then the walls of the castle, great sloping ramparts of irregular blocks of masonry, about which stand strangely twisted pine-trees, while the great moats of clouded water are almost filled with the big leaves of the lotus. Now and then great gates of gray wood and enormous doors. On some of the wide avenues we met cavalry officers in European costume, correct in style, most of the younger with straggling moustaches, long and thin, whence their nickname of "horn-pouts," naturally connected with that of the "cats," devourers of fish, as the *gei-sha* are called. Near official buildings we saw a great deal of black frock-coats, and trousers, and spectacles. Everything was seen at a full run, our runners dragging us at horse's pace. Still it was long before we reached our destination. Streets succeeded streets, empty or full, in desolate Oriental wearisomeness. At length we stopped at a little gate in a plank fence, and entered a vast high space, formerly a prince's park, at one end of which we saw trees and hills, and we came to the Professor's house, a little European structure. My mind is yet too confused with many impressions to tell you of what we saw that afternoon and evening, and what was said; all the more that the few beautiful paintings we looked at out of the great collection lifted me away from to-day into an indefinite great past. I dislike to use analogies, but before these ancient religious paintings of Buddhist divin-

ities, symbolical of the elements or of protective powers, whose worn surfaces contained marvels of passionate delicacy and care framed in noble lines, I could not help the recall of what I had once felt at the first sight of old Italian art.

We passed from this sense of exalted peace to plunge again into the crowded streets at night. It was late; we had many miles to go to catch the last train; two additional runners had been engaged for each *kuruma* — one to push, one to be harnessed in front.

Then began a furious ride. Mine was the last carriage. We were hurled along with warning cries of "Hai-hai!" now into the dark, then into some opening lighted by starlight, in which I could see the flitting shapes of the other runners and of my companions. I remember the creaking of their carriages, the jerking of them with each pull of the men; then our crossing suddenly other parties lighted by lanterns like ourselves, the lights flaring upon yellow faces and dark dresses and black hair; then our turning some narrow corner and plunging at full speed into lighted streets crowded with people, through whom we seemed to cut our way. Much shouting of our men, and dodging of wayfarers with lanterns and of bystanders, who merely turn enough to let us glide by. Then one of my runners at full gallop struck a post and was left behind; another was gathered in somehow without a stop, and we tore through the city, still more crowded as we came nearer to our end — the railway station. We were in time, and we slept

in the now familiar train. We reached the deserted station and were jogged peacefully to our hotel; our men, in Japanese fashion, sleepily turning out of the way of the ownerless dogs that lay in the middle of streets. And when I awoke in the morning I found that the day's impressions had faded in sleep to what I tell you.

JOHN RUSKIN : ST. MARK'S, VENICE

From "The Stones of Venice," New York, 1891 pp. 96-110.

I have pointed out in the Introduction, p. 167-8, how Mr. Ruskin uses the sounds of his words to strengthen the effects which he wants. And I might have pointed to this description as another example of the extreme power of words to set forth feelings which shrivel away before the cool abstractions of the rationalizing parts of the mind, feelings which many men never have, but which to others are palpable and momentous. See Introduction, p. 167-171. Such feelings can only be set forth in writing by means of the subtle and inarticulate associations of things, and by a free use of rhythm and the richness of sounds by which in some degree language can enter on the realm of music: of such power of expression this selection is a famous and admirable example. Richer sensuousness of feeling could be expressed only by music.

AND now I wish that the reader, before I bring him into St. Mark's Place, would imagine himself for a little time in a quiet English cathedral town, and walk with me to the west front of its cathedral. Let us go together up the more retired street, at the end of which we can see the pinnacles of one of the towers, and then through the low, grey gateway with its battlemented top and small latticed window in the centre, into the inner private-looking road or close, where nothing goes in but the carts of the tradesmen who supply the bishop and the chapter, and where

there are little shaven grassplots, fenced in by neat rails, before old fashioned groups of somewhat diminutive and excessively trim houses, with little oriel and bay windows jutting out here and there, and deep wooden cornices and eaves painted cream colour and white, and small porches to their doors in the shape of cockle-shells, or little, crooked, thick, indescribable, wooden gables warped a little on one side; and so forward till we come to larger houses, also old fashioned, but of red brick, and with gardens behind them, and fruit walls, which show here and there, among the nectarines, the vestiges of an old cloister arch or shaft; and looking in front on the cathedral square itself, laid out in rigid divisions of smooth grass and gravel walk, yet not uncheerful, especially on the sunny side, where the canons' children are walking with their nursery-maids. And so, taking care not to tread on the grass, we will go along the straight walk to the west front, and there stand for a time, looking up at its deep-pointed porches and the dark places between their pillars where there were statues once, and where the fragments, here and there, of a stately figure are still left, which has in it the likeness of a king, perhaps indeed a king on earth, perhaps a saintly king long ago in heaven; and so higher and higher up to the great mouldering wall of rugged sculpture and confused arcades, shattered, and grey, and grisly with heads of dragons and mocking fiends, worn by the rain and swirling winds into yet unseemlier shape, and coloured on their stony scales by the deep russet-orange lichen, melancholy gold;

and so, higher still, to the bleak towers, so far above that the eye loses itself among the bosses of their traceries, though they are rude and strong, and only sees, like a drift of eddying black points, now closing, now scattering, and now settling suddenly into invisible places among the bosses and flowers, the crowd of restless birds that fill the whole square with that strange clangour of theirs, so harsh and yet so soothing, like the cries of birds on a solitary coast between the cliffs and sea.

Think for a little while of that scene, and the meaning of all its small formalisms, mixed with its serene sublimity. Estimate its secluded, continuous, drowsy felicities, and its evidence of the sense and steady performance of such kind of duties as can be regulated by the cathedral clock ; and weigh the influence of those dark towers on all who have passed through the lonely square at their feet for centuries, and on all who have seen them rising far away over the wooded plain, or catching on their square masses the last rays of the sunset, when the city at their feet was indicated only by the mist at the bend of the river. And then let us quickly recollect that we are in Venice, and land at the extremity of the Calle Lunga San Moisè, which may be considered as there answering to the secluded street that led us to our English cathedral gateway.

We find ourselves in a paved alley, some seven feet wide where it is widest, full of people, and resonant with cries of itinerant salesmen,—a shriek in their beginning, and dying way into a kind of brazen ring

ing, all the worse for its confinement between the high houses of the passage along which we have to make our way. Overhead, an inextricable confusion of rugged shutters, and iron balconies, and chimney flues, pushed out on brackets to save room, and arched windows with projecting sills of Istrian stone, and gleams of green leaves here and there, where a fig-tree branch escapes over a lower wall from some inner cortile, leading the eye up to the narrow stream of blue sky high over all. On each side, a row of shops, as densely set as may be, occupying, in fact, intervals between the square stone shafts, about eight feet high, which carry the first floors; intervals of which one is narrow and serves as a door; the other is, in the more respectable shops, wainscoted to the height of the counter and glazed above, but in those of the poorer tradesmen left open to the ground, and the wares laid on benches and tables in the open air, the light in all cases entering at the front only, and fading away in a few feet from the threshold into a gloom which the eye from without cannot penetrate, but which is generally broken by a ray or two from a feeble lamp at the back of the shop, suspended before a print of the Virgin. The less pious shopkeeper sometimes leaves his lamp unlighted, and is contented with a penny print; the more religious one has his print coloured and set in a little shrine with a gilded or figured fringe, with perhaps a faded flower or two on each side, and his lamp burning brilliantly. Here, at the fruiterer's, where the dark green water-melons are heaped upon the counter like cannon-balls, the

Madonna has a tabernacle of fresh laurel leaves ; but the pewterer next door has let his lamp out, and there is nothing to be seen in his shop but the dull gleam of the studded patterns on the copper pans, hanging from his roof in the darkness. Next comes a "*Vendita Frittole e Liquori*," where the Virgin, enthroned in a very humble manner beside a tallow candle on a back shelf, presides over certain ambrosial morsels of a nature too ambiguous to be defined or enumerated. But, a few steps farther on, at the regular wine-shop of the calle, where we are offered "*Vino Nostrani a Soldi 28-22*," the Madonna is in great glory, enthroned above ten or a dozen large red casks of three-year-old vintage, and flanked by goodly ranks of bottles of Maraschino, and two crimson lamps ; and for the evening, when the gondoliers will come to drink out, under her auspices, the money they have gained during the day, she will have a whole chandelier.

A yard or two farther, we pass the hostelry of the Black Eagle, and glancing as we pass through the square door of marble, deeply moulded, in the outer walls, we see the shadows of its pergola of vines resting on an ancient well, with a pointed shield carved on its side ; and so presently emerge on the bridge and Campo San Moisè, whence to the entrance into St. Mark's Place, called the Bocca di Piazza (mouth of the square), the Venetian character is nearly destroyed, first by the frightful façade of San Moisè, which we will pause at another time to examine, and then by the modernizing of the shops

as they near the piazza, and the mingling with the lower Venetian populace of lounging groups of English and Austrians. We will push fast through them into the shadow of the pillars at the end of the "Bocca di Piazza," and then we forget them all; for between those pillars there opens a great light, and in the midst of it, as we advance slowly, the vast tower of St. Mark seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of chequered stones; and, on each side, the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged symmetry, as if the rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us in the dark alley had been struck back into sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude casements and broken walls had been transformed into arches charged with goodly sculpture, and fluted shafts of delicate stone.

And well may they fall back, for beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away;—a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of coloured light; a treasure-heap it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory,—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm-leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an

endless network of buds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptred, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, "their bluest veins to kiss," — the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life — angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers, — a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the

blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

Between that grim cathedral of England and this, what an interval! There is a type of it in the very birds that haunt them; for, instead of the restless crowd, hoarse-voiced and sable-winged, drifting on the bleak upper air, the St. Mark's porches are full of doves, that nestle among the marble foliage, and mingle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, changing at every motion, with the tints, hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years.

And what effect has this splendour on those who pass beneath it? You may walk from sunrise to sunset, to and fro, before the gateway of St. Mark's, and you will not see an eye lifted to it, nor a countenance brightened by it. Priest and layman, soldier and civilian, rich and poor, pass by it alike regardlessly. Up to the very recesses of the porches, the meanest tradesmen of the city push their counters; nay, the foundations of its pillars are themselves the seats—not "of them that sell doves" for sacrifice, but of the vendors of toys and caricatures. Round the whole square in front of the church there is almost a continuous line of cafés, where the idle Venetians of the middle classes lounge, and read empty journals; in its centre the Austrian bands play during the time of vespers, their martial music jarring with the organ notes,—the march drowning

the miserere, and the sullen crowd thickening round them,—a crowd which, if it had its will, would stiletto every soldier that pipes to it. And in the recesses of the porches, all day long, knots of men of the lowest classes, unemployed and listless, lie basking in the sun like lizards; and unregarded children,—every heavy glance of their young eyes full of desperation and stony depravity, and their throats hoarse with cursing,—gamble, and fight, and snarl, and sleep, hour after hour, clashing their bruised centesimi upon the marble ledges of the church porch. And the images of Christ and His angels look down upon it continually.

That we may not enter the church out of the midst of the horror of this, let us turn aside under the portico which looks towards the sea, and passing round within the two massive pillars brought from St. Jean d'Acre, we shall find the gate of the Baptistery; let us enter there. The heavy door closes behind us instantly, and the light and the turbulence of the Piazzetta are together shut out by it.

We are in a low vaulted room; vaulted, not with arches, but with small cupolas starred with gold, and chequered with gloomy figures: in the centre is a bronze font charged with rich bas-reliefs, a small figure of the Baptist standing above it in a single ray of light that glances across the narrow room, dying as it falls from the window high in the wall, and the first thing that it strikes, and the only thing that it strikes brightly, is a tomb. We hardly know if it be a tomb indeed; for it is like a narrow couch

set beside the window, low-roofed and curtained, so that it might seem, but that it is some height above the pavement, to have been drawn towards the window, that the sleeper might be wakened early; only there are two angels who have drawn the curtain back, and are looking down upon him. Let us look also, and thank that gentle light that rests upon his forehead forever, and dies away upon his breast.

The face is of a man, in middle life, for there are two deep furrows right across the forehead, dividing it like the foundations of a tower; the height of it above is bound by the fillet of the ducal cap. The rest of the features are singularly small and delicate, the lips sharp, perhaps the sharpness of death being added to that of the natural lines; but there is a sweet smile upon them, and a deep serenity upon the whole countenance. The roof of the canopy above has been blue, filled with stars; beneath, in the centre of the tomb on which the figure rests, is a seated figure of the Virgin, and the border of it all around is of flowers and soft leaves, growing rich and deep, as if in a field in summer.

It is the Doge Andrea Dandolo, a man early great among the great of Venice; and early lost. She chose him for her king in his thirty-sixth year; he died ten years later, leaving behind him that history to which we owe half of what we know of her former fortunes.

Look round at the room in which he lies. The floor of it is of rich mosaic, encompassed by a low seat of red marble, and its walls are of alabaster, but

worn and shattered, and darkly stained with age, almost a ruin,—in places the slabs of marble have fallen away altogether, and the rugged brickwork is seen through the rents, but all beautiful; the ravaging fissures fretting their way among the islands and channelled zones of the alabaster, and the time-stains on its translucent masses darkened into fields of rich golden brown, like the colour of seaweed when the sun strikes on it through deep sea. The light fades away into the recess of the chamber towards the altar, and the eye can hardly trace the lines of the bas-relief behind it of the baptism of Christ: but on the vaulting of the roof the figures are distinct, and there are seen upon it two great circles, one surrounded by the “Principalities and powers in heavenly places,” of which Milton has expressed the ancient division in the single massy line,

“Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,”

and around the other, the Apostles; Christ the centre of both: and upon the walls, again and again repeated, the gaunt figure of the Baptist, in every circumstance of his life and death; and the streams of the Jordan running down between their cloven rocks; the axe laid to the root of a fruitless tree that springs upon their shore. “Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit shall be hewn down, and cast into the fire.” Yes, verily: to be baptized with fire, or to be cast therein; it is the choice set before all men. The march-notes still murmur through the grated window, and mingle with the sounding in our ears

of the sentence of judgment, which the old Greek has written on that Baptistery wall. Venice has made her choice.

He who lies under that stony canopy would have taught her another choice, in his day, if she would have listened to him; but he and his counsels have long been forgotten by her, and the dust lies upon his lips.

Through the heavy door whose bronze net-work closes the place of his rest, let us enter the church itself. It is lost in still deeper twilight, to which the eye must be accustomed for some moments before the form of the building can be traced; and then there opens before us a vast cave, hewn out into the form of a Cross, and divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars. Round the domes of its roof the light enters only through narrow apertures like large stars; and here and there a ray or two from some far-away casement wanders into the darkness, and casts a narrow phosphoric stream upon the waves of marble that heave and fall in a thousand colours along the floor. What else there is of light is from torches or silver lamps, burning ceaselessly in the recesses of the chapels; the roof sheeted with gold, and the polished walls covered with alabaster, give back at every curve and angle some feeble gleaming to the flames; and the glories round the heads of the sculptured saints flash out upon us as we pass them, and sink again into the gloom. Under foot and overhead, a continual succession of crowded imagery, one picture passing into another, as in a dream;

forms beautiful and terrible mixed together; dragons and serpents, and ravening beasts of prey, and graceful birds that in the midst of them drink from running fountains and feed from vases of crystal; the passions and the pleasures of human life symbolized together, and the mystery of its redemption; for the mazes of interwoven lines and changeful pictures lead always at last to the Cross, lifted and carved in every place and upon every stone; sometimes with the serpent of eternity wrapt round it, sometimes with doves beneath its arms, and sweet herbage growing forth from its feet; but conspicuous most of all on the great rood that crosses the church before the altar, raised in bright blazonry against the shadow of the apse. And although in the recesses of the aisles and chapels, when the mist of the incense hangs heavily, we may see continually a figure traced in faint lines upon their marble, a woman standing with her eyes raised to heaven, and the inscription above her, "Mother of God," she is not here the presiding deity. It is the Cross that is first seen, and always burning in the centre of the temple; and every dome and hollow of its roof has the figure of Christ in the utmost height of it, raised in power, or returning in judgment.

Nor is this interior without effect on the minds of the people. At every hour of the day there are groups collected before the various shrines, and solitary worshippers scattered through the darker places of the church, evidently in prayer both deep and reverent, and, for the most part, profoundly sor-

rowful. The devotees at the greater number of the renowned shrines of Romanism may be seen murmuring their appointed prayers with wandering eyes and unengaged gestures; but the step of the stranger does not disturb those who kneel on the pavement of St. Mark's; and hardly a moment passes, from early morning to sunset, in which we may not see some half-veiled figure enter beneath the Arabian porch, cast itself into long abasement on the floor of the temple, and then rising slowly with more confirmed step, and with a passionate kiss and clasp of the arms given to the feet of the crucifix, by which the lamps burn always in the northern aisle, leave the church, as if comforted.



